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*Sir Edward Lyngge, Bar.*

XL 25.26/P

**CONFINED TO THE LIBRARY.**





*Edw. Synge Magd. Col. O.*

# P O E M S,

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN AT BRISTOL,

BY THOMAS ROWLEY, AND OTHERS,

IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY;

THE GREATEST PART NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM THE MOST  
AUTHENTIC COPIES, WITH AN ENGRAVED SPECIMEN  
OF ONE OF THE MSS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A P R E F A C E,

AN INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT OF THE  
SEVERAL PIECES,

AND

A G L O S S A R Y.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. PAYNE and SON,]  
at the Mews-GATE.

MDCCCLXXVII.



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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Poems, which make the principal part of this Collection, have for some time excited much curiosity, as the supposed productions of THOMAS ROWLEY, a priest of Bristol, in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They are here faithfully printed from the most authentic MSS that could be procured; of which a particular description is given in the *Introductory account of the several pieces contained in this volume*, subjoined to this Preface. Nothing more therefore seems necessary at present, than to inform the Reader shortly of the manner in which these Poems were first brought to light, and of the authority upon which they are ascribed to the persons whose names they bear.

This cannot be done so satisfactorily as in the words of Mr. George Catcott of Bristol, to whose very laudable zeal the Publick is indebted for the most considerable part of the following collection. His account of the matter is this:

“ The first discovery of certain MSS having been  
 “ deposited in Redcliff church, above three cen-  
 “ turies ago, was made in the year 1768, at the  
 “ time of opening the new bridge at Bristol, and  
 “ was owing to a publication in *Farley's Weekly*  
 “ *Journal*, 1 October 1768, containing an Ac-  
 “ count of the ceremonies observed at the opening of  
 “ the old bridge, taken, as it was said, from a  
 “ very antient MS. This excited the curiosity  
 “ of some persons to enquire after the original.  
 “ The printer, Mr. Farley, could give no ac-  
 “ count of it, or of the person who brought the  
 “ copy; but after much enquiry it was disco-  
 “ vered, that the person who brought the copy  
 “ was a youth, between 15 and 16 years of age,  
 “ whose name was Thomas Chatterton, and  
 “ whose

“ whose family had been sextons of Redclift  
 “ church for near 150 years: His father, who  
 “ was now dead, had also been master of the  
 “ free-school in Pile-street. The young man was  
 “ at first very unwilling to discover from whence  
 “ he had the original ; but, after many promises  
 “ made to him, he was at last prevailed on to  
 “ acknowledge, that he had received this, *toget-*  
 “ *her with many other MSS,* from his father,  
 “ who had found them in a large chest in an  
 “ upper room over the chapel on the north side  
 “ of Redclift church.”

Soon after this Mr. Catcott commenced his ac-  
 quaintance with young Chatterton \*, and, partly  
 as

\* The history of this youth is so intimately connected with  
 that of the poems now published, that the Reader cannot be  
 too early apprized of the principal circumstances of his short  
 life. He was born on the 20th of November 1752, and edu-  
 cated at a charity-school on St. Augustin's Back, where no-  
 thing more was taught than reading, writing, and accounts.  
 At the age of fourteen, he was articled clerk to an attorney,  
 with whom he continued till he left Bristol in April 1770.

b 2

Though

as presents partly as purchases, procured from him. copies of many of his MSS. in prose and verse.

Other:

Though his education was thus confined, he discovered an early turn towards poetry and English antiquities, particularly heraldry. How soon he began to be an author is not known. In the *Town and Country Magazine* for March 1769, are two letters, probably, from him, as they are dated at Bristol, and subscribed with his usual signature, D. B. The first contains short extracts from two MSS., "*written three hundred years ago by one Rowley, a Monk,*" concerning dress in the age of Henry II.; the other, "*ETHELGAR, a Saxon poem,*" in bombast prose. In the same Magazine for May 1769, are three communications from Bristol, with the same signature, D. B. viz. CERDICK, *translated from the Saxon* (in the same style with ETHELGAR), p. 233.—*Observations upon Saxon heraldry*, with drawings of *Saxon achievements*, &c. p. 245.—ELINOURE and JUGA, *written three hundred years ago by T. ROWLEY; a secular priest*, p. 273. This last poem is reprinted in this volume, p. 19. In the subsequent months of 1769 and 1770 there are several other pieces in the same Magazine, which are undoubtedly of his composition.

In April 1770, he left Bristol and came to London, in hopes of advancing his fortune by his talents for writing, of which, by this time, he had conceived a very high opinion. In the prosecution of this scheme, he appears to have almost entirely depended upon the patronage of a set of gentlemen, whom an eminent author long ago pointed out, as *not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit*, the booksellers of this great city.



Other copies were disposed of, in the same way, to Mr. William Barrett, an eminent surgeon at  
Bristol,

city. At his first arrival indeed he was so unlucky as to find two of his expected Mæcenases, the one in the King's Bench, and the other in Newgate. But this little disappointment was alleviated by the encouragement which he received from other quarters; and on the 14th of May he writes to his mother, in high spirits upon the change in his situation, with the following sarcastic reflection upon his former patrons at Bristol. "*As to Mr. —, Mr. —, Mr. —, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise. Had Rowley been a Londoner instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.*"

In a letter to his sister, dated 30 May, he informs her, that he is to be employed "*in writing a voluminous history of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter.*" In the mean time, he had written something in praise of the Lord Mayor (Beckford), which had procured him the honour of being presented to his lordship. In the letter just mentioned he gives the following account of his reception, with some curious observations upon political writing: "The Lord Mayor received me as politely as a citizen could. But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got of this side of the question.—But he is a poor author who cannot write on both sides.—Essays on the patriotic side will fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuity to spare.—On

Bristol, who has long been engaged in writing the history of that city. Mr. Barrett also procured from him several fragments, some of a considerable length, written upon vellum\*, which  
he

the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it, as courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generously reward all who know how to dawb them with the appearance of it."

Notwithstanding his employment on the History of London, he continued to write incessantly in various periodical publications. On the 11th of July he tells his sister that he had pieces last month in the *Gospel Magazine*; the *Town and Country*, viz. Maria Friendless; False Step; Hunter of Oddities; To Miss Bush, &c. *Court and City*; *London*; *Political Register*, &c. But all these exertions of his genius brought in so little profit, that he was soon reduced to real indigence; from which he was relieved by death (in what manner is not certainly known), on the 24th of August, or thereabout, when he wanted near three months to complete his eighteenth year. The floor of his chamber was covered with written papers, which he had torn into small pieces; but there was no appearance (as the Editor has been credibly informed) of any writings on parchment or vellum.

\* One of these fragments, by Mr. Barrett's permission, has been copied in the manner of a *Fac simile*, by that ingenious artist Mr. Strutt, and an engraving of it is inserted at p. 288.

Two

he asserted to be part of his original MSS. In short, in the space of about eighteen months, from October 1768 to April 1770, besides the Poems now published, he produced as many compositions, in prose and verse, under the names of Rowley, Canynge, &c. as would nearly fill such another volume.

In April 1770 Chatterton went to London, and died there in the August following; so that the whole history of this very extraordinary transaction cannot now probably be known with any certainty. Whatever may have been his part in

Two other small fragments of Poetry are printed in p. 277, 8, 9. See the *Introductory Account*. The fragments in prose, which are considerably larger, Mr. Barrett intends to publish in his History of Bristol, which, the Editor has the satisfaction to inform the Publick, is very far advanced. In the same work will be inserted *A Discourse on Bristowe*, and the other historical pieces in prose, which Chatterton at different times delivered out, as copied from Rowley's MSS.; with such remarks by Mr. Barrett, as he of all men living is best qualified to make, from his accurate researches into the Antiquities of Bristol.

it; whether he was the author, or only the copier (as he constantly asserted) of all these productions; he appears to have kept the secret entirely to himself, and not to have put it in the power of any other person, to bear certain testimony either to his fraud or to his veracity.

The question therefore concerning the authenticity of these Poems must now be decided by an examination of the fragments upon vellum, which Mr. Barrett received from Chatterton as part of his original MSS., and by the internal evidence which the several pieces afford. If the Fragments shall be judged to be genuine, it will still remain to be determined, how far their genuineness should serve to authenticate the rest of the collection, of which no copies, older than those made by Chatterton, have ever been produced. On the other hand, if the writing of the Fragments shall be judged to be counterfeit and forged by Chatterton, it will not of necessity follow, that the matter of them was also forged by him,  
and

and still less, that all the other compositions, which he professed to have copied from antient MSS., were merely inventions of his own. In either case, the decision must finally depend upon the internal evidence.

It may be expected perhaps, that the Editor should give an opinion upon this important question; but he rather chooses, for many reasons, to leave it to the determination of the unprejudiced and intelligent Reader. He had long been desirous that these Poems should be printed; and therefore readily undertook the charge of superintending the edition. This he has executed in the manner, which seemed to him best suited to such a publication; and here he means that his task should end. Whether the Poems be really antient, or modern; the compositions of Rowley, or the forgeries of Chatterton; they must always be considered as a most singular literary curiosity.

I N T R O -



INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
SEVERAL PIECES  
CONTAINED IN THIS VOLUME.

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.	p. 3
ECLOGUE THE SECOND.	6
ECLOGUE THE THIRD.	12

These three Eclogues are printed from a MS. furnished by Mr. Carcott, in the hand-writing of Thomas Chatterton. It is a thin copy-book in 4to. with the following title in the first page. “ *Eclogues and other Poems by Thomas Rowley, with a Glossary and Annotations by Thomas Chatterton.*”

There is only one other Poem in this book, viz. the fragment of “ *Goddwyn, a Tragedie,*” which see below, p. 173.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.	p. 19
--------------------	-------

This Poem is reprinted from the *Town and Country Magazine* for May 1769, p. 273. It is there entitled, “ *Elinoure*  
and

and Jaga. *Written three hundred years ago by T. Rowley, secular priest.*" And it has the following subscription ; " D. B. Bristol, May, 1769." Chatterton soon after told Mr. Catcott, that he (Chatterton) inserted it in the Magazine.

The present Editor has taken the liberty to supply [between hooks] the names of the speakers, at ver. 22 and 29, which had probably been omitted by some accident in the first publication ; as the nature of the composition seems to require, that the dialogue should proceed by alternate stanzas.

VERSES TO LYDGATE.

p. 23

SONGE TO ÆLLA.

Ibid.

LYDGATE'S ANSWER.

26

These three small Poems are printed from a copy in Mr. Catcott's hand-writing. Since they were printed off, the Editor has had an opportunity of comparing them with a copy made by Mr. Barrett from the piece of vellum, which Chatterton formerly gave to him as the original MS. The variations of importance (exclusive of many in the spelling) are set down below \*.

THE

\* *Verses to Lydgate.*

In the title for *Ladgate*, r. *Lydgate*.

ver. 2. r. *Thatt I and thee*,

3. for *bee*, r. *goe*.

7. for *fyghte*, r. *wryte*.

*Songe*



## THE TOURNAMENT.

p. 28

This Poem is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

*Songe to Ælla.*

The title in the vellum MS. was simply "*Songe to Ælle*," with a small mark of reference to a note below, containing the following words—"Lorde of the castelle of Brytlowe ynnē daies of yore." It may be proper also to take notice, that the whole song was there written like prose, without any breaks, or divisions into verses.

ver. 6. for *brassyng*, r. *burssyng*.

11. for *valyante*, r. *burlic*.

23. for *dyssmall*, r. *honore*.

*Lydgate's answer.*

No title in the vellum MS.

ver. 3. for *warfes*, r. *paue*.

antep. for *Lendes*, r. *Sendes*.

ult. for *lyne*, r. *thyng*.

Mr. Barrett had also a copy of these Poems by Chatterton, which differed from that, which Chatterton afterwards produced as the original, in the following particulars, among others.

In the title of the *Verses to Lydgate*.

Orig. *Lydgate*. — Chat. *Ladgate*.

ver. 3. Orig. *goe*. — Chat. *doe*.

7. Orig. *wryte*. — Chat. *fyghte*.

*Songe to Ælla.*

ver. 5. Orig. *Dacyane*. — Chat. *Dacya's*.

Orig. *whose lockes*. — Chat. *whose hayres*.

11. Orig. *burlic*. — Chat. *bronded*.

22. Orig. *kenast*. — Chat. *heartst*.

23. Orig. *honore*. — Chat. *dyssmall*.

26. Orig. *Yprauncyng*. — Chat. *Isfraynyng*.

30. Orig. *glone*. — Chat. *glare*.

S2

Sir Simon de Bourton, the hero of this poem, is supposed to have been the first founder of a church dedicated to *our Lady*, in the place where the church of St. Mary Ratcliffe now stands. Mr. Barrett has a small leaf of vellum (given to him by Chatterton as one of Rowley's original MSS.), entitled, "*Vita de Simon de Bourton*," in which Sir Simon is said, as in the poem, to have begun his foundation in consequence of a vow made at a tournament.

#### THE DETHE OF SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. p. 44

This Poem is reprinted from the copy printed at London in 1772, with a few corrections from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

The person here celebrated, under the name of *Syr Charles Bawdin*, was probably *Sir Baldewyn Fulford*, Knt. a zealous Lancastrian, who was executed at Bristol in the latter end of 1461, the first year of Edward the Fourth. He was attainted, with many others, in the general act of Attainder, 1 Edw. IV. but he seems to have been executed under a special commission for the trial of treasons, &c. within the town of Bristol. The fragment of the old chronicle, published by Hearne at the end of *Sprotti Chronica*, p. 289. says only; "*Item the same yere (1 Edw. IV.) was takin Sir Baldewine Fulford and bebedid att Bristow.*" But the matter is more fully stated in the act which passed in 7 Edw. IV. for the restitution in blood and estate of

Thomas

Thomas Fulford, Knt. eldest son of Baldewyn Fulford, late of Fulford, in the county of Devonshire, Knt. *Rot. Pat.* 8 Edw. IV. p. 1. m. 13. The preamble of this act, after stating the attainder by the act 1 Edw. IV. goes on thus : " And also the said Baldewyn, the said first yere of your noble reign, at Bristowe in the shere of Bristowe, before Henry Erle of Essex William Hastyngs of Hastyngs Knt. Richard Chock William Canyng Maire of the said towne of Bristowe and Thomas Yong, by force of your letters patentes to theym and other directe to here and determine all trefons &c. doon withyn the said towne of Bristowe before the vth day of September the first yere of your said reign, was atteynt of dyvers trefons by him doon ayenst your Highnes &c." If the commission sate soon after the vth of September, as is most probable, King Edward might very possibly be at Bristol at the time of Sir Baldewyn's execution; for, in the interval between his coronation and the parliament which met in November, he made a progress (as the Continuator of Stowe informs us, p. 416.) by the South coast into the West, and was (among other places) at Bristol. Indeed there is a circumstance which might lead us to believe, that he was actually a spectator of the execution from the minster-window, as described in the poem. In an old accompt of the Procurators of St. Ewin's church, which was then the minster, from xx March in the 1 Edward IV. to 1 April in the year next ensuing, is the following article,

## INTRODUCTORY

cle, according to a copy made by Mr. Catcott from the original book.

“ Item for wisshynge the church payden ageyns } iiij d. ob.  
*Kynge Edward 4th is comynge.*

**ÆLLA**, a tragycal enterlude. p. 65.

This Poem, with the *Epistle*, *Letter*, and *Entredouctionne*, is printed from a folio MS. furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which he has written, “ Chatterton’s transcript. 1769.” The whole transcript is of Chatterton’s hand-writing.

**GODDWYN**, a Tragedie. p. 173

This Fragment is printed from the MS. mentioned above, p. xv. in Chatterton’s hand-writing.

**ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS.** p. 196

This Poem is printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing, communicated by Mr. Barrett, who received it from Chatterton.

**BALADE OF CHARITIE.** p. 203

This Poem is also printed from a single sheet in Chatterton’s hand-writing. It was sent to the Printer of the *Towns and Country Magazine*, with the following letter prefixed :

“ T.

“ To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

SIR,

If the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the Sentiment, Description, and Versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati.

July 4, 1770.

D. B.”

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N<sup>o</sup> 1. p. 210

BATTLE OF HASTINGS, N<sup>o</sup> 2. 238

In printing the first of these poems two copies have been made use of, both taken from copies of Chatterton's hand-writing, the one by Mr. Catcott, and the other by Mr. Barrett. The principal difference between them is at the end, where the latter has fourteen lines from ver. 550, which are wanting in the former. The second poem is printed from a single copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing.

It should be observed, that the Poem marked N<sup>o</sup> 1, was given to Mr. Barrett by Chatterton with the following title; “ *Battle of Hastings, wrote by Turgot the Monk, a Saxon, in the tenth century, and translated by Thomas Rowlie, parish preebte of St. Johns in the city of Bristol, in the year 1465.—The remainder of the poem I have not been happy enough to meet with.*” Being afterwards prest by Mr. Barrett to produce any part of this poem in the original hand-writing, he at last said, that he wrote this poem himself for a friend; but that he had another,

c

the

the copy of an original by Rowley : and being then desired to produce that other poem, he, after a considerable interval of time, brought to Mr. Barrett the poem marked N<sup>o</sup> 2, as far as ver. 530 incl. with the following title ; “ *Battle of Hasting by Turgatus, translated by Roulie for W. Canynge Esq.* ” The lines from ver. 531 incl. were brought some time after, in consequence of Mr. Barrett’s repeated solicitations for the conclusion of the poem.

ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. p. 275

ON THE SAME. 276

The first of these Poems is printed from a copy made by Mr. Catcott, from one in Chatterton’s hand-writing.

The other is taken from a MS. in Chatterton’s hand-writing, furnished by Mr. Catcott, entitled, “ *A Discourse on Bristowe, by Thomas Rawlia.* ” See the Preface, p. xi. n. \*.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE. p. 277

This is one of the fragments of vellum, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett, as part of his original MSS.

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 278

The 34 first lines of this poem are extant upon another of the vellum fragments, given by Chatterton to Mr. Barrett.

The

The remainder is printed from a copy furnished by Mr. Cabott, with some corrections from another copy, made by Mr. Barrett from one in Chatterton's hand-writing. This poem makes part of a prose-work, attributed to Rowley, giving an account of *Painters, Carvellers, Poets*, and other eminent natives of Bristol, from the earliest times to his own. The whole will be published by Mr. Barrett, with remarks, and large additions; among which we may expect a complete and authentic history of that distinguished citizen of Bristol, Mr. William Canynge. In the mean time, the Reader may see several particulars relating to him in *Cambden's Britannia*, Somerset. Col. 95.—*Rymer's Fœdera*, &c. ann. 1449 & 1450.—*Turner's Not. Monast. Art.* BRISTOL and WESTBURT.—*Dugdale's Warwickshire*, p. 634.

It may be proper just to remark here, that Mr. Canynge's brother, mentioned in ver. 129, who was lord mayor of London in 1456, is called *Thomas* by Stowe in his *List of Mayors*, &c.

The transaction alluded to in the last Stanza is related at large in some Prose Memoirs of Rowley, of which a very incorrect copy has been printed in the *Town and Country Magazine* for November 1775. It is there said, that Mr. Canynge went into orders, to avoid a marriage, proposed by King Edward, between him and a lady of the Widdewile family. It is certain, from the Register of the Bishop of Worcester, that Mr. Canynge was ordained *Acolyte* by Bishop Carpenter on

19 September 1467, and received the higher orders of *Sub-deacon*, *Deacon*, and *Priest*, on the 12th of March, 1467, O. S. the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively.

ON HAPPIENESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE. p. 286

ONNE JOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same. Ibid.

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same. 287

THE ACCOUNTE OF W. CANYNGE'S FEASTE. 288

Of these four Poems attributed to Mr. Canynge, the three first are printed from Mr. Catcott's copies. The last is taken from a fragment of vellum, which Chatterton gave to Mr. Barrett as an original. The Editor has doubts about the reading of the second word in ver. 7, but he has printed it *keene*, as he found it so in other copies. The Reader may judge for himself, by examining the *Fac simile* in the opposite page.

With respect to the three friends of Mr. Canynge mentioned in the last line, the name of *Rowley* is sufficiently known from the preceding poems. *Iscamm* appears as an actor in the tragedy of *Ælla*, p. 66. and in that of *Goddwyn*, p. 174.; and a poem, ascribed to him, entitled "*The merry Tricks of Laymington*," is inserted in the "*Discorse of Bristowe*." Sir *Theobald Gorges* was a knight of an antient family seated at *Wraxhall*, within a few miles of *Bristol* [See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. *Leland's Itin.* vol. VII. p. 98.]. He has also appeared  
above



above as an actor in both the tragedies, and as the author of one of the *Mynstrelles songs* in *Ælla*, p. 91. His connexion with Mr. Canynge is verified by a deed of the latter, dated 20 October, 1467, in which he gives to trustees, in part of a benefaction of £.500 to the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, "certain jewells of Sir Theobald Gorges Knt." which had been pawned to him for £.160.

ADVER.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE Reader is desired to observe,  
*that the notes at the bottom of the  
 several pages, throughout the following  
 part of this book, are all copied from  
 MSS. in the hand-writing of Thomas  
 Chatterton.*



## P O E M S, &amp;c.

## ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

**W**HANNE Englonde, smeethynge<sup>1</sup> from her  
 'lethal<sup>2</sup> wounde,  
 From her galled necke dyd twytte<sup>3</sup> the chayne  
 awaie,  
 Kennynge her legeful sonnes falle all arounde,  
 (Myghtie theie fell, 'twas Honoure ledde the fraie,)  
 Thanne inne a dale, bie eve's dark furcote<sup>4</sup> & graie,<sup>5</sup>  
 Twayne lonelic shepsterres<sup>5</sup> dyd abrodden<sup>6</sup> fie,  
 (The rostlyng liff doth theyr whytte hartes affraie<sup>7</sup>),  
 And wythe the owlette trembled and dyd crie;  
 Firste Roberte Neatherde hys fore boefom stroke,  
 Then fellen on the grounde and thus yspoke.

<sup>1</sup> *Smething*, smoking; in some copies *blethynge*, but in the oral as above. <sup>2</sup> deadly. <sup>3</sup> pluck or pull. <sup>4</sup> *Surcote*, a cloke, or mantel, which hid all the other drefs. <sup>5</sup> shepherds. <sup>6</sup> abruptly, so Chaucer, syke he abredde dyd attourne. <sup>7</sup> affright.

## 2 ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ROBERT E.

Ah, Raufe! gif thos the howres do comme alonge,  
 Gif thos wee flie in chafe of farther woe,  
 Oure fote wylle fayle, albeytte wee bee stronge,  
 Ne wylle oure pace sweſte as oure danger goe.  
 To oure grete wronges we have enheped <sup>8</sup> moe, 15  
 The Baronnes warre! oh! woe and well-a-daie!  
 I haveth lyff, bott have eſcaped foe,  
 That lyff ytſel mie Senſes doe affraie.  
 Oh Raufe, comme lyſte, and hear mie dernie <sup>9</sup> tale,  
 Comme heare the balefull <sup>10</sup> dōme of Robynne of the  
 Dale. 20

R A U F E.

Saie to mee nete; I kenne thie woe in myne;  
 O! I've a tale that Sabalus <sup>11</sup> mote <sup>12</sup> telle.  
 Swote <sup>13</sup> flouretts, mantled meadows, foreſtes  
 dygne <sup>14</sup>;  
 Gravots <sup>15</sup> far-kend <sup>16</sup> arounde the Etrmiets <sup>17</sup> cell;

<sup>8</sup> Added. <sup>9</sup> ſad. <sup>10</sup> woeful, lamentable. <sup>11</sup> the Devil. <sup>12</sup> might.  
<sup>13</sup> ſweet. <sup>14</sup> good, neat, genteel. <sup>15</sup> groves, ſometimes uſed for a  
 coppice. <sup>16</sup> far-ſeen. <sup>17</sup> Hermit.

The

# ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 3

The fwote ribible <sup>18</sup> dynning <sup>19</sup> yn the dell ; 25  
 The joyous daunceynge ynn the hoastrie <sup>20</sup> courte ;  
 Eke <sup>21</sup> the highe songe and everych joie farewell ;  
 Farewell the verie shade of fayre dysporte <sup>22</sup> :  
 Impestering <sup>23</sup> trobble onn mie heade doe comme ;  
 Ne on kynde Seyncte to warde <sup>24</sup> the aye <sup>25</sup> encreasynge  
 dome. 30

## ROBERT E.

Oh ! I coulde waile mie kynge-coppe-decked mees <sup>26</sup> ,  
 Mie spreedyng flockes of shepe of lillie white,  
 Mie tendre applynges <sup>27</sup> , and embodyde <sup>28</sup> trees,  
 Mie Parker's Grange <sup>29</sup> , far spreedyng to the fyghte ;  
 Mie cuyen <sup>30</sup> kyne <sup>31</sup> , mie bullockes stringe <sup>32</sup> yn  
 fyghte, 35  
 Mie gorne <sup>33</sup> emblaunched <sup>34</sup> with the comfreie <sup>35</sup>  
 plante,  
 Mie floure <sup>36</sup> Seyncte Marie shotteynge wythe the lyghte ;  
 Mie store of all the bleffynge Heaven can grant.

<sup>18</sup> violin. <sup>19</sup> founding. <sup>20</sup> inn, or public-house. <sup>21</sup> also. <sup>22</sup> pleasure. <sup>23</sup> annoying. <sup>24</sup> to keep off. <sup>25</sup> ever, always. <sup>26</sup> meadows.  
<sup>27</sup> grafted trees. <sup>28</sup> thick, stout. <sup>29</sup> liberty of pasture given to the  
 Parker. <sup>30</sup> tender. <sup>31</sup> cows. <sup>32</sup> strong. <sup>33</sup> garden. <sup>34</sup> whitened.  
<sup>35</sup> cumfey, a favourite dish at that time. <sup>36</sup> marygold.

#### 4 ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

I amme dureffed <sup>37</sup> unto sorrowes blöwe,  
 Ihanten'd <sup>38</sup> to the peyne, will lette ne falte teare flowe. 40

#### R A U F E.

Here I wille obaie <sup>39</sup> untill De the doe 'pere,  
 Here lyche a foule empoysoned leathel <sup>40</sup> tree,  
 Whyche sleaeth <sup>41</sup> everichone that commeth nere,  
 Soe wille I fyxed unto thys place gre <sup>42</sup>.  
 I to bement <sup>43</sup> haveih moe cause than thee; 45  
 Sleene in the warre mie boolie <sup>44</sup> fadre lies;  
 Oh! joieous I hys mortherer would flea,  
 And bie hys fyde for aie enclose myne eies.  
 Calked <sup>45</sup> from everych joie, heere wyll I blede;  
 Fell ys the Cullys-yatte <sup>46</sup> of mie hartes castlle stede. 50

#### R O B E R T E.

Oure woes alyche, alyche our dome <sup>47</sup> shal bee.  
 Mie sonne, mie sonne alleyn <sup>48</sup>, yfstorven <sup>49</sup> ys;

<sup>37</sup> hardened. <sup>38</sup> accustomed. <sup>39</sup> abide. This line is also wrote,  
 "Here wyll I obaie untill de the appere," but this is modernized.  
<sup>40</sup> deadly. <sup>41</sup> destroyeth, killeth. <sup>42</sup> grow. <sup>43</sup> lament. <sup>44</sup> much-  
 loved, beloved. <sup>45</sup> cast out, ejected. <sup>46</sup> alluding to the portcullis,  
 which guarded the gate, on which often depended the castlle. <sup>47</sup> fate.  
<sup>48</sup> my only son. <sup>49</sup> dead.

Here



# ECLOGUE THE FIRST. 5

Here wylle I staie, and end mie lyff with thee ;

A lyff lyche myne a borden ys ywis.

Now from een logges <sup>50</sup> fledden is selynes <sup>51</sup>, 55

Mynsterres <sup>52</sup> alleyn <sup>53</sup> can boaste the hallie <sup>54</sup> Seyncte,

Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dresse

And wyth her champyones gore her face depeyncte ;

Peace fledde, disorder sheweth her dark rode <sup>55</sup>,

And thorow ayre doth flie, yn garments steyned with  
bloude, 60

<sup>50</sup> cottages. <sup>51</sup> happines. <sup>52</sup> monasterys. <sup>53</sup> only. <sup>54</sup> holy.  
<sup>55</sup> complexion.

## ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

**S**PRYTES<sup>1</sup> of the bleste, the pious Nygelle fed,  
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce<sup>2</sup> onn mie fadres hedde.

Rycharde of Lyons harte to fyghte is gon,  
 Uponne the brede<sup>3</sup> sea doe the banners gleme<sup>4</sup>;  
 The amenused<sup>5</sup> nationnes be aston<sup>6</sup>, 5  
 To ken<sup>7</sup> fyke<sup>8</sup> large a flete, fyke fyne, fyke breme<sup>9</sup>.  
 The barkis heafods<sup>10</sup> coupe<sup>11</sup> the lymed<sup>12</sup> streme;  
 Oundes<sup>13</sup> synkeynge oundes upon the hard ake<sup>14</sup>  
 riese;

The water slughornes<sup>15</sup> wythe a swotye<sup>16</sup> cleme<sup>17</sup>  
 Conteke<sup>18</sup> the dynnynge<sup>19</sup> ayre, and reche the skies.<sup>10</sup>  
 Sprytes of the bleste, on gouldyn trones<sup>20</sup> astedde<sup>21</sup>,  
 Poure owte yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

<sup>1</sup> Spirits, souls. <sup>2</sup> pleasure. <sup>3</sup> broad. <sup>4</sup> shine, glimmer. <sup>5</sup> diminished, lessened. <sup>6</sup> astonished, confounded. <sup>7</sup> see, discover, know. <sup>8</sup> such, so. <sup>9</sup> strong. <sup>10</sup> heads. <sup>11</sup> cut. <sup>12</sup> glassy, reflecting. <sup>13</sup> waves, billows. <sup>14</sup> oak. <sup>15</sup> a musical instrument, not unlike a hautboy. <sup>16</sup> sweet. <sup>17</sup> sound. <sup>18</sup> confuse, contend with. <sup>19</sup> sounding. <sup>20</sup> thrones. <sup>21</sup> seated.

The

The gule<sup>22</sup> depeyncted<sup>23</sup> oares from the black tyde,  
 Decorn<sup>24</sup> wyth fonnes<sup>25</sup> rare, doe shemrynge<sup>26</sup> ryse;  
 Upfwalynge<sup>27</sup> doe heie<sup>28</sup> shewe ynnedrierie pryde,<sup>15</sup>  
 Lyche gore-red estells<sup>29</sup> in the eve<sup>30</sup>-merk<sup>31</sup> skyes;  
 The nome-depeyncted<sup>32</sup> shields, the speres aryse,  
 Alyche<sup>33</sup> talle roshes on the water syde;  
 Alenge<sup>34</sup> from bark to bark the bryghte sheene<sup>35</sup>  
 flies;

Sweft-kerv'd<sup>36</sup> delyghtes doe on the water glyde: 20  
 Sprites of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The Sarafen lokes owte: he doethe feere,  
 That Englonde's brondeous<sup>37</sup> sonnes do cotte the waie.  
 Lyke honted bockes, they reineth<sup>38</sup> here and there, 25  
 Onknowlachynge<sup>39</sup> inne whatte place to obaie<sup>40</sup>.  
 The banner glesters on the beme of daie;  
 The mittee<sup>41</sup> crosse Jerusafim ys seene;

<sup>22</sup> red. <sup>23</sup> painted. <sup>24</sup> carved. <sup>25</sup> devices. <sup>26</sup> glimmering.  
<sup>27</sup> rising high, swelling up. <sup>28</sup> they. <sup>29</sup> a corruption of *estole*, Fr. a  
 star. <sup>30</sup> evening. <sup>31</sup> dark. <sup>32</sup> rebus'd shields; a herald term, when  
 the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. <sup>33</sup> like.  
<sup>34</sup> along. <sup>35</sup> shine. <sup>36</sup> short-lived. <sup>37</sup> furious. <sup>38</sup> runneth. <sup>39</sup> not  
 knowing. <sup>40</sup> abide. <sup>41</sup> mighty.

## 8 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Dhereof the fyghte yer corraige doe affraie <sup>42</sup>,  
 In balefull <sup>43</sup> dole their faces be ywreene <sup>44</sup>. 30  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everich Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The bollengers <sup>45</sup> and cottres <sup>45</sup>, foe fwyfte yn fyghte,  
 Upon the sydes of everich bark appere;  
 Foorth to his offyce lepethe everych knyghte, 35  
 Estfoones <sup>46</sup> hys squyer, with hys shielde and spere,  
 The jynynge shielde doe shemre and moke glare <sup>47</sup>;  
 The dosheyng oare doe make gemoted <sup>48</sup> dynne;  
 The reynyng <sup>49</sup> foemen <sup>50</sup>, thynckeynge gif <sup>51</sup> to dare,  
 Boun <sup>52</sup> the merke <sup>53</sup> swerde, theie feche to fraie <sup>54</sup>,  
 theie blyn <sup>55</sup>. 40

Sprytes of the bleste, and everyche Seyncte ydedde,  
 Powre oute yer pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

Now comm the wartyng Sarafyns to fyghte;  
 Kynge Rycharde, lyche a lyoncel <sup>56</sup> of warre,

<sup>42</sup> affright. <sup>43</sup> woeful. <sup>44</sup> covered. <sup>45</sup> different kinds of boats.  
<sup>46</sup> full soon, presently. <sup>47</sup> glitter. <sup>48</sup> united, assembled. <sup>49</sup> running.  
<sup>50</sup> foes. <sup>51</sup> if. <sup>52</sup> make ready. <sup>53</sup> dark. <sup>54</sup> engage. <sup>55</sup> cease, stand  
 still. <sup>56</sup> a young lion.

## ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 9

Inne sheenyng goulde, lyke feerie <sup>57</sup> gronfers <sup>58</sup>,  
dyghte <sup>59</sup>, 45

Shaketh alofe bys honde, and seene-afarre.

Syke haveth I espyde a greter starre

Amenge the drybblert <sup>60</sup> ons to sheene fulle bryghte ;

Syke funnys wayne <sup>61</sup> wyth amayl'd beames doe barr

The blaunchie <sup>63</sup> mone or estells <sup>64</sup> to gev lyghte. 50

Spytes of the bleste, and everich Seynste ydedde,

Poure owte your pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

Disstraughte <sup>65</sup> affraie <sup>66</sup>, wythe lockes of blodde-red  
die,

Terroure, emburled <sup>67</sup> yn the thonders rage,

Deathe, lynked to dismaie, dothe ugosome <sup>68</sup> flie, 55

Enchafynge <sup>69</sup> echone championne war to wage.

Speeres bevyle <sup>70</sup> speres ; swerdes upon swerdes en-  
gage ;

Armoure on armoure dynn <sup>71</sup>, shielde upon shielde ;

<sup>57</sup> flaming. <sup>58</sup> a meteor, from *gron*, a fen, and *fer*, a corruption of fire ; that is, a fire exhaled from a fen. <sup>59</sup> deckt. <sup>60</sup> small, insignificant. <sup>61</sup> carr. <sup>62</sup> enameled. <sup>63</sup> white, silver. <sup>64</sup> stars. <sup>65</sup> distracting. <sup>66</sup> affright. <sup>67</sup> armed. <sup>68</sup> terribly. <sup>69</sup> encouraging, heating. <sup>70</sup> break, a herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting. <sup>71</sup> sounds.

## 10 ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

Ne dethe of thosandes can the warre assuage,  
 Botte falleynge numbers fable <sup>72</sup> all the feelde. 60  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte youre pleasaunce on mie fadres hedde.

The foemen fal arounde; the crofs reles <sup>73</sup> hye;  
 Steyned ynne goere, the harte of warre ys seen;  
 Kyng Rycharde, thorough everyche trope dothe flie, <sup>65</sup>  
 And beereth meynthe <sup>74</sup> of Turkes onto the greene;  
 Bie hymm the floure of Asies menn ys fleene <sup>75</sup>;  
 The waylynge <sup>76</sup> mone doth fade before hys sonne;  
 Bie hym hys knyghtes bee formed to actions deene <sup>77</sup>,  
 Doeynge fyke marvels <sup>78</sup>, strongers be aston <sup>79</sup>. 70  
 Sprytes of the bleste, and everych Seyncte ydedde,  
 Poure owte your pleasaunce onn mie fadres hedde.

The fyghte ys wonne; Kynge Rycharde master is;  
 The Englonde bannerr kiffeth the hie ayre;  
 Full of pure joie the armie is iwys <sup>80</sup>, 75  
 And everych one haveth it onne his bayre <sup>81</sup>;

<sup>72</sup> blacken. <sup>73</sup> waves. <sup>74</sup> many, great numbers. <sup>75</sup> slain. <sup>76</sup> de-  
 creasing. <sup>77</sup> glorious, worthy. <sup>78</sup> wonders. <sup>79</sup> astonished. <sup>80</sup> cer-  
 tainly. <sup>81</sup> brow.

Agayne

## ECLOGUE THE SECOND. 11

Agayne to Englonde comme, and worſchepped there,  
 Twyghte<sup>82</sup> into lovyng armes, and feaſted eſt<sup>83</sup>;  
 In everych eyne aredyng neſte of wyere<sup>84</sup>,  
 Of all remembrance of paſt peyne bereſte. 80  
 Sprites of the bleſte, and everich Seynſte ydedde,  
 Syke pleaſures powre upon mie fadres hedde,

Syke Nigel ſed, whan from the bluie ſea  
 The upſwol<sup>85</sup> ſayle dyd daunce before his eyne;  
 Sweſte as the wiſhe, hee toe the beech dyd ſee, 85  
 And founde his fadre ſteppeynge from the bryne.  
 Lette thyſſen menne, who haveth ſprite of loove,  
 Bethyncke untoe hemſelves how mote the meetynge  
 proove.

<sup>82</sup> plucked, pulled. <sup>83</sup> often. <sup>84</sup> grief, trouble. <sup>85</sup> ſwollen.

## ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

**W**OULDST thou kenn nature in her better  
parte ?

Goe, ferche the logges <sup>1</sup> and bordels <sup>2</sup> of the hynde <sup>3</sup>;

Gyff <sup>4</sup> theie have anie, itte ys roughe-made arte,

Inne hem <sup>5</sup> you see the blakied <sup>6</sup> forme of kynde <sup>7</sup>.

Haveth your mynde a lycheynge <sup>8</sup> of a mynde ? 5

Woulde it kenne everich thyng, as it mote <sup>9</sup> bee ?

Woulde ytte here phrafe of the vulgar from the  
hynde,

Withoute wifeggger <sup>10</sup> wordes and knowlache <sup>11</sup> free ?

Gyf foe, rede thys, whyche Iche dysporteynge <sup>12</sup>  
pende ;

Gif nete befyde, yttes rhyme maic ytte commende. 10

<sup>1</sup> lodges, huts. <sup>2</sup> cottages. <sup>3</sup> servant, slave, peasant. <sup>4</sup> if. <sup>5</sup> a contraction of *them*. <sup>6</sup> naked, original. <sup>7</sup> nature. <sup>8</sup> liking. <sup>9</sup> might. The sense of this line is, Would you see every thing in its primæval state. <sup>10</sup> wife-egger, a philosopher. <sup>11</sup> knowledge. <sup>12</sup> sporting.

M A N N E.



ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 13

M A N N E.

Botte whether, fayre mayde, do ye goe?

O where do ye bende yer waie?

I wille knowe whether you goe,

I wylle not bee affeled <sup>13</sup> naie.

W O M A N N E.

To Robyn and Nell, all downe in the delle, 15

To hele <sup>14</sup> hem at makeynge of haie.

M A N N E.

Syr Rogerre, the parfone, hav hyred mee there,

Comme, comme, lett us tryppe ytte awaie,

We'lle wurke <sup>15</sup> and we'lle fynge, and wylle drenche <sup>16</sup>  
of stronge beer

As longe as the merrie fommers daie. 20

W O M A N N E.

How harde ys mie dome to wurch!

Moke is mie woe.

<sup>13</sup> answered. <sup>14</sup> aid, or help. <sup>15</sup> work. <sup>16</sup> drink.

Dame

14 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

**Dame Agnes, whoe lies ynnie the Chyrche**

**With birlette <sup>17</sup> golde;**

**Wythe gelten <sup>18</sup> aumeres <sup>19</sup> stronge ontolde,**

25

**What was shee more than me; to be soe?**

**M A N N E.**

## I kenne Syr Roger from afar

Tryppynge over the lea ;

Ich ask whie the loverds <sup>20</sup> son

**Is moe than mee.**

30

SYR ROGERRR E.

The fweltrie<sup>21</sup> sonne dothe hie apace hys wayne<sup>22</sup>,

From everich beme a feme<sup>23</sup> of lyfe doe falle ;

Swythyn <sup>24</sup> fcille <sup>25</sup> oppe the haie uponne the playne ;

Methynckes the cockes begynneth to gre<sup>26</sup> talle.

Thys ys alyche oure doome <sup>27</sup>; the great, the smalle, <sup>35</sup>

**Mofte withe <sup>28</sup> and bee forwyned <sup>29</sup> by deathis darte.**

**Sec!** the fwote <sup>30</sup> flourette <sup>31</sup> hathe noe fwote at alle;

Itte wythe the ranke wede berethe evalle<sup>32</sup> parte.

<sup>27</sup> a hood, or covering for the back part of the head. <sup>28</sup> gilded.

<sup>19</sup> borders of gold and silver, on which was laid thin plates of either metal counterchanged, not unlike the present spangled laces. <sup>20</sup> lord.

<sup>21</sup> fultry. <sup>22</sup> car. <sup>23</sup> feed. <sup>24</sup> quickly, presently. <sup>25</sup> gather.

<sup>26</sup> grow. <sup>27</sup> fate. <sup>28</sup> a contraction of wither. <sup>29</sup> dried. <sup>30</sup> sweet.

**3<sup>2</sup> lower: 3<sup>2</sup> equal.**

# The

## ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 13

The cravent <sup>33</sup>, warrioure, and the wyfe be blente <sup>34</sup>,  
 Alyche to drie awaie wythe thofe theie dyd bement <sup>35</sup>. 40

M A N N E.

All-a-boon <sup>36</sup>, Syr Priest, all-a-boon,  
 Bye yer preeftfchype nowe faye unto mee;  
 Syr Gaufryd the knyghte, who lyvethe harde bie,  
 Whie fhoulde-hee than mee

Bee moe greate, 45

Inne honnoure, knyghtehood and eftate?

S Y R R O G E R R E.

Attourne <sup>37</sup> thine eyne arounde thys haied mee,  
 Tentyflie <sup>38</sup> loke arounde the chaper <sup>39</sup> delle <sup>40</sup>;  
 An anfwere to thie barganette <sup>41</sup> here fee,  
 Thys welked <sup>42</sup> flourette wylle a lefon telle: 50  
 Arift <sup>43</sup> it blew <sup>44</sup>, itte florifhed, and dyd welle,  
 Lokeynge afcaunce <sup>45</sup> upon the naighboure greene;  
 Yet with the deigned <sup>46</sup> greene yttes rennome <sup>47</sup> felle,  
 Eftfoones <sup>48</sup> ytte thronke upon the daie-brente <sup>49</sup> playne,

<sup>33</sup> coward. <sup>34</sup> ceafed, dead, no more. <sup>35</sup> lament. <sup>36</sup> a manher of  
 afking a favour. <sup>37</sup> turn. <sup>38</sup> carefully, with circumfpection. <sup>39</sup> dry,  
 fun-burnt. <sup>40</sup> valley. <sup>41</sup> a fong, or ballad. <sup>42</sup> withered. <sup>43</sup> arifen,  
 or arofe. <sup>44</sup> bloffomed. <sup>45</sup> difdainfully. <sup>46</sup> difdained. <sup>47</sup> gloty.  
<sup>48</sup> quickly. <sup>49</sup> burnt.

Didde

# 16 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Didde not yttes loke, whilest ytte there dyd stonde, 55  
To crophe ytte in the bodde move somme dred honde.

Syke <sup>50</sup> ys the waie of lyffe ; the lovers <sup>51</sup> ente <sup>52</sup>  
Mooveth the robber hym therfor to flea <sup>53</sup> ;  
Gyf thou has ethe <sup>54</sup>, the shadowe of contente,  
Beleive the trothe <sup>55</sup>, theres none moe haile <sup>56</sup> yam  
thee. 60

Thou wurchest <sup>57</sup> ; welle, canne thatte a trobble bee ?  
Slothe moe wulde jade thee than the roughest daie.  
Coudest thou the kivercled <sup>58</sup> of foughlys <sup>59</sup> fee,  
Thou wouldst estfoones <sup>60</sup> fee trothe ynne whatte I  
saie ;

Botte lette me heere thie waie of lyffe, and thenne 65  
Heare thou from me the lyffes of odher menne.

## M A N N E .

I ryse wythe the sonne,  
Lyche hym to dryve the wayne <sup>61</sup>,  
And eere mie wurche is don  
I syngé a songe or twayne <sup>62</sup>. 70

<sup>50</sup> fuch. <sup>51</sup> lord's. <sup>52</sup> a purse or bag. <sup>53</sup> slay. <sup>54</sup> ease. <sup>55</sup> truth.  
<sup>56</sup> happy. <sup>57</sup> worketh. <sup>58</sup> the hidden or secret part of. <sup>59</sup> souls.  
<sup>60</sup> full soon, or presently. <sup>61</sup> car. <sup>62</sup> two.

I followe

# ECLOGUE THE THIRD. 17

I followe the plough-tayle;  
Wythe a longe jubb<sup>63</sup> of ale!

Botte of the maydens, oh!  
Itte lacketh notte to telle;  
Syr Preeſte mote notte crie woe;  
Culde hys bull do as welle.

75

I daunce the beſte heiedeignes<sup>64</sup>,  
And foile<sup>65</sup> the wyfeſt feygnes<sup>66</sup>.

On everych Seynctes hie daie  
Wythe the mynſtrelle<sup>67</sup> am I ſeene;  
All a footeynge it awaie,  
Wythe maydens on the greene.  
But oh! I wyſhe to be moe greate;  
In rennome, tenure, and eſtate.

80

## S Y R R O G E R R E.

Has thou ne ſeene a tree uponne a hylle;  
Whoſe unliſte<sup>68</sup> braunces<sup>69</sup> rechen far toe ſyghte;  
Whan fuired<sup>70</sup> unwers<sup>71</sup> doe the heaven fylle,  
Itte ſhaketh deere<sup>72</sup> yn dole<sup>73</sup> and moke affryghte.

83

<sup>63</sup> a bottle. <sup>64</sup> a country dance, ſtill practiſed in the North.  
<sup>65</sup> battle. <sup>66</sup> a corruption of *feints*. <sup>67</sup> a minſtrel is a muſician.  
<sup>68</sup> unbounded. <sup>69</sup> branches. <sup>70</sup> furious. <sup>71</sup> tempeſts, ſtorms. <sup>72</sup> dire.  
<sup>73</sup> diſmay.

C

Whyleſt

18      ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

Whyleft the congeon <sup>74</sup> flowrette abeffie <sup>75</sup> dyghte <sup>76</sup>,  
 Stondethe unhurte, unquaced <sup>77</sup> bie-the ftorme : 90  
 Syke is a picte <sup>78</sup> of lyffe : the manne of myghte  
 Is tempeft-chaft <sup>79</sup>, hys woe greate as hys forme,  
 Thiefelfe a flowrette of a fmall accounte,  
 Wouldft harder felle the wynde, as hygher thee dydft  
 mounte.

<sup>74</sup> dwarf.    <sup>75</sup> humility.    <sup>76</sup> decked.    <sup>77</sup> unhurt.    <sup>78</sup> picture.  
<sup>79</sup> tempeft-beaten.

ELINOURE

## ELINOURE AND JUGA:

**O**NNE Ruddeborne<sup>1</sup> bank twa pynyng<sup>2</sup> May-  
dens fate,

Theire teares faste dryppeynge to the waterre cleere;

Echone bementynge<sup>3</sup> for her absente mate,

Who atte Seyncte Albonns shouke the morthynge<sup>4</sup>  
speare.

The nottebrowne Elinoure to Juga fayre 5

Dydde speke acroole<sup>4</sup>, wythe languishment of eyne,

Lyche droppes of pearlie dew, lemed<sup>5</sup> the quyvryng  
brine.

## ELINOURE.

O gentle Juga! heare mie dernie<sup>6</sup> plainte,

To fyghte for Yorke mie love ys dyghte<sup>7</sup> in stele;

O maie ne sanguen steine the whyte rose peyncte, 10

Maie good Seyncte Cuthberte watche Syrre Robertes  
wele.

Moke moe thanne deathe in phantafie I feele;

<sup>1</sup> Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water), a River near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the Houses of Lancaster and York. <sup>2</sup> lamenting. <sup>3</sup> murdering. <sup>4</sup> faintly. <sup>5</sup> glistened. <sup>6</sup> sad complaint. <sup>7</sup> arrayed, or cased.

20 ELINOURE AND JUGA.

See! see! upon the ground he bleedynge lies;  
 Inhild <sup>8</sup> some joice <sup>9</sup> of lyfe, or else mie deare love dies.

J U G A.

Systers in forrowe, on thys daise-ey'd banke, 15  
 Where melancholych broods, we wyll lamente;  
 Be wette wythe mornynge dewe and evene danke;  
 Lyche levynde <sup>10</sup> okes in eche the odher bente,  
 Or lyche forlettenn <sup>11</sup> halles of merriemente,  
 Whose gastliemitches <sup>12</sup> holdethetraine of fryghte <sup>13</sup>, 20  
 Where lethale <sup>14</sup> ravens bark, and owlets wake the  
 nyghte.

[E L I N O U R E.]

No moe the miskynette <sup>15</sup> shall wake the morne,  
 The minstrelle daunce, good cheere, and morryce plaie;  
 No moe the amblynge palfrie and the horne  
 Shall from the leffel <sup>16</sup> rouze the foxe awaie; 25  
 I'll feke the foreste alle the lyve-longe daie;

<sup>8</sup> infuse. <sup>9</sup> juice. <sup>10</sup> blasted. <sup>11</sup> forsaken. <sup>12</sup> ruins. <sup>13</sup> fear.  
<sup>14</sup> deadly or deathboding. <sup>15</sup> a small bagpipe. <sup>16</sup> in a confined  
 sense, a bush or hedge, though sometimes used as a forest.

Alle



# ELINOURE AND JUGA. 21

Alle nete amenge the gravde chyrche <sup>17</sup> glebe wyll  
goe,

And to the passante Spryghtes lecture <sup>18</sup> mie tale of woe.

## [J U G A.]

Whan mokie <sup>19</sup> cloudis do hange upon the leme  
Of leden <sup>20</sup> Moon, ynn fylver mantels dyghte; 30

The tryppeynge Faeries weve the golden dreme

Of Selynes <sup>21</sup>, whyche flyethe wythe the nyghte;

Thenne (botte the Seynctes forbydde !) gif to a  
spryte

Syrr Rychardes forme ys lyped, I'll holde dysstraughte  
Hys bledeynge claie-colde corse, and die eche daie ynn  
thoughte. 35

## ELINOURE.

Ah woe bementynge wordes; what wordes can shewe!

Thou lymed <sup>22</sup> ryver, on thie linche <sup>23</sup> maie bleede

Champyons, whose bloude wyll wythe thie waterres  
flowe,

And Rudborne streeme be Rudborne streeme indeede!

Haste, gentle Juga, tryppe ytte oere the meade, 40

<sup>17</sup> church-yard. <sup>18</sup> relate. <sup>19</sup> black. <sup>20</sup> decreafing. <sup>21</sup> happines.  
<sup>22</sup> glassy. <sup>23</sup> bank.

22 ELINOURE AND JUGA.

To knowe, or wheder we muste waile agayne,  
Or wythe oure fallen knyghtes be manged onne the  
plain.

Soe fayinge, lyke twa levyn-blasted trees,  
Or twayne of cloudes that holdeth stormie rayne;  
Theie moved gentle oere the dewie mees<sup>24</sup>, 45  
To where Seyncte Albons holie shrynes remayne.  
There dyd theye fynde that bothe their knyghtes were  
flayne,  
Disfraughte<sup>25</sup> theie wandered to swollen Rudbornes  
fyde,  
Yelled theyre leathalle knelle, sonke ynn the waves, and  
dyde.

<sup>24</sup> meeds. <sup>25</sup> distracted.

TO JOHNE LADGATE.

[Sent with the following *Songe to Ælla.*]

WELL thanne, goode Johne, fythe ytt must needes  
be foe,

Thatt thou & I a bowtyng matche must have,  
Lette ytt ne breakyng of ould friendshyppe bee,  
Thys ys the onelie all-a-boone I crave.

Rememberr Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmalyte,  
Who whanne Johne Clarkyng, one of myckle lore,  
Dydd throwe hys gauntlette-penne, wyth hym to fyghte,  
Hee showd snalle wytte, and showd hys weaknesse more.

Thys ys mie formance, whyche I nowe have wrytte,  
The best performance of mie lyttel wytte.

SONGE TO ÆLLA, LORDE OF THE CASTEL OF  
BRYSTOWE YNNE DAIES OF YORE.

Oh thou, orr what remaynes of thee,  
Ælla, the darlyng of futurity,  
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,  
As everlastyng to posteritye.

C 4

Whanne

Whanne Dacya's fonnes, whose hayres of bloude redde  
hue

Lyche kynge-cuppes braftyng wythe the morning dew,  
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,

Upponne the lethale daie,

Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets flore;

Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,

And bie thie valyante hande

Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,

Downe to the depthe of helle

Thousandes of Dacyanns went;

Bryftowannes, menne of myghte,

Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,

And astedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)

Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,

Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,

Orr whare thou kennst fromm farre

The dysmall crye of warre,

Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of fleyne;

Orr

Orr feest the hatchedd stede,  
 Ypraunceyng e o'er the mede,  
 And neighe to be amenged the poyntedd speeres;  
 Orr ynne blacke armour staulke arounde  
 Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,  
 And glowe ardurous onn the Castle steeres;

Orr fierye round the mynsterr glare;  
 Lette Brystowe styll be made thie care;  
 Guarde ytt fromme foemenne & consumyng fyre;  
 Lyche Avones streame ensyrke ytte rounde,  
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,  
 Tylle ynne one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

The

The underwritten Lines were composed by JOHN  
LADGATE, a Priest in London, and sent to  
ROWLIE, as an Answer to the preceding *Songe*  
of *Ælla*.

**H**AVYNGE wythe mouche attentyonn redde  
Whatt you dydd to mee fende,  
Admyre the varfes mouche I dydd,  
And thus an answeerr lende.

Amongs the Greeces Homer was  
A Poett mouche renownde,  
Amongs the Latyns Virgilius  
Was beste of Poets founde,

The Brytish Merlyn oftenne hanne  
The gyfte of inspyration,  
And Afled to the Sexonne menne  
Dydd synge wythe elocation.

Ynne Norman tymes, Turgotus and  
Goode Chaucer dydd excelle,  
Thenn Stowe, the Bryghtstowe Carmelyte,  
Dydd bare awaie the belle.

Nowe

Nowe Rowlie ynne theſe mokie dayes  
 Lendes owte hys ſheenynge lyghtes,  
 And Turgotus and Chaucer lyves  
 Ynne ev'ry lyne he wrytes.

THE

# THE TOURNAMENT.

## AN INTERLUDE.

### ENTER AN HERAWDE.

**T**HE Tournament begynnes ; the hammers  
founde ;

The courferris lyffe <sup>1</sup> about the menfuredd <sup>2</sup> felde ;

The fhemrynge armoure throws the fheene arounde ;

Quayntyffed <sup>3</sup> fons <sup>3</sup> depictedd <sup>4</sup> onn eche fheelde.

The feerie <sup>5</sup> heaulmets, wythe the wreathes amielde <sup>6,5</sup>

Supportes the rampynge lyoncell <sup>7</sup> orr beare,

Wythe ftraunge depyctures <sup>8</sup>, Nature maie nott  
yeelde,

Unfeemelic to all orderr doe appere,

Yett yatte <sup>9</sup> to menne, who thyncke and have a  
fpryte <sup>10</sup>,

Makes knownen thatt the phantasies unryghte. 10

<sup>1</sup> sport, or play. <sup>2</sup> bounded, or measured. <sup>3</sup> curiously devised.  
<sup>3</sup> fancys or devices. <sup>4</sup> painted, or displayed. <sup>5</sup> fiery. <sup>6</sup> ornamented,  
enameled. <sup>7</sup> a young lion. <sup>8</sup> drawings, paintings. <sup>9</sup> that. <sup>10</sup> foul.

I, Sonne



# THE TOURNAMENT. 29

I, Sonne of Honnoure, spencer <sup>11</sup> of her joies,  
 Muste fwythen <sup>12</sup> goe to yeve <sup>13</sup> the speeres arounde,  
 Wythe advantayle <sup>14</sup> & borne <sup>15</sup> I meynthe <sup>16</sup> emploie,  
 Who withoute mee woulde fall untoe the grounde.  
 Soe the tall oake the ivie twyfteth rounde; 15  
 Soe the neshe <sup>17</sup> flowerr grees <sup>18</sup> ynne the woodeland  
     shade.  
 The worlde bie diffraunce ys ynne orderr founde;  
 Wydhoute unlikenesse nothyng could bee made.  
 As ynn the bowke <sup>19</sup> nete <sup>20</sup> alleyn <sup>21</sup> cann bee donne,  
 Syke <sup>22</sup> ynn the weal of kynde all thynges are parties of  
     onne. 20

## Enterr SYRR SYMONNE DE BOURTONNE.

Herawde <sup>23</sup>, bie heavenne these tylterrs staie too long.  
 Mie phantafie ys dyinge förr the fyghte.  
 The mynstrelles have begonne the thyrd wafr songe,  
 Yett notte a speere of hemm <sup>24</sup> hath grete mie fyghte.  
 I feere there be ne manne wordhie mie myghte. 25  
 I lacke a Guid <sup>25</sup>, a Wyllyamm <sup>26</sup> to entylte.

<sup>11</sup> dispenser. <sup>12</sup> quickly. <sup>13</sup> give. <sup>14</sup> armer. <sup>15</sup> burnish.  
<sup>16</sup> many. <sup>17</sup> young, weak, tender. <sup>18</sup> grows. <sup>19</sup> body. <sup>20</sup> nothing.  
<sup>21</sup> alone. <sup>22</sup> so. <sup>23</sup> herald. <sup>24</sup> a contraction of *them*. <sup>25</sup> *Guie de*  
*Santo Egidio*, the most famous tilter of his age. <sup>26</sup> William Rufus.

**To**

## 30 THE TOURNAMENT.

To reine <sup>27</sup> anente <sup>28</sup> a fele <sup>29</sup> embodiedd knyghte,  
 Ytt gettes ne rennome <sup>30</sup> gyff hys blodde bee spylte.  
 Bie heavenne & Marie ytt ys tyme they're here ;  
 I lyche nott unthylle <sup>31</sup> thus to wielde the speare. 30

### HERAWDE.

Methynckes I heare yer slugghornes <sup>32</sup> dynn <sup>33</sup> fromm  
 farre.

### BOURTONNE.

Ah! fwythenn <sup>34</sup> mie shielde & tyltynge launce bee  
 bounde <sup>35</sup>.

Eftsoones <sup>36</sup> beheste <sup>37</sup> mie Squyerr to the warre.  
 I lie before to clayme a challenge grownde.

[*Goeth onte.*]

### HERAWDE.

This valourous actes woulde meinte <sup>38</sup> of menne  
 astounde ; 35

Harde bee yer shappe <sup>39</sup> encontrynge thee ynn fyghte ;

<sup>27</sup> run. <sup>28</sup> against. <sup>29</sup> feeble. <sup>30</sup> honour, glory. <sup>31</sup> useless. <sup>32</sup> a  
 kind of claryon. <sup>33</sup> found. <sup>34</sup> quickly. <sup>35</sup> ready. <sup>36</sup> soon. <sup>37</sup> com-  
 mand. <sup>38</sup> most. <sup>39</sup> fate, or doom.

Anest

## THE TOURNAMENT. 31

Anenst <sup>40</sup> all menne thou bereft to the grounde,  
 Lyche the hard hayle dothe the tall roshes pyghte <sup>41</sup>.  
 As whanne the mornynge sonne ydronks the dew,  
 Syche dothe thie valourous actes drocke <sup>42</sup> eche  
 knyghte's hue. 40

THE LYSTES. THE KYNGE. SYRR SYMONNE DE  
 BOURTONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RA-  
 NULPH NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON,  
 SYRR JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, AND ODHERR  
 KNYGHTEs, HERAWDES, MYNSTRELLES, AND  
 SERVYTOURS <sup>43</sup>.

### K Y N G E.

The barganette <sup>43</sup>; yee mynstrelles tune the strynge,  
 Somme actyonn dyre of auntyante kynges now synge.

### M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Wylllyamm, the Normannes floure botte Englonde's  
 thorne,  
 The manne whose myghte delievretie <sup>44</sup> hadd knite <sup>45</sup>,

<sup>40</sup> against. <sup>41</sup> pitched, or bent down. <sup>42</sup> drink. <sup>43</sup> servants, at-  
 tendants. <sup>43</sup> song, or ballad. <sup>44</sup> activity. <sup>45</sup>

Snett

## 32 THE TOURNAMENT.

Sneltt<sup>46</sup> oppe hys long strunge bowe and sheelde  
aborne<sup>47</sup>, 45

Behesteynge<sup>48</sup> all hys hommageres<sup>49</sup> to fyghte.

Goe, rouze the lyonn fromm hys hylted<sup>50</sup> denne,  
Lett thie flos<sup>51</sup> drenche the blodde of anie thyng bott  
mennē.

Ynn the treed forreste doe the knyghtes appere;  
Wyllyamm wythe myghte hys bowe enyronn'd<sup>52</sup>  
plies<sup>53</sup>; 50

Loude dynns<sup>54</sup> the arrowe ynn the wolffynns'eare;  
Hee ryseth battent<sup>55</sup>, roares; he panctes, hee dyes.  
Forflagenn att thie feete lett wolvyngs bee,  
Lett thie flos drenche theyre blodde, bott do ne bre-  
drenn flea.

Throwe the merke<sup>56</sup> shade of twistynde trees hee  
rydes; 55

The flemes<sup>57</sup> owlett<sup>58</sup> flappsherr eve-specktes<sup>59</sup> wynges;

The lordynge<sup>60</sup> toade ynn all hys passēs bides;

The berten<sup>61</sup> neders<sup>62</sup> att hymm darte the stynges;

<sup>46</sup> bent. <sup>47</sup> burnished. <sup>48</sup> commanding. <sup>49</sup> servants. <sup>50</sup> hidden.  
<sup>51</sup> arrows. <sup>52</sup> worked with iron. <sup>53</sup> bends. <sup>54</sup> sounds. <sup>55</sup> loudly.  
<sup>56</sup> dark, or gloome. <sup>57</sup> & <sup>58</sup> frightened owl. <sup>59</sup> marked with evening  
dew. <sup>60</sup> standing on their hind legs. <sup>61</sup> venomous. <sup>62</sup> adders.

The

Styll, styll, hee passës onn, hys stede astrodde,  
Nee hedes the daungerous waie gyff leadynge untoe  
bloodde. 60

The lyoncel, fromme sweltrie <sup>63</sup> countries braughte,  
Coucheynge binethe the sheltre of the brierr,  
Att commyng dynn <sup>64</sup> doth rayse hymselfe dis-  
traughte <sup>65</sup>,

Hee loketh wythe an eie of flames of fyre.

Goe, sticke the lyonn to hys hyltren denne, 65  
Lette thie flos <sup>66</sup> drenche the blood of anie thyng botte  
menn.

Wythe passent <sup>67</sup> steppe the lyonn mov'th alonge;  
Wyllyamm hys ironne-woven bowe hee bendes,  
Wythe myghte alyche the roghlynge <sup>68</sup> thonderr  
stronge;

The lyonn ynn a roare hys spryte foorthe sendes. 70  
Goe, flea the lyonn ynn hys blodde-steyn'd denne,  
Botte bee thie takelle <sup>69</sup> drie fromm blodde of odherr  
menne.

Swefte fromm the thyckett starks the stagge awaie;  
The couraciers <sup>70</sup> as swefte doe afterr flie.

<sup>63</sup> hot, sultry. <sup>64</sup> sound, noise. <sup>65</sup> distracted. <sup>66</sup> arrows. <sup>67</sup> walk-  
ing leisurely. <sup>68</sup> rolling. <sup>69</sup> arrow. <sup>70</sup> horse couriers.

D

Hee

## 34 THE TOURNAMENT.

Hee lepethe hie, hee stondes, hee kepes att baie, 75  
 Botte metes the arrowe, and efffoones 71 doth die.  
 Forslagenn atte thie fote lette wylde beastes bee,  
 Lett thie flos drenche yer blodde, yett do ne bredrenn  
 flee.

Wythe murtherr tyredd, hee fleynges hys bowe  
 alyne 72.

The stagge ys ouch'd 73 wythe crownes of lillie  
 floweres. 80

Arounde theire heaulmes theire greene verte doe en-  
 twyne;

Joying and rev'lous ynn the grene wode bowerris.

Forslagenn wyth thie floe lette wylde beastes bee,  
 Feeeste thee upponne theire fleshe, doe ne thie bredrenn  
 flee.

## K Y N G E.

Nowe to the Tourneie 74; who wylle fyrste  
 affraie 75? 85

71 full soon. 72 across his shoulders. 73 garlands of flowers being  
 put round the neck of the game, it was said to be *ouch'd*, from *ouch*, a  
 chain, worn by earls round their necks. 74 Tournament. 75 fight, or  
 encounter.

H E.

# THE TOURNAMENT. 35

## HERAULDE.

Neville, a baronne, bee yatte <sup>76</sup> honnoure thyne.

## BOURTONNE.

I clayme the paffage.

## NEVILLE.

I contake <sup>77</sup> thie waic.

## BOURTONNE.

Thenn there's mie gauntlette <sup>78</sup> onn mie gaberdyne <sup>79</sup>.

## HEREHAULDE.

A leegefull <sup>80</sup> challenge, knyghtes & champyonns  
dygne <sup>81</sup>;

A leegefull challenge, lette the slugghorne founde. <sup>90</sup>

[Syrr Symonne and Neville *tylte*.

Neville ys goeynge, manne and horse, toe grounde.

[Neville *falls*.

Loverdes, how doughtilie <sup>82</sup> the tylterrers joyne!

<sup>76</sup> that. <sup>77</sup> dispute. <sup>78</sup> glove. <sup>79</sup> a piece of armour. <sup>80</sup> lawful.  
<sup>81</sup> worthy. <sup>82</sup> furiously.

## 36 THE TOURNAMENT.

Yee champyones, heere Symonne de Bourtonne  
fyghtes,  
Onne hee hathe quacedd <sup>83</sup>, affayle <sup>84</sup> hymm, yee  
knyghtes.

### FERRARIS.

I wyllle anente<sup>85</sup> hymm goe ; mie squierr, mie shielde ;<sup>95</sup>  
Orr onne orr odherr wyll doe myckle <sup>86</sup> scethe<sup>87</sup>  
Before I doe départe the liffedd <sup>88</sup> fiede,  
Miefelfe orr Bourtonne hereupponn wyll blethe<sup>89</sup>.  
Mie shielde.

### B O U R T O N N E.

Comme orine, & fitte thie tylte-launce ethe<sup>90</sup>.  
Whanne Bourtonn fyghtes, hee metes a doughtie  
foe. 100

[*Theie tylte. Ferraris falleth.*

Hee falleth ; nowe biē heavenne thie woundes doe  
smethe<sup>91</sup> ;

I feere mee, I have wroughte thee myckle woe<sup>92</sup>.

<sup>83</sup> vanquished. <sup>84</sup> oppose. <sup>85</sup> against. <sup>86</sup> much. <sup>87</sup> damage, mis-  
chief. <sup>88</sup> bounded. <sup>89</sup> bleed. <sup>90</sup> easy. <sup>91</sup> smoke. <sup>92</sup> hurt, or  
damage.

H E-



HERAWDE.

Bourtonne hys ſeconde beereth to the feelde.  
Comme onn, yee knyghtes, and wynn the honnour'd  
ſheeld.

BERGHAMME.

I take the challenge; ſquyre, mie launce and ſtede. 105  
I, Bourtonne, take the gauntlette; forr mee ſlaie.  
Botte, gyff thou fyghteſte mee, thou ſhalt have mede<sup>93</sup>;  
Somme odherr I wylle champyonn toe affraie<sup>94</sup>;  
Perchaunce fromme hemm I maie poſſeſs the daie,  
Thenn I ſchalle bee a foemanne forr thie ſpere. 110  
Herehawde, toe the bankes of Knyghtys ſaie,  
De Berghamme wayteth forr a foemann heere.

CLINTON.

Botte longe thou ſchalte ne tende<sup>95</sup>; I doe thee fie<sup>96</sup>.  
Lyche forreying<sup>97</sup> levynn<sup>98</sup>, ſchalle mie tylte-launce  
flie.

[Berghamme & Clinton *tylte*. Clinton *fallette*.

<sup>93</sup> reward. <sup>94</sup> fight or engage. <sup>95</sup> attend or wait. <sup>96</sup> defy.  
<sup>97</sup> & <sup>98</sup> destroying lightening.

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### B E R G H A M M E.

Nowe, nowe, Syrr Knyghte, attoure<sup>99</sup> thie beeveredd<sup>100</sup>  
eyne. 115

I have borne downe, and este<sup>101</sup> doe gauntlette thee.

Swythenne<sup>102</sup> begynne, and wrynn<sup>103</sup> thie shappe<sup>104</sup>  
orr myne;

Gyff thou dyscomfytte, ytt wylle dobblie bee.

[Bourtonne & Burghamm *tylteth*. Berghamme *falls*.]

### H E R A W D E.

Symonne de Bourtonne haveth borne downe three,

And bie the thyrd hathe honnoure of a fourthe. 120

Lett hymm bee fett asyde, tylle hee doth see

A tyltynge forr a knyghte of gentle wourthe.

Heere commethe straunge knyghtes; gyff corteous<sup>105</sup>  
heie<sup>106</sup>,

Ytt welle beseies<sup>107</sup> to yeve<sup>108</sup> hemm ryghte of  
fraie<sup>109</sup>.

<sup>99</sup> turn.   <sup>100</sup> beaver'd.   <sup>101</sup> again.   <sup>102</sup> quickly.   <sup>103</sup> declare.  
<sup>104</sup> fate.   <sup>105</sup> worthy.   <sup>106</sup> they.   <sup>107</sup> becomes.   <sup>108</sup> give.   <sup>109</sup> fyght.

FIRST

FIRST KNYGHT E.

Straungerrs wee bee, and homblie doe wee clayme<sup>125</sup>  
 The rennome<sup>110</sup> ynn thys Tourneie<sup>111</sup> forr to tylte ;  
 Dherbie to proove fromm cravents<sup>112</sup> owre goode  
 name,  
 Bewrynnynge<sup>113</sup> thatt wee gentile blodde have spylte.

HEREHAWDE.

Yee knyghtes of cortesie, these straungerrs, saie,  
 Bee you fulle wyllynge forr to yeve hemm fraie? 130  
*[Fyve Knyghtes tylteth wythe the straunge Knyghte,  
 and bee everichone<sup>114</sup> evertbrowne.]*

BOURTONNE,

Nowe bie Séyncte Marie, gyff onn all the fiekde  
 Ycrafedd<sup>115</sup> speres and helmetts bee besprente<sup>116</sup>,  
 Gyff everyche knyghte dydd houlde a. piercedd<sup>117</sup>  
 sheeld,  
 Gyff all the feelde wythe champyonne blodde bee  
 stente<sup>118</sup>,

<sup>110</sup> honour. <sup>111</sup> Tournament. <sup>112</sup> cowards. <sup>113</sup> declaring <sup>114</sup> every  
 one. <sup>115</sup> broken, split. <sup>116</sup> scatter'd. <sup>117</sup> broken, or pierced through  
 with darts. <sup>118</sup> stained.

40 THE TOURNAMENT.

Yett toe encounter hymm I bee contente. 135

Annodherr launce, Marshalle, anodherr launce.

Albeytte hee wythe lowes <sup>119</sup> of fyre ybrente <sup>120</sup>,

Yett Bourtonne woulde agenste hys val <sup>121</sup> advance.

Fyve haveth fallenn downe anethe <sup>122</sup> hys speere,

Botte hee schalle bee the next thatt falleth heere. 140

Bie thee, Seyncte Marie, and thy Sonne I sweare,

Thatt ynn whatte place yonn doughtie knyghte shall  
fall

Anethe <sup>123</sup> the stronge push of mie straught <sup>124</sup> out  
speere,

There schalle aryse a hallie <sup>125</sup> chyrches walle,

The whyche, ynn honnoure, I wylle Marye calle, 145

Wythe pillars large, and spyre full hyghe and rounde.

And thys I faifullie <sup>126</sup> wylle stonde to all,

Gyff yonderr straungerr falleth to the grounde.

Straungerr, bee boune <sup>127</sup>; I champyonn <sup>128</sup> you to  
warre.

Sounde, founde the slughornes, to bee hearde fromm  
farre. 150

[Bourtonne & the Straungerr tylt. Straunger falleth.

<sup>119</sup> flames. <sup>120</sup> burnt. <sup>121</sup> healm. <sup>122</sup> beneath. <sup>123</sup> against.  
<sup>124</sup> stretched out. <sup>125</sup> holy. <sup>126</sup> faithfully. <sup>127</sup> ready. <sup>128</sup> challenge.

K Y N G E.

# THE TOURNAMENT. 41

## K Y N G E.

The Mornynge Tyltes now cease.

## H E R A W D E.

Bourtonne ys kyng.

Dysplaie the Englyshe bannorre onn the tente;  
Rounde hymm, yee mynstrelles, fongs of achments<sup>129</sup>  
fynge;

Yee Herawdes, getherr upp the speeres be-  
sprente<sup>130</sup>;

To Kyng of Tourney-tylte bee all knees bente. 155  
Dames faire and gentle, forr youre loves hee foughte;  
Forr you the longe tylte-launce, the swerde hee  
fhente<sup>131</sup>;

Hee joustedd, alleine<sup>132</sup> havynge you ynn thoughte.  
Comme, mynstrelles, found the strynge, goe onn eche  
fyde,

Whylest hee untoe the Kyng ynn state doe ryde. 160

<sup>129</sup> atchievements, glorious actions. <sup>130</sup> broken spears. <sup>131</sup> broke,  
destroyed. <sup>132</sup> only, alone.

M Y N-

## M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Whann Battayle, sinethynge <sup>133</sup> wythe new quickenn'd  
gore,

Bendynge wythe spoiles, and bloddie droppynge  
hedde,

Dydd the merke <sup>134</sup> woode of ethe <sup>135</sup> and rest explore,  
Seekeynge to lie onn Pleasures downie bedde,

Pleasure, dauncyng fromm her wode, 165

Wreathedd wythe floures of aiglintine,

Fromm hys vyfage washedd the bloude,

Hylte <sup>136</sup> hys swerde and gaberdyne.

Wythe syke an eyne fhee swotelie <sup>137</sup> hymm dydd  
view,

Dydd foe ycorvenn <sup>138</sup> everrie shape to joie, 170

Hys spryte dydd chaunge untoe anodherr hue,

Hys armes, ne spoyles, mote anie thoughts emploie.

All delyghtfomme and contente,

Fyre enshotynge <sup>139</sup> fromm hys eyne,

Ynn hys arms hee dydd herr hente <sup>140</sup>, 175

Lyche the merk <sup>141</sup>-plante doe entwyne.

<sup>133</sup> smoaking, steaming. <sup>134</sup> dark, gloomy. <sup>135</sup> ease. <sup>136</sup> hid,  
secreted. <sup>137</sup> swetely. <sup>138</sup> moulded. <sup>139</sup> shooting, darting. <sup>140</sup> grasp,  
hold. <sup>141</sup> night-shade,

## THE TOURNAMENT. 43

Soe, gyff thou lovest Pleasure and herr trayne,  
Onknowlacheinge <sup>142</sup> ynn whatt place herr to fynde,  
Thys rule yspende <sup>143</sup>, and ynn thie mynde retayne;  
Seeke Honnoure fyrste, and Pleasaunce lies be-  
hynde. 180

<sup>142</sup> ignorant, unknowing. <sup>143</sup> consider.

BRISTOWE

BRISTOWE TRAGEDIE:  
 OR THE DETHE OF  
 SYR CHARLES BAWDIN.

**T**HE featherd songster chaunticleer  
 Han wounde hys bugle horne,  
 And tolde the earlie villager  
 The commynge of the morne:

Kynge EDWARDE sawe the ruddie streakes      5  
 Of lyghte eclypse the greie;  
 And herde the raven's crokyng throte  
 Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the Godde  
 "That syttes enthron'd on hyghe!      10  
 "CHARLES BAWDIN, and hys fellowes twaine,  
 "To-daie shall furelie die."

Thenne



Thenne wythe a jugge of nappy ale

Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymm waite;

“ Goe tell the traytour, thatt to-daie

15

“ Hee leaves thys mortall state.”

Syr CANTERLONE thenne bendedd lowe,

Wythe harte brymm-fulle of woe;

Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,

And to Syr CHARLES dydd goe.

20

Butt whenne hee came, hys children twaine,

And eke hys lovyng wyfe,

Wythe brinie tears dydd wett the floore,

For goode Syr CHARLESES lyfe.

“ O goode Syr CHARLES!” sayd CANTERLONE, 25

“ Badde tydyngs I doe brynge.”

“ Speke boldlie, manne,” sayd brave Syr CHARLES,

“ Whatte says thie traytor kynge?”

“ I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne

“ Does fromme the welkinn flye,

30

“ Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,

“ Thatt thou shalt surelie die.”

“ Wee

" Wee all must die," quod brave Syr CHARLES;

" Of thatte I'm not affearde;

" Whatte bootes to lyve a little space?

35

" Thanke JESU, I'm prepar'd:

" Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not;

" I'de fooner die to-daie

" Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are;

" Tho' I shoulde lyve for aie."

40

Thenne CANTERLONE hee dydd goe out;

To telle the maior straite

To gett all thynges ynne reddyness

For goode Syr CHARLESSES fate.

Thenne Maisterr CANYNGE saughte the kynge, 45

And felle down onne hys knee;

" I'm come," quod hee, " unto your grace

" To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, " Your tale speke out;

" You have been much oure friende;

50

" Whatever youre request may bee,

" Wee wylle to ytte attende."

" My

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 47

" My nobile leige ! alle my request

" Ys for a nobile knyghte,

" Who, tho' may hap hee has donne wronge, 55

" Hee thoghte ytte styllle was ryghte :

" Hee has a spoufe and children twaine,

" Alle rewyn'd are for aie ;

" Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett

" CHARLES BAWDIN die to-daie." 60

" Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"

The kynge ynne furie sayde ;

" Before the evening starre doth sheene,

" BAWDIN shall loose hys hedde :

" Justice does loudlie for hym calle, 65

" And hee shall have hys meede :

" Speke, Maister CANYNGE ! Whatte thyngel else

" Att present doe you neede ?"

" My nobile leige !" goode CANYNGE sayde,

" Leave justice to our Godde, 70

" And laye the yronne rule asyde ;

" Be thyne the olyve rodde:

" Was

“ Was Godde to ferche our hertes and reines,

“ The best were synners grete;

“ CHRIST's vycarr only knowes ne synne;

75

“ Ynne alle thys mortall state.

“ Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,

“ Twylle faste thye crowne fulle sure;

“ From race to race thy familie

“ Alle sov'reigns shall endure :

80

“ Butt yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou

“ Beginne thy infante reigne,

“ Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows

“ Wylle never long remayne.”

“ CANYNGE, awaie ! thys traytour vile

85

“ Has scorn'd my power and mee ;

“ Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne

“ Intreate my clemencye ?”

“ My nobile leige ! the trulie brave

“ Wylle val'rous actions prize,

90

“ Respect a brave and nobile mynde,

“ Altho' ynne enemies.”

“ CANYNGE,

" CANYNGE, awaie! By Godde ynnē Heav'n

" Thatt dydd mee beinge gyve,

" I wyllē nōt taste a bitt of breade 95

" Whilft thys Syr CHARLES dothe lyve.

" By MARIE, and alle Seinctes ynnē Heav'n,

" Thys funne shall be hys laste."

Thenne CANYNGE dropt a brinie teare,

And from the prefence paste. 100

Wyth herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,

Hee to Syr CHARLES dydd goe,

And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,

And teares beganne to flowe.

" Wee all must die," quod brave Syr CHARLES; 105

" Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne;

" Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate

" Of all wee mortall menne.

" Saye why, my friend, this honest soul

" Runns overr att thyne eye; 110

" Is ytte for my most welcome doome

" Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

E

Quod

- Quod godlie CANYNGE, " I doe weepe,  
 " Thatt thou foe soone must dye,  
 " And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe; 115  
 " 'Tys thys thatt wettes myne eye."
- " Thenne drie the tears thatt out thyne eye  
 " From godlie fountaines sprynge;  
 " Dethe I despise, and alle the power  
 " Of EDWARDE, traytor kynge. 120
- " Whan through the tyrant's welcom means  
 " I shall resigne my lyfe,  
 " The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde  
 " For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.
- " Before I sawe the lyghtsome funne, 125  
 " Thys was appointed mee;  
 " Shall mortal manne repyne or grudge  
 " Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?
- " Howe oft ynne battaile have I stode,  
 " Whan thousands dy'd arounde; 130  
 " Whan smokyng streemes of crimson bloode  
 " Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde :
- " Howe

" Howe dydd I knowe thatt ev'ry darte,  
 " Thatt cutte the airie waie,  
 " Myghte nott fynde passage toe my harte, 135  
 " And clofe myne eyes for aie ?

" And shall I nowe, forr feere of dethe,  
 " Looke wanne and bee dysmayde ?  
 " Ne! fromm my herte flie chilydhe feere,  
 " Bee alle the manne display'd. 140

" Ah, goddelyke HENRIE ! Godde forefende,  
 " And garde thee and thye sonne,  
 " Yff 'tis hys wylle ; but yff 'tis nott,  
 " Why thenne hys wylle bee donne.

" My honest friende, my faulte has beene 145  
 " To serve Godde and mye prynce ;  
 " And thatt I no tyme-server am,  
 " My dethe wylle soone convynce.

" Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,  
 " Of parents of grete note ; 150  
 " My fadre dydd a nobile armes  
 " Emblazon onne hys cote :

" I make ne doubtte butt hee ys gone

" Where soone I hope to goe ;

" Where wee for ever shall bee blest,

155

" From oute the reech of woe :

" Hee taughte mee justice and the laws

" Wyth pitie to unite ;

" And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe

" The wronge cause fromm the ryghte : 160

" Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande

" To feede the hungrie poore,

" Ne lett mye sarvants dryve awaie

" The hungrie fromme my doore :

" And none can faye, butt alle mye lyfe

165

" I have hys wordyes kept ;

" And sum'm'd the aftyonns of the daie

" Eche nyghte before I slept.

" I have a spouse, goe afke of her,

" Yff I defyl'd her bedde?

170

" I have a kynge, and none can laie

" Blacke treason onne my hedde.

" Ynne



“ Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,  
 “ Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;  
 “ Whie should I thenne appeare dismay’d 175  
 “ To leave thys worlde of payne?

“ Ne! hapless HENRIE! I rejoyce,  
 “ I shalle ne see thye dethe;  
 “ Moste willynglie ynne thye just cause  
 “ Doe I resign my brethe. 180

“ Oh, fickle people! rewyn’d londe!  
 “ Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;  
 “ Whyle RICHARD’s sonnes exalt themselves,  
 “ Thy brookes wythe bloude wyllle flowe.

“ Saie, were ye tyr’d of godlie peace, 185  
 “ And godlie HENRIE’s reigne,  
 “ Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies  
 “ For those of bloude and peyne?

“ Whatte tho’ I onne a fledde bee drawne,  
 “ And mangled by a hynde, 190  
 “ I doe desye the traytor’s pow’r,  
 “ Hee can ne harm my mynde;

" Whatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,  
 " Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,  
 " And ne ryche monument of brasse 195  
 " CHARLES BAWDIN's name shall bear ;

" Yett ynne the holie booke above,  
 " Whyche tyme can't eate awaie,  
 " There wythe the sarvants of the Lorde  
 " Mye name shall lyve for aie. 200

" Thenne welcome dethe ! for lyfe eterne  
 " I leave thys mortall lyfe :  
 " Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,  
 " Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe !

" Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes, 205  
 " As e'er the moneth of Maie ;  
 " Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,  
 " Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

QUOD CANYNGE, " Tys a goodlie thyng  
 " To bee prepar'd to die ; 210  
 " And from thys world of payne and grefe  
 " To Godde ynne Heav'n to flie."

And

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,

And claryonnes to founde ;

Syr CHARLES hee herde the horsfes feete 215

A prauncyng onne the grounde :

And just before the officers,

His lovynge wyfe came ynne,

Weepyngge unfeigned teeres of woe,

Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne. 220

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! nowe I praie forbere,

“ Ynne quiet lett mee die ;

“ Praie Godde, thatt ev’ry Christian soule

“ Maye looke onne dethe as I.

“ Sweet FLORENCE ! why these brinie teeres ? 225

“ Theye washe my soule awaie,

“ And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,

“ Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

“ ’Tys butt a journie I shalle goe

“ Untoe the lande of blyffe ; 230

“ Nowe, as a prooffe of husbande’s love,

“ Receive thys holie kyffe.”

Thenne FLORENCE, fault'ring ynne her faie,  
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,

" Ah, cruele EDWARDE! bloudie kynge! 235

" My herte ys welle nyghe broke :

" Ah, sweete SYR CHARLES! why wylt thou gos,

" Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe?

" The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke,

" Ytte eke shall ende mye lyfe." 240

And nowe the officers came ynne

To bryng Syr CHARLES awaie,

Whoe turnedd toe hys lovyng wyfe,

And thus toe her dydd faie :

" I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe; 245

" Truste thou ynne Godde above,

" And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,

" And ynne theyre hertes hym love :

" Teache them to runne the nobile race

" Thatt I theyre fader runne : 250

" FLORENCE! shou'd dethe thee take—adiou!

" Yee officers, leade onne."

Thenne

SYR CHARLES BAWDIN. 57

Thenne FLORENCE rav'd as anie madde,

And dydd her tresses tere;

“ Oh! staie, mye husbande! lorde! and lyfe!”—255

Syr CHARLES thenne dropt a teare.

Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravynges loud,

Shce fellen onne the flore;

Syr CHARLES exerted alle hys myghte,

And march'd fromm oute the dore. 260

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,

Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;

Lookes, thatt enshone ne moe concern

Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before hym went the council-menne, 265

Ynne scarlett robes and golde,

And tassels spanglyng ynne the sunne,

Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte AUGUSTYNE next

Appeared to the syghte, 270

Alle cladd ynne homelic ruffett weedes,

Of godlis monkysh plyghte:

Ynne

Ynne diffraunt partes a godlie pfaume  
 Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt ;  
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynstrelles came, 275  
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twentye archers came ;  
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,  
 From rescue of kyng Henries friends  
 Syr CHARLES forr to defend. 280

Bolde as a lyon came Syr CHARLES,  
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde sledde,  
 Bye two blacke stedes ynne trappynge white,  
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde :

Behynde hym fyve-and-twentye moe 285  
 Of archers stronge and stoute,  
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,  
 Marched ynne goodlie route :

Seinte JAMES Freers marched next,  
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt ; 290  
 Behynde theyre backes fyx mynstrelles came,  
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt :

Thenne

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,  
     Ynne clothe of scarlett deck't;  
 And theyre attending menne echone, 295  
     Lyke Easterne princes trickt;

And after them, a multitude  
     Of citizenns dydd thronge;  
 The wyndowes were alle fulle of heddes,  
     As hee dydd passe alonge. 300

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,  
     Syr CHARLES dydd turne and faie,  
 " O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,  
     " Washe mye soule clean thys daie!"

Att the grete mynsterr wyndowe sat 305  
     The kynge ynne myckle state,  
 To see CHARLES BAWDIN goe alonge  
     To hys most welcom fate.

Sone as the fledde drewe nyghe enowe,  
     Thatt EDWARDE hee myghte heare, 310  
 The brave Syr CHARLES hee dydd stande uppe,  
     And thus hys wordes declare:  
     " Thou

" Thou seeft mee, EDWARDE ! traytour vile !

" Expos'd to infamie ;

" Butt bee affur'd, difloyall manne !

315

" I'm greaterr nowe thanne thee.

" Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,

" Thou wearest nowe a crowne ;

" And haft appoynted mee to dye,

" By power nott thyne owne.

320

" Thou thynkest I fhall dye to-daie ;

" I have beene dede 'till nowe,

" And foone fhall lyve to weare a crowne

" For aie uponne my browe :

" Whylt thou, perhapps, for fom few yeares, 325

" Shalt rule thys fickle lande,

" To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule

" 'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande ;

" Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave !

" Shall falle onne thye owne hedde"—

330

Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge

Departed thenne the fledde,

Kynge



Kynge EDWARDE's foule rush'd to hys face,

Hee turn'd hys hedde awaie,

And to hys broder GLOUCESTER

335

Hee thus dydd speke and saie :

" To hym that foe-much-dreaded dethe

" Ne ghaftlie terrors brynge,

" Beholde the manne ! hee spake the truthe,

" Hee's greater thanne a kynge !"

340

" Soe lett hym die !" Duke RICHARD fayde ;

" And maye echone oure foes

" Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie axe,

" And feede the carryon crowes."

And nowe the horses gentlie drewe

345

Syr CHARLES uppe the hyghe hylle ;

The axe dydd glysterr ynne the funne,

Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syrr CHARLES dydd uppe the scaffold goe,

As uppe a gilded carre

350

Of victorie, bye val'rous chiefs

Gayn'd yñne the bloudie warre :

And

And to the people hee dydd faie,

“ Beholde you see mee dye,

“ For ferynge loyally mye kynge,

355

“ Mye kynge most ryghtfullie.

“ As longe as EDWARDE rules thys lande,

“ Ne quiet you wyll knowe ;

“ Youre sonnes and husbandes shalle bee slayne,

“ And brookes wythe bloude shalle flowe. 360

“ You leave youre goode and lawfullie kynge,

“ Whenne ynne aduersitye ;

“ Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,

“ And for the true cause dye.”

Thenne hee, wyth preeftes, uponne hys knees, 365

A pray'r to Godde dydd make,

Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe

Hys partynge foule to take.

Thenne, kneelynge downe, hee layd hys hedde

Most seemlie onne the blocke ;

370

Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once

The able heddes-manne stroke :

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,  
 And rounde the scaffolde twyne;  
 And teares, enow to washe't awaie, 375  
 Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie axe hys bodie fayre  
 Ynnto foure parties cutte;  
 And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,  
 Uppone a pole was putte. 380

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,  
 One onne the mynster-tower,  
 And one from off the castle-gate  
 The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate, 385  
 A dreery spectacle;  
 Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,  
 Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the ende of BAWDIN's fate:  
 Godde prosper longe our'e kyng, 390  
 And grante hee maye, wyth BAWDIN's soule,  
 Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie syng!

Æ L L A:



Æ L L A:

A  
TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE,  
OR  
DISCOORSEYNGE TRAGEDIE,  
WROTENN BIE  
THOMAS ROWLEIE,

PLAIEDD BEFORE  
MASTRE CANYNGE, ATTE HYS HOWSE NEMPTTE  
THE RODDE LODGE;  
[ALSOE BEFORE THE DUKE OF NORFOLCK, JOHAN  
HOWARD.]

F

## PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

**ÆLLA,**     *bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeſte, the Auethoure.*

**CELMONDE,**     *Johan Iſcamm, Preeſte.*

**HURRA,**     *Syrr Thybbotte Gorges, Knyghte.*

**BIRTHA,**     *Maſtre Edwarde Canynge.*

**Odherr Partes** *bie Knyghtes Mynſtrelles.*

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON  
ÆLLA.

**T**Y S. songe bie mynstrelles, thatte yn auntyent  
tym,

Whan Reasonn hylt <sup>1</sup> herselfe in cloudes of nyghte,  
The preeſte delyvered alle the lege <sup>2</sup> yn rhym;  
Lyche peyncted <sup>3</sup> tylyngge ſpeares to pleaſe the ſyghte,  
The whyche yn yttes felle uſe doe make moke <sup>4</sup>  
dere <sup>5</sup>, 5  
Syke dyd theire auncyante lee deſtlye <sup>6</sup> delyghte the eare.

Perchaunce yn Vyrtyues gare <sup>7</sup> rhym mote bee thenne,  
Butt ceſte <sup>8</sup> nowe flyeth to the odher ſyde;  
In hallie <sup>9</sup> preeſte apperes the ribaudes <sup>10</sup> penne,  
Inne lithie <sup>11</sup> moncke apperes the barronnes pryde: 10  
But rhym wythe ſomme, as nedere <sup>12</sup> widhout teethe,  
Make pleaſaunce to the ſenſe, botte maie do lyttel  
ſcathe <sup>13</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> hid, concealed. <sup>2</sup> law. <sup>3</sup> painted. <sup>4</sup> much. <sup>5</sup> hurt, damage.  
<sup>6</sup> ſweetly. <sup>7</sup> cauſe. <sup>8</sup> oft. <sup>9</sup> holy. <sup>10</sup> rake, lewd perſon. <sup>11</sup> humble.  
<sup>12</sup> adder. <sup>13</sup> hurt, damage.

68 EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Syr Johne, a knyghte, who hath a barne of lore<sup>14</sup>,  
 Kenns<sup>15</sup> Latyn att fyrst fyghte from Frenche or Greke,  
 Pyghtethe<sup>16</sup> hys knowlachynge<sup>17</sup> ten yeres or more,<sup>15</sup>  
 To ryngge upon the Latynne worde to speke.  
 Whoever spekethe Englysch ys despyfed,  
 The Englysch hym to please moſte fyrſte be latynized.

Vevyan, a moncke, a good requiem<sup>18</sup> ſynges;  
 Can preache ſo wele, eche hynde<sup>19</sup> hys mencynge  
 knowes; 20  
 Albeytte theſe gode guyfts awaie he flynges,  
 Beeynge as badde yn veaſe as goode yn proſe.  
 Hee ſynges of ſeynctes who dyed for yer Godde,  
 Everych wynter nyghte afreſche he ſheddes theyr blodde.

To maydens, huſwyfes, and unlored<sup>20</sup> dames, 25  
 Hee redes hys tales of merrymment & woe.  
 Loughe<sup>21</sup> loudlie dynneth<sup>22</sup> from the dolte<sup>23</sup>  
 adrames<sup>24</sup>;  
 He ſwelles on laudes of fooles, tho' kennes<sup>25</sup> hem foe.

<sup>14</sup> learning. <sup>15</sup> knows. <sup>16</sup> plucks or tortures. <sup>17</sup> knowledge. <sup>18</sup> a  
 ſervice uſed over the dead. <sup>19</sup> peafant. <sup>20</sup> unlearned. <sup>21</sup> laugh.  
<sup>22</sup> founds. <sup>23</sup> fooliſh. <sup>24</sup> churls. <sup>25</sup> knows.

Sommetyme



EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE. 69

Sommetyme at tragedie theie laughe and synge,  
At merrie yaped <sup>26</sup> fage <sup>27</sup> fomme hard-drayned water  
brynge. 30

Yette Vevyan ys ne foole, beynde <sup>28</sup> hys lynes.  
Geofroie makes vearse, as handycraftes theyr ware;  
Wordes wythoute sense fulle groffyngelye <sup>29</sup> he twynes,  
Cotteynge hys storie off as wythe a sheere;

Waytes monthes on nothyng, & hys storie donne, 35  
Ne moe you from ytte kenn, than gyf <sup>30</sup> you neere be-  
gonne.

Enowe of odhers; of miefelfe to write,  
Requyrynge whatt I doe notte nowe possels,  
To you I leave the taske; I kenne your myghte  
Wyll make me faultes, me meynthe <sup>31</sup> of faultes, be  
les. 40

ÆLLA wythe thys I sende, and hope that you  
Wylle from ytte caste awaie, whatte lynes maie be un-  
true,

<sup>26</sup> laughable. <sup>27</sup> tale, jest. <sup>28</sup> beyond. <sup>29</sup> foolishly. <sup>30</sup> if,  
<sup>31</sup> many.

70      EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Playes made from hallie <sup>32</sup> tales I holde unmeete;  
 Lette somme greate storie of a manne be songe;  
 Whanne, as a manne, we Godde and Jefus treate, 45  
 In mie pore mynde, we doe the Godhedde wronge.  
 Botte lette ne wordes, whyche droorie <sup>33</sup> mote ne heare,  
 Bee placed yn the fame.    Adieu untylle anere <sup>34</sup>.

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

<sup>32</sup> holy.    <sup>33</sup> strange perversion of words.    *Droorie* in its antiēt fig-  
 nification stood for *modesty*.    <sup>34</sup> another.

LETTER

# LETTER TO THE DYGNE MASTRE CANYNGE.

**S**TRAUNGE dome ytte ys, that, yn these daies of  
oures,

Nete <sup>35</sup> butte a bare recytalle can hav place;

Nowe shapelie poesie haft losse yttes powers,

And pynant hystorie ys onlie grace;

Heie <sup>36</sup> pycke up wolfsome weedes, ynstedde of flowers, 5

And famylies, ynstedde of wytte, theie trace;

Nowe poesie canne meete wythe ne regrate <sup>37</sup>,

Whylste prose, & herehaughtrie <sup>38</sup>, ryls yn estate.

Lette kynges, & rulers, whan heie gayne a throne,

Shewe whatt theyre grandfieres, & great grandfieres

bore,

10

Emarschalled armes, yatte, ne before theyre owne,

Now raung'd wythe whatt yeir fadres han before;

Lette trades, & toune folck, lett fyke <sup>39</sup> thynges alone,

Ne fyghte for fable yn a fiede of aure;

<sup>35</sup> bought. <sup>36</sup> they. <sup>37</sup> esteem. <sup>38</sup> heraldry. <sup>39</sup> such.

72 LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.

Seldomm, or never, are armes vvirtues mede, 15  
 Shee nillynge <sup>40</sup> to take myckle <sup>41</sup> aie dothe hede.

A man ascaunfe upponn a piece maye looke,  
 And shake hys hedde to styrre hys rede <sup>42</sup> aboute;  
 Quod he, gyf I askaunted oere thys booke,  
 Schulde fynde thereyn that trouthe ys left wythoute; 20  
 Eke, gyf <sup>43</sup> ynto a vew percafe <sup>44</sup> I tooke  
 The long beade-rolle of al the wrytynge route,  
 Afferius, Ingolphus, Torgotte, Bedde,  
 Thorow hem <sup>45</sup> al nete lyche ytte I coulede rede.—

Pardon, yee Graiebarbes <sup>46</sup>, gyff I saie, onwise 35  
 Yee are, to stycke so close & bysmarelie <sup>47</sup>  
 To hystorie; you doe ytte tooe moche pryze,  
 Whyche amenused <sup>48</sup> thoughtes of poesie;  
 Somme drybblette <sup>49</sup> share you shoulde to yatte <sup>50</sup> alyse <sup>51</sup>,  
 Nott makynge everyche thyng bee hystorie; 30  
 Instedde of mountynge onn a wynged horse,  
 You onn a rouncey <sup>52</sup> dryve yn dolefull course.

<sup>40</sup> unwilling, <sup>41</sup> much. <sup>42</sup> wisdom, council. <sup>43</sup> if. <sup>44</sup> perchance.  
<sup>45</sup> them. <sup>46</sup> Greybeards, <sup>47</sup> curiously. <sup>48</sup> lessened. <sup>49</sup> small <sup>50</sup> that.  
<sup>51</sup> allow. <sup>52</sup> cart-horse.

Cannyng

Cannyng & I from common courſe dyſſente ;  
 Wee ryde the ſtede, botte yev to hym the reene ;  
 Ne wylle betweene craſed molteryng bookes be pente, 35  
 Botte ſoare on hyghe, & yn the ſonne-bemes ſheene ;  
 And where wee kenn ſomme iſhad <sup>53</sup> floures beſprente,  
 We take ytte, & from ould rouſte doe ytte clene ;  
 Wee wylle ne cheynedd to one paſture bee,  
 Botte ſometymes ſoare 'bove trouthe of hystorie. 40

Saie, Canyng, whatt was yearſe yn daies of yore ?  
 Fyne thoughtes, and couplettes fetyvelie <sup>54</sup> bewryen <sup>55</sup>,  
 Notte fyke as doe annoie thys age ſo fore,  
 A keppened poyntelle <sup>56</sup> reſtyng at eche lyne.  
 Yearſe maię be goode, botte poeſie wantes more, 45  
 An onliſt <sup>57</sup> lecturn <sup>58</sup>, and a ſonge adygne <sup>59</sup> ;  
 Accordyng to the rule I have thys wroughte,  
 Gyff ytt pleaſe Canyng, I care notte a groate.

The thyng yttis moſte bee yttis owne deſenſe ;  
 Som metre maię notte pleaſe a womannes ear. 50

<sup>53</sup> broken. <sup>54</sup> elegantly. <sup>55</sup> declared, expreſſed. <sup>56</sup> a pen, uſed  
 metaphorically, as a muſe or genius. <sup>57</sup> boundleſs. <sup>58</sup> ſubject. <sup>59</sup> ner-  
 vous, worthy of praiſe.

Canyng

74    **LETTER TO MASTRE CANYNGE.**

Canynge lookes notte for poefie, botte fenfe ;  
And dygne, & wordie thoughtes, ys all hys care.  
Canynge, adieu ! I do you greete from hence ;  
Full foone I hope to tafte of your good cheere ;  
Goode Byshoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee faie,  
Hee wyfche you healthe & felineffe for aie.

55

**T. ROWLEIE.**

**ENTRO-**

## ENTRDUCTIONNE.

**S**OMME cherifaunci <sup>60</sup> 'tys to gentle mynde,  
 Whan heie have chevyced <sup>61</sup> theyre londe from  
 bayne <sup>62</sup>,

Whan theie ar dedd, theie leave yer name behynde,  
 And theyre goode deedes doe on the earthe remayne;  
 Downe yn the grave wee ynhyne <sup>63</sup> everych steyne, 5  
 Whyleft al her gentlenesse ys made to sheene,  
 Lyche fetyve baubets <sup>64</sup> geasonne <sup>65</sup> to be scene.

ÆLLA, the wardenne of thys <sup>66</sup> castell <sup>67</sup> stede,  
 Whyleft Saxons dyd the Englyfche sceptre swaie,  
 Who made whole troopes of Dacyan men to blede, 10  
 Then feel'd <sup>68</sup> hys eyne, and feeled hys eyne for aie,  
 Wee rowze hym uppe before the judgment daie,  
 To faie what he, as clergyonnd <sup>69</sup>, can kenne,  
 And howe hee sojourned in the vale of men.

<sup>60</sup> comfort. <sup>61</sup> preserved. <sup>62</sup> ruin. <sup>63</sup> inter. <sup>64</sup> jewels. <sup>65</sup> rare.  
<sup>66</sup> Bristol. <sup>67</sup> castle. <sup>68</sup> closed. <sup>69</sup> taught.

ÆLLA.

## Æ L L A.

CELMONDE, att. BRYSTOW.

**B**EFORE yonne roddie sonne has droove hys  
wayne

Throwe halfe hys joornie, dyghte yn gites<sup>1</sup> of goulde,  
Mee, happeles mee, hee wylle a wretche behoulde,  
Mieselfe, and al that's myne, bounde ynne myschaunces  
chayne.

Ah ! Birtha, whie dydde Nature frame thee fayre ? 5

Whie art thou all thatt poyntelle<sup>2</sup> canne bewreene<sup>3</sup> ?

Whie art thou nott as coarse as odhers are ?—

Botte thenn thie foughle woulde throwe thy vyfage  
sheene,

Yatt shemres onn thie comelie semlykeene<sup>4</sup>,

Lyche nottebrowne cloudes, whann bie the sonne  
made redde,

10

<sup>1</sup> robes, mantels,    <sup>2</sup> a pen,    <sup>3</sup> exprefs.    <sup>4</sup> countenance.

Ort



Orr scarlette, wythe waylde lynnen clothe ywreene<sup>5</sup>,  
 Syke<sup>6</sup> woulde thie spryte upponn thie vyfage spredde.  
 Thys daie brave Ælla dothe thyne honde & harte  
 Clayme as hys owne to be, whyche nee fromm hys moste  
 parte.

And cann I lyve to see herr wythe anere<sup>7</sup>! 15  
 Ytt cannotte, muste notte, naie, ytt shalle not bee.  
 Thys nyghte I'll putte stronge poysonn ynn the beere,  
 And hymm, herr, and myselfe, attenes<sup>8</sup> wyll flea.  
 Affyst mee, Helle! lett Devylles rounde mee tende,  
 To flea mieselfe, mie love, & eke mie doughtie<sup>9</sup> friende. 20

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

Æ L L A.

Notte, whanne the hallie prieste dyd make me knyghte,  
 Bleffynge the weaponne, tellynge future dede,  
 Howe bie mie honde the prevyd<sup>10</sup> Dane shoulde blede,  
 Howe I schulde often bee, and often wyne, ynn fyghte;

<sup>5</sup> covered. <sup>6</sup> such. <sup>7</sup> another. <sup>8</sup> at once. <sup>9</sup> mighty. <sup>10</sup> hardy,  
 valourous.

Notte,

Notte, whann I fyrste behelde thie beauteous hue, 25  
 Whyche strooke mie mynde, & rouzed mie softer soule;  
 Nott, whann from the barbed horse yn fyghte dyd  
 vewe

The flying Dacians oere the wyde playne roule,  
 Whan all the troopes of Denmarque made grete dole,  
 Dydd I fele joie wyth fyke reddoure <sup>11</sup> as now, 30  
 Whann hallie preest, the lechmanne of the soule,  
 Dydd knytte us both ynn a caytysnede <sup>12</sup> vowe:  
 Now hallie Ælla's felynesse ys grate;  
 Shap <sup>13</sup> haveth nowe ymade hys woes for to emmate <sup>14</sup>.

### B I R T H A.

Mie lorde, & husbande, fyke a joie ys myne; 35  
 Botte mayden modestie moste ne foe saie,  
 Albeytte thou mayest rede ytt ynn myne eyne,  
 Or ynn myne harte, where thou shalte be for aie;  
 Inne sothe, I have botte meeded oute thie saie <sup>15</sup>;  
 For twelve tymes twelve the mone hathe bin  
 yblente <sup>16</sup>, 40

<sup>11</sup> violence. <sup>12</sup> binding, enforcing. <sup>13</sup> fate. <sup>14</sup> lessen, decrease.  
<sup>15</sup> faith. <sup>16</sup> blinded.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 79

As manie tymes hathe vyed the Godde of daie,  
 And on the grasse her lemes <sup>17</sup> of sylver sente,  
 Sythe thou dydst cheefe mee for thie swote to bee,  
 Enactynge ynn the same moste faiefullie to mee.

Ofte have I seene thee atte the none-daie feaste, 45  
 Whanne deyfde bie thieselfe, for wante of pheeres <sup>18</sup>,  
 Awhylst thie merrymen dydde laughe and jaste,  
 Onn mee thou semest all eyne, to mee all eares.  
 Thou wardest mee as gyff ynn hondred feeres,  
 Alest a daygnous <sup>19</sup> looke to thee be sente, 50  
 And offrendes <sup>20</sup> made mee, moe thann yie compheeres,  
 Offe scarpes <sup>21</sup> of scarlette, & fyne paramente <sup>22</sup>;  
 All thie yntente to please was lyfied <sup>23</sup> to mee,  
 I faie ytt, I moste streve thatt you ameded bee.

Æ L L A.

Mie lyttel kyndnesses whyche I dydd doe, 55  
 Thie gentleness doth corven them soe grete,  
 Lyche bawfyn <sup>24</sup> olyphautes <sup>25</sup> mie gnattes doe  
 shewe;

Thou doest mie thoughtes of paying love amate <sup>26</sup>.

<sup>17</sup> lights, rays. <sup>18</sup> fellows, equals. <sup>19</sup> disdainful. <sup>20</sup> presents, offerings. <sup>21</sup> scarfs. <sup>22</sup> robes of scarlet. <sup>23</sup> bounded. <sup>24</sup> large. <sup>25</sup> elephants. <sup>26</sup> destroy.

Botte

Botte hann mie aſtyonns ſtraughte<sup>27</sup> the rolle of fate,  
 Pyghte thee fromm Hell, or broughte Heaven down  
 to thee, 60

Layde the whol worlde a falldſtole atte thie feete,  
 On ſmyle woulde be ſuffycyll mede for mee.

I amm Loves borro'r, & canne never paie,  
 Bott be hys borrower ſtylle, & thyne, mie ſwete, for aie.

### B I R T H A.

Love, doe notte rate your acheymentes<sup>28</sup> foe ſmalle; 65

As I to you, ſyke love untœ mee beare;

For nothyng paſte wille Birtha ever call;

Ne on a foode from Heaven thynke to cheere.

As farr as thys frayle brutylle fleſch wyll ſpere,

Syke, & ne fardher I expecte of you; 70

Be notte toe ſlacke yn love, ne overdeare;

A ſmalle fyre, yan a loude flame, proves more true.

### Æ L L A.

This gentle wordis toe thie volunde<sup>29</sup> kenne

To bee moe clergionde thann, ys ynn meynſte of  
 menne.

<sup>27</sup> ſtretched. <sup>28</sup> ſervices. <sup>29</sup> memory, underſtanding.

Æ L L A,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 81.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE,  
MYNSTRELLES.

CELMONDE.

Alle bleffyngeſ ſhowre on gentle Ælla's hedde! 75  
Oft maie the moone, yn ſylvert ſheenynge lyghte,  
Inne varied chaunges varied bleffyngeſ ſhedde,  
Beſprengeynge far abrode miſchaunces nyghte;  
And thou, fayre Birtha! thou, fayre Dame, ſo  
bryghte,  
Long mayeſt thou wyth Ælla fynde muche peace, 80  
Wythe ſelyneſſe, as wyth a roabe, be dyghte,  
Wyth everych chaungynge mone new joies encreaſe!  
I, as a token of mie love to ſpeake,  
Have brought you jubbes of ale, at nyghte youre  
brayne to breake.

Æ L L A.

Whan ſopperes paſte we'lle drenche youre ale ſoe  
ſtronge, 85  
Tyde lyfe, tyde death.

G

CEL-

## C E L M O N D E.

Ye Mynstrelles, chaunt your songe.

*Mynstrelles Songe, bie a Manne and Womanne.*

## M A N N E.

Tourne thee to thie Shepfterr <sup>30</sup> swayne;  
 Bryghte sonne has ne droncke the dewe  
 From the floures of yellowe hue;  
 Tourne thee, Alyce, backe agayne.

90

## W O M A N N E.

No, bestoikerre <sup>31</sup>, I wyll goe,  
 Softlie tryppynge o'ere the mees <sup>32</sup>,  
 Lyche the fylver-footed doe,  
 Seekeynge sheltterr yn grene trees.

## M A N N E.

See the mofs-growne daisey'd banke,  
 Pereynge ynne the streame belowe;  
 Here we'll fyte, yn dewie danke;  
 Tourne thee, Alyce, do notte goe.

95

<sup>30</sup> Shepherd. <sup>31</sup> deceiver. <sup>32</sup> meadows.

W O-

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 83

W O M A N N E.

I've hearde erſte mie grandame ſaie,  
Yonge damoyſelles ſchulde ne bee, 100  
Inne the ſwotie moonthe of Maie,  
Wythe yonge menne bie the grene wode tree.

M A N N E.

Sytte thee, Alyce, fyte, and harke,  
Howe the ouzle <sup>33</sup> chauntes hys noate,  
The chelandree <sup>34</sup>, greie morn larke, 105  
Chauntynge from theyre lyttel throate;

W O M A N N E.

I heare them from eche grene wode tree,  
Chauntynge owte ſo blatauntlic <sup>35</sup>,  
Tellynge lecturnyes <sup>36</sup> to mee,  
Myſcheefe ys whanne you are nygh. 110

<sup>33</sup> The black bird. <sup>34</sup> Gold-finch. <sup>35</sup> loudly. <sup>36</sup> lectures.

G 2

M A N N E.

## M A N N E,

See alonge the mees so grene  
 Pied daifies, kyng-coppes fwote;  
 Alle wee see, bie non bee seene,  
 Nete botte shepe fettes here a fote.

## W O M A N N E.

Shepster fwayne, you tare mie gratche <sup>37</sup>. 115  
 Oute uponne ye! lette me goe.  
 Leave mee fwythe, or I'lle alatche.  
 Robynne, thys youre dame shall knowe.

## M A N N E.

See! the crokyng brionie  
 Rounde the popler twyfte hys spraie; 120  
 Rounde the oake the greene ivie  
 Florryschethe and lyveth aie.

Lette us seate us bie thys tree,  
 Laughe, and fynge to lovyng ayres;  
 Comme, and doe notte coyen bee; 125  
 Nature made all thynges bie payres.

<sup>37</sup> Apparel.



A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 85

Drooried cattes wylle after kynde;  
Gentle doves wylle kyfs and coe:

W O M A N N E.

Botte manne, hee moſte bee ywrynde,  
Tylle fyr preeſte make on of two. 130

Tempte mee ne to the foule thyng;  
I wylle no mannes lemanne be;  
Tyll fyr preeſte hys ſonge doethe ſynge,  
Thou ſhalt neere fynde aught of mee.

M A N N E.

Bie oure ladie her yborne, 135  
To-morrowe, ſoone as ytte ys daie,  
I'lle make thee wyfe, ne bee forſworne,  
So tyde me lyfe or dethe for aie.

W O M A N N E.

Whatt dothe lette, botte thatte nowe  
Wee attenes <sup>18</sup>, thos honde yn honde, 140  
Unto diviniftre <sup>19</sup> goe,  
And bee lyncked yn wedlocke bonde?

<sup>18</sup> At once. <sup>19</sup> a divine.

G 3

M A N N E.

## M A N N E.

I agree, and thus I plyghte  
 Honde, and harte, and all that's myne;  
 Goode fyr Rogerr, do us ryghte,  
 Make us one, at Cothbertes shrync,

145

## B O T H E,

We wylle ynn-a bōrdelle <sup>40</sup> lyve,  
 Hailie, thoughe of no estate;  
 Everyche clocke moe love shall gyve;  
 Wee ynn godeneffe wylle bee greate,

150

## Æ L L A,

I lyche thys songe, I lyche ytt myckle well;  
 And there ys monie for yer syngeynge nowe;  
 Butte have you noone thatt marriage-bleffynges telle?

## C E L M O N D E,

In marriage, bleffynges are botte fewe, I trowe,

<sup>40</sup> A cottage.

M Y N-

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 87

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

Laverde<sup>41</sup>, wee have; and, gyff you please, wille  
fynge, 151

As well as owre choughe-voyses wylle permytte.

Æ L L A.

Comme then, and see you fwotelie tune the ftrynge,  
And stret<sup>42</sup>, and engyne all the human wytte,  
Toe please mie dame.

M Y N S T R E L L E S.

We'lle strayne owre wytte and fynge.

*Mynstrelles Songe.*

F Y R S T E M Y N S T R E L L E.

The boddynge flourettes bloshes atte the lyghte; 160  
The mees be sprenge wyth the yellowe hue;  
Ynn daifeyd mantels ys the mountayne dyghte;  
The nesh<sup>43</sup> yonge coweslepe bendethe wyth the dewe;

<sup>41</sup> Lord. <sup>42</sup> stretch. <sup>43</sup> tender.

The trees enlefed, yntoe Heavenne ftraughte,  
 Whenn gentle wyndes doe blowe, to whestflyng dynne  
 ys brought. 165

The evenynge commes, and brynges the dewe alonge;  
 The roddie welkynpe sheeneth to the eyne;  
 Arounde the alestake Mynstrells synge the songe;  
 Yonge ivie rounde the doore poste do entwynе;  
 I laie mee onn the grasse; yette, to mie wylle, 170  
 Albeytte alle ys fayre, there lackethe somethynge styllе,

## SECONDE MYNSTRELLE.

So Adam thoughtenne, whann, ynn Paradyse,  
 All Heavenn and Erthe dyd hommage to hys mynde;  
 Ynn Womman alleynе mannes pleasaunce lyes;  
 As Instrumentes of joie were made the kynde. 175  
 Go, take a wyfe untoe thie armes, and see  
 Wynter, and brownie hylles, wyll have a charme for thee.

## THYRDE

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 89

### THYRDE MYNSTRELLE.

Whanne Autumpne blake <sup>44</sup> and sonne-brente doe  
appere,

With hys goulde honde guylteynge the falleynge lese,  
Bryngeynge oppe Wynterr to folfylle the yere, 180  
Beerynge uponne hys backe the riped shefe;

Whan al the hyls wythe woddie fede ys whyte;  
Whanne levynne-fyres and lemes do mete from far the  
fyghte;

Whann the fayre apple, ruddy as even skie,  
Do bende the tree unto the fructyle groundes, 185  
When joicie peres, and berries of blacke die,  
Doe daunce yn ayre, and call the cyne arounde;  
Thann, bee the even foule, or even fayre,  
Meethynckes mie hartys joie ys steynced wyth somme  
care.

<sup>44</sup> Naked,

### SECOND

## S E C O N D E M Y N S T R E L L E.

Angelles bee wroghte to bee of neidher kynde; 190

Angelles alleyn fromme chafe <sup>45</sup> defyre bee free;

Dheere ys a fomwhatte evere yn the mynde,

Yatte, wythout wommanne, cannot styllled bee;

Ne seynste yn celles, botte, havynge blodde and  
tere <sup>46</sup>,

Do fynde the spryte to joie on syghte of womanne

fayre :

195

Wommen bee made, notte for hemselfes, botte  
manne,

Bone of hys bone, and chyld of hys desire;

Fromme an ynutile membre fyrste beganne,

Ywroghte with moche of water, lyttele fyre ;

Therefore theie seke the fyre of love, to hete 200

The milkyness of kynde, and make hemselfes complete.

Albeytte, wythout wommen, menne were pheeres

To salvage kynde, and wolde botte lyve to flea,

Botte wommenne este the spryghte of peace so cheres,

Tochedod yn Angel joie heie Angeles bee; 205

<sup>45</sup> Hot. <sup>46</sup> health.

Go,

Go, take thee swythyn <sup>47</sup> to thie bedde a wyfe,  
Bee bante or blessed hie, yn proovynge marryage lyfe.

*Anodber Mynstrelles Songe, bie Syr Tbybbot Gorges.*

As Elynour bie the green leffelle was fyttynge,  
As from the fones hete she harried,  
She sayde, as herr whytte hondes whyte hosen was  
knyttynge, 210  
Whatte pleasure ytt ys to be married!

Mie husbande, Lorde Thomas, a forrefter boulde,  
As ever clove pynne, or the baskette,  
Does no cheryfauncys from Elynour houlde,  
I have ytte as soone as I aske ytte. 215

Whann I lyved wyth mie fadre yn merrie Clowd-dell,  
Tho' twas at my liefte to mynde spynnynge,  
I styll wanted somethynge, botte whatte ne coulde telle,  
Mie lorde fadres barbde haulle han ne wynnynge.

<sup>47</sup> Quickly.

Eche

Eche mornynge I ryfe, doe I fette mie maydennes, 220  
 Somme to spynn, somme to curdell, somme bleachynge,  
 Gyff any new entered doe aske for mie aidens,  
 Thann swythynne you fynde mee a teachynge.

Lorde Walterre, mie fadre, he loved me welle,  
 And nothyng unto mee was nedeynge, 225  
 Botte schulde I agen goe to merrie Cloud-dell,  
 In fothen twoulde bee wythoute redeynge,

Shee sayde, and lorde Thomas came over the lea,  
 As hee the fatte derkynnes was chacyng,  
 Shee putte uppe her knyttyng, and to hym wente  
 shee; 230  
 So wee leave hem bothe kyndelię embracyng.

## Æ L L A.

I lyche eke thys; goe ynn untoe the feaste;  
 Wee wylle permytte you antecedente bee;  
 There swotelie fynge eche carolle, and yaped <sup>as</sup> jeaste;  
 And there ys monnie, that you merrię bee; 235

<sup>as</sup>Laughable,

Comme,



A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 93

Comme, gentle love, wee wyllle toe spoufe-feafte goe,  
And there ynn ale and wyne beedreynfted <sup>49</sup> everych woe.

ÆLLA, BIRTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGERE.

MESSENGERE.

Ælla, the Danes ar thondrynge onn our coafte;  
Lyche scolles of locufts, cafte oppe bie the fea,  
Magnus and Hurra, wythe a doughtie hoafte, 240  
Are ragyng, to be quanfed <sup>50</sup> bie none botte thee;  
Hafte, fwyfte as Levynne to thefe royners flee:  
Thie dogges alleyn can tame thys ragyng bulle.  
Hafte fwythyn, fore anieghe the towne theie bee,  
And Wedecefterres rolle of dome bee fulle. 245  
Hafte, hafte, O Ælla, to the byker flie,  
For yn a momentes fpace tenne thoufand menne maie die.

Æ L L A.

Befhrew thee for thie newes! I moſte be gon.  
Was ever lockleſs dome ſo hard as myne!  
Thos from dyſportyfmente to warr to ron, 250  
To chaunge the ſelke veſte for the gaberdyne!

<sup>49</sup> Drowned.

<sup>51</sup> Stilled, quenched.

BIRTHA.

## B I R T H A.

O! lyche a nedere, lette me rounde thee twyne,  
 And hylte thie boddie from the schaftes of warre.  
 Thou shalte nott, must not, from thie Birtha ryne,  
 Botte kenn the dynne of slughornes from afarre. 255

## Æ L L A.

O'love, was thys thie joie, to shewe the treate,  
 Than groffyshe to forbydde thie hongered gueskes  
 to eate?

O mie upswalynge <sup>51</sup> harte, whatt wordes can faie  
 The peynas, thatte passethe ynn mie soule ybrente?  
 Thos to bee torne uponne mie spoufalle daie, 260  
 O! 'tys a peyne beyond entendemente.  
 Yee mychtie Goddes, and is yor favoures sente  
 As thous faste dented to a loade of peyne?  
 Moste wee aie holde yn chace the shade content,  
 And for a bodykyn <sup>52</sup> a swarthe obteyne? 265

<sup>51</sup> Swelling.<sup>52</sup> Body, substance.

O! whie,

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 95

O! whie, yee feynctes, opprefs yee thos mie fowle?  
How fhalfe I fpeke mie woe, mie freme, mie dreerie dote?

### C E L M O N D E.

Sometyme the wyfeste lacketh pore mans rede.  
Reafonne and counynge wytte efte flees awaie.  
Thann, loverde, lett me faie, wyth hommaged drede  
(Bieneth your fote ylayn) mie counfelle faie; 271  
Gyff thos wee lett the matter lethlen <sup>53</sup> laie,  
The foemenn, everych honde-poynde, getteth fote.  
Mie loverde, lett the fpeere-menne, dyghte for fraie,  
And all the fabbataners goe aboute. 275  
I fpeke, mie loverde, alleyn to upryfe  
Youre wytte from marvell, and the warriour to alyfe.

### Æ L L A.

Ah! nowe thou potteft takells <sup>54</sup> yn mie harte;  
Mie foulghe dothe nowe begynne to fee herfelle;  
I wylle upryfe mie myghte, and doe mie parte, 280  
To flea the foemenne yn mie furie felle.

<sup>53</sup> Still, dead.

<sup>54</sup> arrows, darts.

Botte

Botte howe canne tynge mie rampynge fourie telle,  
 Whyche ryfeth from mie love to Birtha fayre?  
 Ne coude the queede, and alle the myghte of Helle,  
 Founde out impleasaunce of syke blackea gear. 285  
 Yette I wyll bee miefelfe, and rouze mie spryte  
 To aste wythe rennome, and goe meet the bloddie  
 fyghte.

## B I R T H A.

No, thou schalte never leave thie Birtha's fyde;  
 Ne schall the wynde uponne us blowe alleyn;e;  
 I, lyche a nedre, wyll untoe thee byde; 290  
 Tyde lyfe, tyde deathe, ytte shall behoulde us twayne.  
 I have mie parte of drierie dole and peyne;  
 Itte brasteth from mee atte the holtred eyne;  
 Ynne tydes of teares mie swarthyng spryte wyll  
 drayne, 295  
 Gyff drerie dole ys thyne, tys twa tymes myne.  
 Goe notte, O Ælla; wythe thie Birtha staie;  
 For wyth thie semmlykeed mie spryte wyll goe awaie.

Æ L L A:

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 97

Æ L L A.

O! tys for thee, for thee alleyne I fele;  
 Yett I muste bee myselfe; with valoures gear  
 I'lle dyghte mie hearte, and notte mie lymbes yn  
 stele, 300  
 And shake the bloddie swerde and steyned spere.

B I R T H A.

Can Ælla from hys breaste hys Birtha teare?  
 Is thee so rou and ugfomme <sup>ss</sup> to hys fyghte?  
 Entrykeynge wyght! ys leathall warre so deare?  
 Thou prycest mee belowe the joies of fyghte. 305  
 Thou scalte notte leave mee, albeytte the erthe  
 Hong pendaunte bie thie swerde, and craved for thy  
 morthe.

Æ L L A.

Dydest thou kenne howe mie woes, as starres  
 ybrente,  
 Headed bie these wordes doe onn mee falle,  
 Thou woulde stryve to gyve mie harte contente, 310  
 Wakyng mie slepyng mynde to honnoures calle.

<sup>ss</sup> Terrible.

H

Of

Of felyneffe I pryze thee moe yan all  
 Heaven can mee fende, or counynge wytt acqyre,  
 Yette I wyll leave thee, onne the foe to falle,  
 Retourynge to thie eyne with double fyre. 315

## B I R T H A.

Moste Birtha boon requeste and bee denyd ?  
 Receyve attenes a darte yn felyneffe and pryde ?  
 Doe staie, att leaste tyll morrowes sonne apperes.

## Æ L L A.

Thou kenneste welle the Dacyannes myttce powere;  
 Wythe them a mynnute wurchethe bane for  
 .yeres; 320  
 Theie undoe reaulmes wythyn a syngle hower.  
 Rouze all thie honnoure, Birtha ; look attoure  
 Thie bledeynge cuntrye, whych for hastie dede  
 Calls, for the rodeynge of some doughtie power,  
 To royn yttes royners, make yttes foemenne blede. 325

## B I R T H A.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 99

## B I R T H A.

Rouze all thie love; false and entrykyng wyghte!  
Ne leave thie Birtha thos-uponne pretence of fyghte.

Thou nedest notte goe, untill thou haste command  
Under the sygnette of oure lorde the kyng.

## Æ L L A.

And wouldest thou make me then a recreande? 330  
Hollie Seyncte Marie, keepe mee from the thyng!  
Heere, Birtha, thou hast potte a double styng,  
One for thie love, anodher for thie mynde.

## B I R T H A,

Agylted <sup>56</sup> Ælla, thie abredynge <sup>57</sup> blynge <sup>58</sup>.  
Twas love of thee thatte foule intente ywrynde. 335  
Yette heare mie supplicate, to mee attende,  
Hear from mie groted <sup>59</sup> harte the lover and the friende.

<sup>56</sup> Offended.    <sup>57</sup> upbraiding.    <sup>58</sup> cease.    <sup>59</sup> swollen.

H 2

Lett

Lett Celmonde yn thie armour-brace be dyghte ;

And yn thie stead unto the battle goe ;

This name alleyn wylle putte the Danes to  
flyghte, 340

The ayre thatt beares ytt woulde presse downe the foe.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, yn vayne thou wouldste mee recreand doe ;

I moſte, I wylle, fyghte for mie countries wele,

And leave thee for ytt. Celmonde, ſweſtlic goe,

Telle mie Bryſtowans to dyghte yn ſtele ; 345

Tell hem I ſcorne to kenne hem from afar,

Botte leave the vyrgyn brydall bedde for bedde of  
warre.

Æ L L A, B I R T H A.

B I R T H A.

And thou wylt goe ; O mie agroted harte !

Æ L L A.

Mie countrie waites mie marche ; I muſte awaie ;

Albeytte I ſchulde goe to mete the darte 350

Of certen Dethe, yette here I woulde notte ſtaie.

Botte



## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. for

Botte thos to leave thee, Birtha, dōthe affwaie  
Moe torturyng peynes yanne canne be fedde bie  
tyngue,

Yette rouze thie honoure uppe, and wayte the daie,  
Whan rounde aboute mee songe of warre heie  
fyngue. 355

O Birtha, strev mie agreeme <sup>60</sup> to accaie <sup>61</sup>,  
And joyous see mie armes, dyghte oute ynn warre arraie.

### B I R T H A.

Difficile <sup>62</sup> ys the pennaunce, yette I'lle strev  
To keepe mie woe behyltren yn mie breaste.  
Albeytte nete maye to mee pleasaunce yev, 360

Lyche thee, I'lle strev to sette mie mynde atte reste.

Yett oh! forgeve, yff I have thee dystreste;

Love, doughtie love, wylle beare no odher swaie.

Iuste as I was wythe Ælla to be bleste,

Shappe foullic thos hathe snatched hym awaie. 365

It was a tene too doughtie to bee borne,

Wydhouthe an ounde of feares and breaste wyth syghes  
ytorne.

<sup>60</sup> Torture.

<sup>61</sup> assuage.

<sup>62</sup> difficult.

## Æ L L A.

This mynde ys now thieselfe ; why wylte thou bee  
 All blanche, al kyngelie, all soe wyse yn mynde,  
 Alleyne to lett pore wretched Ælla see, 370  
 Whatte wondrous bighes <sup>63</sup> he nowe muste leave  
 behynde?

O Birtha fayre, warde everyche commynge wynde,  
 On everych wynde I wylle a token fende ;  
 Onn mie longe shielde ycorne thie name thoul't fynde.  
 Butte here commes Celmonde, wordhie knyghte and  
 friende. 375

## Æ L L A, B I R T H A, C E L M O N D E

*speaking.*

This Brystowe knyghtes for thie forth-comynge  
 lynge <sup>64</sup> ;  
 Echone athwarte hys backe hys longe warre-shield dothe  
 flynge.

## Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu ; but yette I cannotte goe.

<sup>64</sup> Jewels.

<sup>65</sup> stay.

B I R T H A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 103

B I R T H A.

Lyfe of mie spryte, mie gentle Ælla staie. 380

Engyne meè notte wyth fyke a drierie woe.

Æ L L A.

I muste, I wylle; tys honnoure cals awaie.

B I R T H A.

O mie agroted harte, brasste, brasste ynn twaie.

Ælla, for honnoure, flyes awaie from mee.

Æ L L A.

Birtha, adieu; I maie notte here obaie. 385

I'm flyynge from miefelfe yn flying thee.

B I R T H A.

O Ælla, housband, friend, and loverde, staie.

He's gon, he's gone, alafs! percase he's gone for aie.

H 4

C E L-

## C E L M O N D E.

Hope, hallie fuster, sweepeynge thro' the skie,  
 In crowne of goulde, and robe of lillie whyte, 390  
 Whyche farre abroad ynnē gentle ayre doe flie,  
 Meetyngē from dystaunce the enjoyous fyghte,  
 Albeytte este thou takest thie hie flyghte  
 Hecket <sup>65</sup> ynnē a myfte, and wyth thyne eyne  
     yblente,  
 Nowe comest thou to mee wythe starrie lyghte; 395  
 Ontoe thie veste the rodde sonne ys adente <sup>66</sup>;  
 The Sommer tyde, the month of Maie appere,  
 Depycte wythe skylledd honde upponn thie wyde  
     aumere.

I from a nete of hōpelen am adawed,  
 Awhaped <sup>67</sup> atte the fetyveness of daie; 400  
 Ælla, bie nete moe thann hys myndbruche awed,  
 Is gone, and I moſte followe, toe the fraie.

<sup>65</sup> Wrapped closely, covered.<sup>66</sup> fastened.<sup>67</sup> astonish'd.

Celmonde

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE, 105

Celmonde canne ne'er from anie byker staie.

Dothe warre begynne ? there's Celmonde yn the place :

Botte whanne the warre ys donne, I'll haste awaie.

The reste from nethe tymes masque must shew yttes  
face. 405

I see onnombered joies arounde mee ryse ;

Blake <sup>68</sup> stondethe future doome, and joie dothe mee  
alyse.

O honnoure, honnoure, whatt ys bie thee hanne ?

Hailie the robber and the bordelyer, 410

Who kens ne thee, or ys to thee bestanne,

And nothyng does thie myckle gastness fere.

Faygne woulde I from mie bosomme alle thee tare.

Thou there dysperpellest <sup>69</sup> thie levynne-bronde ;

Whylest mie foulgh's forwyned, thou art the  
gare ; 415

Sleene ys mie comforte bie thie ferie honde ;

As somme talle hylle, whann wynds doe shake the  
ground,

<sup>68</sup> Naked.

<sup>69</sup> Scatterest.

Itte

Itte kerveth all abroad, bie brasfeynge hyltren wounde.

Honnoure, whatt bee ytte? tys a shadowes shade,  
A thyng of wychenref, an idle dreame; 420

On of the fonnis whych the clerche have made  
Menne wydhouthe fpytes, and wommen for to flemme;  
Knyghtes, who efte kenne the loude dynne of the  
beme,

Schulde be forgarde to fyke enfeeblunge waies,  
Make everych afte, alyche theyr foules, be breme,  
And for theyre chyvalrie alleyn have prayfe.

O thou, whateer thie name,

Or Zabalus or Queed,

Comme, steel mie fable fpyte,

For fremde <sup>70</sup> and dolefulle dede. 430

<sup>70</sup> Strange.

MAGNUS,

MAGNUS, HURRA, *and* HIE PREESTE,  
*wyth the ARMIE, neare Watchette,*

M A G N U S,

SWYTHER<sup>71</sup> lette the offrendes<sup>72</sup> to the Goddes  
 begynne,

To knowe of hem the issue of the fyghte.

Potte the blodde-steyned sword and payyes ynne;

Spreade swythyn all arounde the hallie lyghte.

H I E P R E E S T E *syngeth.*

Yee, who hie yn mokie ayre

435

Delethe seafonnes foule or fayre,

Yee, who, whanne yee weere agguylt,

The mone yn bloddie gyttelles<sup>73</sup> hylte,

Mooved the starres, and dyd unbynde

Everyche barriere to the wynde;

440

<sup>71</sup> Quickly.

<sup>72</sup> offerings.

<sup>73</sup> mantels.

Whanne

Whanne the oundynge waves dystreste,

Storven to be overest,

Sockeynge yn the spyre-gyrte towne,

Swolteryng wole natyones downe,

Sendynge dethe, on plagues astrodde,

445

Moovyng lyke the erthys Godde;

To mee send your heste dyvyne,

Lyghte eletten 74 all myne eyne,

Thatt I maie now undevyse

All the actyonnes of th'empprize.

450

*[falleth downe and este rysethe.]*

Thus sayethe the Goddes; goe, yssue to the playne;

Forr there shall meynthe of mytte menne bee slayne.

## M A G N U S .

Whie, foe there evere was, whanne Magnus foughte.

Efte have I treynted noyance throughe the hoaste,

Athorowe swerdes, alyche the Queed dysstraughte,

455

Have Magnus pressynge wroghte hys foemen loaste.

74 Enlighten.

As



## A TRAGICAL ENTERLUDE. 209

As whanne a tempeste vexethe soare the coaste,  
The dyngeynge ounde the sandeie stronde co: tare,  
So dyd I inne the warre the javlynne toste,  
Full meynthe a champyones breaste received mie  
spear. 460

Mie sheelde, lyche sommere morie gronfer droke,  
Mie lethalle speere, alyche a levyn-mylted oke.

### H U R R A.

This wordes are greate, full hyghe of sound, and  
eeke

Lyche thonderre, to the whych dothe comme no rayne.

Itte lacketh notte a doughtie honde to speke; 465

The cocke faiethe drefte <sup>75</sup>, yett armed ys he alleyne.

Certis thie wordes maie, thou motest have sayne

Of mee, and meynthe of moe, who eke canne fyghte,

Who haveth trodden downe the adventayle,

And tore the heaulmes from heades of mykle

myghte. 470

Sythence fyke myghte ys placed yn thie honde,

Lette blowes thie actyons speeke, and bie thie corrage  
stonde.

<sup>75</sup> Least.

### MAGNUS.

## M A G N U S.

Thou are a warrioure, Hurra, thatte I kenne,  
 And myckle famed for thie handie dede.  
 Thou fyghtest anente 7<sup>6</sup> maydens and ne menne, 475  
 Nor aie thou makest armed hartes to bledde.  
 Efte I, caparyfon'd on bloddie stede,  
 Havethe thee seene binethe mee ynn the fyghte,  
 Wythe corfes I investynge everich mede,  
 And thou aften, and wondrynge at mie myghte. 480  
 Thanne wouldest thou comme yn for mie renome,  
 Albeytte thou wouldst reyne awaie from bloddie dome?

## H U R R A.

How! butte bee bourne mie rage. I kenne aryghte  
 Bothe thee and thyne maie ne bee wordhye peene.  
 Eftfoones I hope wee scalle engage yn fyghte; 485  
 Thanne to the souldyers all thou wylte be wreene.

7<sup>6</sup> Against.

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 111

I'll prove mie courage onne the burled greene;  
 Tys there alleyne I'll telle thee whatte I bee.  
 Gyf I weelde notte the deadlie sphere adeene,  
 Thanne lett mie name be fulle as lowe as thee. 490  
 Thys mie adented shielde, thys mie warre-speare,  
 Schalle telle the falleynge foe gyf Hurra's harte can  
 feare.

## M A G N U S.

Magnus woulde speke, butte thatte hys noble spryte  
 Dothe foe enrage, he knowes notte whatte to saie.  
 He'dde speke yn blowes, yn gottes of blodde he'd  
 wryte, 495  
 And on thie heafod peyncte hys myghte for aie.  
 Gyf thou anent an wolfynnes rage wouldest staie,  
 'Tys here to meet ytt; botte gyff nott, bee goe;  
 Lest I in furrie shulde mie armes dysplaie,  
 Whyche to thie boddie wylle wurche <sup>77</sup> myckle  
 woe. 500  
 Oh! I bee madde, dysstraughte wyth brendyng rage;  
 Ne feas of smethynge gore wylle mie chafed harte  
 affwage.

<sup>77</sup> Work.

H U R R A.

## H U R R A.

I kenne thee, Magnus, welle; a wyghte thou art  
 That doest aslee alonge ynn doled dystresse,  
 Strynge bulle yn boddie, lyoncelle yn harte, 505  
 I almost wysche thie prowes were made lesse.  
 Whan Ælla (name drest uppe yn ugdomnes<sup>78</sup>  
 To thee and recreandes<sup>79</sup>) thondered on the playne,  
 Howe dydste thou thorowe fyrste of fleers presse!  
 Swefter thanne federed takelle dydste thou reyne. 510  
 A ronnynge pryze onn feynste daie to ordayne,  
 Magnus, and none botte hee, the ronnynge pryze  
 wylle gayne.

## M A G N U S.

Eternalle plagues devour thie baned tyngue!  
 Myrriades of neders pre upponne thie spryte!  
 Maieft thou fele al the peynes of age whylst  
 yyng, 515  
 Uamanned, uneyned, exclooded aie the lyghte,

<sup>78</sup> Terror.      <sup>79</sup> cowards.

Thie

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 113

Thie senses; lyche thieselfe, enwrapped yn nyghte,  
 A scoff to foemen & to bestes a pheere;  
 Maie furched lewynne onne thie head alyghte,  
 Maie on thee falle the fhuyr of the unweere; 520  
 Fen vaipoures blaste thie everiche manlie powere,  
 Maie thie bante boddie quicke the wolfsome peenes  
 devoure.

Faygne woulde I curse thee further, botte mie tyngue  
 Denies mie harte the favoure foe toe doe.

### H U R R A.

Nowe bie the Dacyanne goddes, & Welkyns kynge, 525  
 Wythe fhurie, as thou dydste begynne, persue;  
 Calle on mie heade all tortures that bee rou,  
 Bane onne, tylle thie owne tongue thie curses fele.  
 Sende onne mie heade the blyghteynge lewynne blewe,  
 The thonder loude, the swellynge azure rele<sup>80</sup>. 530  
 Thie wordes be hie of dynne, botte nete besyde;  
 Bane on, good chieftayn, fyghte wythe wordes of myckle  
 pryde.

Botte doe notte waste thie breath, lest Ælla come.

<sup>80</sup> Wave.

I

M A G.

## M A G N U S.

Ælla & thee togyder synke toe helle!  
 Bee youre names blasted from the rolle of dome! 535  
 I feere noe Ælla, thatte thou kenest welle.  
 Unlydgesulle traytoure, wylt thou nowe rebelle?  
 Tys knowen, thatte yie menn bee lyncked to myne,  
 Bothe sente, as troopes of wolves, to slette felle;  
 Botte nowe thou lackest hem to be all yyne. 540  
 Nowe, bie the goddes yatte reule the Dacyanne state,  
 Speacke thou yn rage once moe, I wyll thee dysfregate.

## H U R R A.

I pryze thie threattes joste as I doe thie banes,  
 The fede of malyce and recendize al.  
 Thou arte a steyne unto the name of Danes; 545  
 Thou alleyne to thie tyngue for prooffe canst calle.  
 Thou beest a worme so grosseile and so smal,  
 I wythe thie bloude woulde scorne to foul mie sworde,  
 Botte wythe thie weapomes woulde upon thee falle,  
 Alyche thie owne feare, flea thee wythe a worde. 550  
 I Hurra amme niessel, & aie wylle bee,  
 As greate yn valourous actes, & yn commande as thee.

M A G-

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 115

MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMYE & MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

Blynne your contekions<sup>81</sup>, chiefs; for, as I stode  
Upone mie watche, I spiede an armie commynge,  
Notte lyche ann handfull of a fremded<sup>82</sup> foe, 555  
Botte blacke wythe armoure, movynge ugfolmie,  
Lyche a blacke fulle cloude, thatte dothe goe alonge  
To droppe yn hayle, & hele the thonder storme.

MAGNUS.

Ar there meynthe of them?

MESSENGER.

Thycke as the ante-flyes ynne a sommer's none, 560  
Seemyng as tho' theie styng as persante too.

HURRA.

Whatte matters thatte? lettes sette oure warr-arraic.  
Goe, founde the beme, lette champyons prepare;

<sup>81</sup> Contentions.

<sup>82</sup> frightened.

Ne doubtrynge, we wylle styngge as faste as heie.

Whatte? doest forgard<sup>83</sup> thie blodde? ys ytte for  
feare? 565

Wouldest thou gayne the towne, & castie-stere,

And yette ne byker wythe the foldyer guarde?

Go, hyde thee ynn mie tente annethe the lere;

I of thie boddie wylle keepe watche & warde.

### M A G N U S.

Oure goddes of Denmarke know mie harte ys  
goode. 570

### H U R R A.

For nete uppon the erthe, botte to be choughens foode.

### MAGNUS, HURRA, ARMIE, SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

#### SECONDE MESSENGERRE.

As from mie towre I kende the commynge foe,

I spied the crossed shielde, & bloddie swerde,

<sup>83</sup> Lose.

The



## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 117

The furyous Ælla's banner; wythynne kenne  
The armie ys. Dyforder throughe oure hoaste 575  
Is fleyng, borne onne wynges of Ælla's name;  
Styr, styr, mie lordes!

### M A G N U S.

What? Ælla? & soe neare?  
Thenne Denmarques roiend; oh mie ryfynge feare!

### H U R R A.

What doeste thou mene? thys Ælla's botte a manne.  
Nowe bie mie fworde, thou arte a verie berne<sup>84</sup>. 580  
Of late I dyd thie creand valoure scanne,  
Whanne thou dydst boaste soe moche of actyon derne.  
Botte I toe warr mie doeynges moſte atturne,  
To cheere the Sabbataneres to deere dede.

### M A G N U S.

I to the knyghtes onne everyche fyde wylle burne, 585  
Telleyng 'hem alle to make her foemen blede;  
Sythe flame or deathe onne eider fyde wylle bee,  
Mie harte I wylle upryſe, & inne the battelle ſlea.

<sup>84</sup> Child.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, & ARMIE *near*  
WATCHETTE.

Æ L L A.

NOW havynge done oure mattynes & oure vowes,  
Lette us for the intended fyghte be boune, 590  
And everyche champyone potte the joyous crowne  
Of certane masterschyppe upon hys glestreynge browes.

As for mie harte, I owne ytt ys, as ere  
Itte has beene ynne the sommer-sheene of fate,  
Unknowen to the ugsumme gratche of fere; 595  
Mie blodde embollen, wythe masterie elate,  
Boyles ynne mie veynes, & rolles ynn rapyd state,  
Impatyente forr to mete the persfante stele,  
And telle the worlde, thatte Ælla dyed as greate  
As anie knyghte who foughte for Englonde's weale. 600  
Friends, kynne, & soldyerres, ynne blacke armore  
drere,  
Mie actyons ymytate, mie presente redynge here.

There

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 119

There ys ne house, athrow thys shap-scurged<sup>85</sup> isle,  
 Thatte has ne losse a kynne yn these fell fyghtes,  
 Fatte blodde has forfeeted the hongerde soyle, 605  
 And townes enlowed<sup>86</sup> lemed<sup>87</sup> oppe the nyghtes.  
 Inne gyte of fyre oure hallie churche dheie dyghtes;  
 Oure sonnes lie storven<sup>88</sup> ynne theyre smethynge  
     gore;  
 Oppe bie the rootes oure tree of lyfe dheie pyghtes,  
 Vexynge oure coaste, as byllowes doe the shore. 610  
 Yee menne, gyf ye are menne, displaie yor name,  
 Ybrende yer tropes, alyche the roarynge tempest flame,

Ye Chrystyans, doe as wordhie of the name;  
 These roynnerres of oure hallie houses flea;  
 Braffe, lyke a cloude, from whence doth come the  
     flame, 615  
 Lyche torrentes, gushynge downe the mountaines, bee,  
 And whanne alonge the grene yer champyons flee,  
 Sweste as the rodde for-weltrynge<sup>89</sup> levyn-bronde,  
 Yatte hauntes the flyinge murtherer oere the lea,  
 Soe fle oponne these roynners of the londe; 620

<sup>85</sup> Fate-scourged.   <sup>86</sup> flamed, fired.   <sup>87</sup> lighted.   <sup>88</sup> dead.  
<sup>89</sup> blasting.

Lette those yatte are unto yer battayles fledde,  
Take slepe eterne uponne a feerie lowynge bedde.

Let cowarde Londonne fee herre towne onn fyre,  
And strev wythe goulde to staie the royners honde,  
Ælla & Brystowe havethe thoughtes thattes  
hygher, 625  
Wee fyghte notte forr ourselves, botte all the londe.  
As Severnes hyger lyghethe banckes of fonde,  
Pressynge ytte downe binethe the reynynge streame,  
Wythe dreerie dynn enswolters<sup>90</sup> the hyghe stronde,  
Beerynge the rockes alonge ynn fhurye breme, 630  
Soe wylle wee beere the Dacyanne armie downe,  
And throughe a storme of blodde wyll reache the cham-  
pyon crowne.

Gyff ynn thys battelle locke ne wayte oure gare,  
To Brystowe dheie wylle tourne yeyre fhuyrie dyre;  
Brystowe, & alle her joies, wylle synke toe ayre, 635  
Brendeynge perforce wythe unenhantende<sup>91</sup> fyre :  
Thenne lette oure safetie doublic moove oure ire,  
Lyche wolfyns, rovyng for the evnyng pre,

<sup>90</sup> swallows, sucks in.

<sup>91</sup> unaccustomed,

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 121

See[ing] the lambe & shepfterr nere the brire,  
 Dorth th'one forr safetie, th'one for hongre flea; 640  
 Thanne, whanne the ravenne crokes uponne the  
 playne,  
 Oh! lette ytte bee the knelle to myghtie Dacyanns  
 flayne.

Lyche a rodde gronfer, shalle mie anlace sheene,  
 Lyche a stryngge lyoncelle I'lle bee ynne fyghte,  
 Lyche fallynge leaves the Dacyannes shalle bee  
 fleene, 645

Lyche [a] loud dynnyngge streeme scalle be mie myghte.  
 Ye menne, who woulde deserue the name of knyghte,  
 Lette bloddie teares bie all your paves be wepte;  
 To commynge tymes no poyntelle shalle ywrite,  
 Whanne Englonde han her foemenn, Brystow  
 flepte. 650

Yourselfes, youre chyldren, & youre fellowes crie,  
 Go, fyghte ynne rennomes gare, be brave, & wyne or  
 die.

I saie ne moe; youre spryte the reste wyll saie;  
 Your spryte wyll wryne, thatte Brystow ys yer  
 place;

To

To honoures housc I nede notte marcke the waje ; 655  
 Inse youre owne hartes you maie the foote-pathe  
 trace.

'Twexte shappe & us there ys botte lyttelle space ;  
 The tyme ys now to proove yourselves bee meane ;  
 Drawe forthe the bornyshed bylle wythe fetyve grace,  
 Rouze, lyche a wolffynne rouzing from hys denne. 660  
 Thus I enrone mie anlace ; go thou shethe ;  
 I'lle potte ytt ne ynn place, tyll ytte ys fycke wythe  
 deathe.

### S O L D Y E R S.

Onn, Ælla, onn ; we longe for bloddie fraie ;  
 Wee longe to here the raven synge yn vayne ;  
 Onn, Ælla, onn ; we certys gayne the daie, 665  
 Whanne thou doste leade us to the leathal playne.

### C E L M O N D E.

This speche, O Loverde, fyrethe the whole trayne ;  
 Theie pancte for war, as honted wolves for breathe ;  
 Go, & fytt crowned on corfes of the flayne ;  
 Go, & ywielde the maffie swerde of deathe. 670

S O L.

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 123

## SOLDYERRES.

From thee, O Ælla, alle oure courage reygnes;  
Echone yn phantafie do lede the Danes ynne chaynes.

## Æ L L A.

Mie countrymenne, mie friendes, your noble sprytes  
Speke yn youre eyne, & doe yer master telle.  
Swefte as the rayne-storme toe the erthe alyghtes, 675  
Soe wylle we fall upon these royners felle.  
Oure mowynge fwerdes shalle plunge hem downe to  
helle;

Theyre throngynge corfes shall onlyghte the starres;  
The barrowes braстыnge wythe the sleene schall swelle,  
Brynnynge <sup>92</sup> to commynge tymes our famous  
warres; 680

Inne everie eyne I kenne the lowe of myghte,  
Sheenyng abrode, alyche a hylle-fyre ynne the nyghte.

Whanne poyntelles of oure famous fyghte shall faie,  
Echone wylle maruelle atte the dernie dede,

<sup>92</sup> Declaring.

Echone

Echone wylle wyffen hee hanne seene the daie, 685

And bravelie holped to make the foemenn blede ;

Botte for yer holpe oure battelle wylle notte nede ;

Oure force ys force enowe to staie theyre honde ;

Wee wylle retourne unto thys grened mede,

Oer corfes of the foemen of the londe. 690

Nowe to the warre lette all the slughornes founde,

The Dacyanne troopes appere on yinder ryfynge  
grounde.

Chiefes, heade youre bandes, and leade,

DANES



# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 125

DANES *flyinge, neare* WATCHETTE.

## FYRST E DANE.

FLY, fly, ye Danes ; Magnus, the chiefe, ys fleete ;  
The Saxonne comme wythe Ælla atte theyre  
heade ; 695

Lette's strev to gette awaie to yinder greene ;  
Flie, flie ; thys ys the kyngdomme of the deadde.

## SECONDE DANE.

O goddes ! have thoufandes bie mie anlace bledde,  
And muste I nowe for safetie flie awaie ?  
See ! farre besprenged alle oure troopes are  
spreade, 700

Yette I wylle synglie dare the bloddie fraie.  
Botte ne ; I'lle flie, & morthen yn retere ;  
Deathe, blodde, & fyre, scalle<sup>93</sup> marke the goeynge of  
my feete.

<sup>93</sup> Shall.

THYRDE

## T H Y R D E D A N E.

Enthoghteynge forr to scape the brondeyng foe,  
 As nere unto the byllowd beche I came, 705  
 Farr offe I spied a fyghte of myckle woe,  
 Oure spyrynge battayles wrapte ynn sayles of flame.  
 The burled Dacyannes, who were ynn the same,  
 Fro fyde to fyde fledde the pursuyte of deathe;  
 The swelleynge fyre yer corrage doe enflame, 710  
 Theie lepe ynto the sea, & bobblyng yield yer  
 breathe;  
 Whylest those thatt bee uponne the bloddie playne,  
 Bee deathe-doomed captyves taene, or yn the battle  
 slayne.

## H U R R A.

Nowe bie the goddes, Magnus, dyscourteous knyghte,  
 Bic cravente<sup>94</sup> havyoure havethe don oure woe, 715  
 Dyspendyng all the talle menne yn the fyghte,  
 And placeyng valourous menne where draffs mote  
 goe.

Sythence oure fourtunie havethe tourned foe,  
 Gader the souldyers leste to future shappe,

<sup>94</sup> Coward.

**A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 129**

To somme newe place for safetie wee wylle goe, 720  
Inne future daie wee wylle have better happe.

Sounde the loude slughorne for a quicke forloyne<sup>95</sup>;  
Lette alle the Dacyannes swythe untoe oure banner joyne.

Throw hamlettes wee wylle sprengge fadde dethe &  
dole,

Bathe yn hotte gore, & wasch oureselves there-  
ynne; 725

Goddess! here the Saxonnys lyeche a byllowe rolle.

I heere the anlacis detested dynne.

Awaie, awaie, ye Danes, to yonder penne;

Wee now wylle make forloyne yn tyme to fyghte  
agenne.

<sup>95</sup> Retreat.

**CELMONDE,**

CÉLMONDE, *near* WATCHETTE.

O forr a spryte al fêere! to telle the daie, 730  
 The daie whyche scal astounde the herers rede,  
 Makeynge ourc foemennes envyyngc hartes to blede,  
 Ybereynge thro the worlde ourc rennomde name for  
 aie.

Bryghte sonne han ynnie hys roddie robes byn dyghte,  
 From the rodde Easte he flytted wythe hys trayne, 735  
 The howers drewe awaie the geete of nyghte,  
 Her fable tapisfrie was rente yn twayne.  
 The dauncynge streakes bedecked heavennes playne,  
 And on the dewe dyd smyle wythe shemrynge cie,  
 Lychc gottes of blodde whyche doe blacke armourc  
 steyne, 740  
 Sheenyngc upon the borne<sup>96</sup> whyche stondeth bie;  
 The souldyers stoode uponne the hillis fyde,  
 Lychc yongc enlesed trees whyche yn a forreste byde.

<sup>96</sup> Burnish.

Ælla rose lyche the tree besette wyth brieres ;  
 Hys talle speere sheenyng as the starres at nyghte, 745  
 Hys cyne ensemeyng as a lowe of fyre ;  
 Whanne he encheered everie manne to fyghte,  
 Hys gentle wordes dyd moove eche valourous knyghte ;  
 Itte moovethe 'hem, as honterres lyoneelle ;  
 In trebled armoure ys theyre courage dyghte ; 750  
 Eche warryng harte forr prayse & rennome swelles ;  
 Lyche flowelie dynnyng of the croucheyng streame,  
 Syche dyd the mormryng sounde of the whol armie  
 seme.

Hee ledes 'hem onne to fyghte ; oh ! thenne to faie  
 How Ælla loked, and lokyng dyd encheere, 755  
 Moovynge alyche a mountayne yn affraie,  
 Whanne a lowde whyrlevynde doe yttes boesomme  
 rare,  
 To telle howe everie loke wulde banyshe feere,  
 Woulde aske an angelles poyntelle or hys tyngue.  
 Lyche a talle rocke yatte ryfeth heaven-were, 760  
 Lyche a yonge wolfynne brondeous & stryng,

K

Soe

Soe dydde he goe, & myghtie warriours hedde;  
Wythe gore-depycted wynges masterie arounde hym  
fledde.

The battelle jyned; fwerdes uponne fwerdes dyd  
rynge;

Ælla was chafed, as lyonns madded bee; 765

Lyche fallynge starres, he dydde the javlynn flynge;

Hys mightie anlace mightie menne dyd flea;

Where he dydde comme, the flemed <sup>97</sup> foe dydde flee,

Or felle benethe hys honde, as fallynge rayne,

Wythe sythe 'a fhuyrie he dydde onn 'hemm dree, 770

Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryse opponne the playne;

Ælla, thou arte—botte staie, mie tynges; faie nee;

Howe greate I hymme maye make, styлле greater hee  
wylle bee.

Nor dydde hys souldyerres see hys actes yn vayne.

Heere a stoute Dane uponne hys compheere felle; 775

Heere lorde & hyndlette fonke uponne the playne;

Heere sonne & fadre trembled ynto helle.

Chief Magnus fought hys waie, &, shame to telle!

Hee foughte hys waie for flyghte; botte Ælla's speere

<sup>97</sup> Frighted.

Uponne

# A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 131

Uponne the flyyng Dacyannes schoulder felle, 780  
 Quyte throwe hys boddie, & hys harte ytte tare,  
 He groned, & sonke uponne the gorie greene,  
 And wythe hys corse encreased the pyles of Dacyannes  
 fleene.

Spente wythe the fyghte, the Danyfhe champyons  
 ftonde,

Lyche bulles, whose strengthe & wondrous myghte ys  
 fledde; 785

Ælla, a javelynne grypped yn eyther honde,  
 Flyes to the thronge, & doomes two Dacyannes  
 deadde.

After hys acte, the armie all yspedde;

Fromm everich on unmyflynge javlynnes flewe;

Theie straughte yer doughtie fwerdes; the foemenn  
 bledde; 790

Fulle three of foure of myghtie Danes dheie flewe;

The Danes, wythe terroure rulynge att their head,  
 Threwe downe theyr bannere talle, & lyche a ravenne  
 fledde.

The foldyerres followed wythe a myghtie crie,  
 Cryes, yatte wellè myghte the stouteste hartes af-  
 fraie. 795

Swepte, as yer shyppes, the vanquyshed Dacyannes  
 fle;

Swepte, as the rayne uponne an Aprylle daie,  
 Pressynge behynde, the Englysche foldyerres staie.

Botte halfe the tythes of Danyshe menne remayne;

Ælla commaundes 'heie shoulde the fleetre staie, 800

Botte bynde 'hem prysonners on the bloddie playne.

The fyghtynge beyng done, I came awaie,

In odher fieldes to fyghte a moe unequalle fraie.

Mie servant squyre!

## CELMONDE, SERVITOUR.

### C E L M O N D E.

Prepare a fleing horse,

Whose feete are wynges, whose pace ys lycke the  
 wynde, 805

Whoe



## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 133

Whoe wylle outestreppe the morneynge lyghte yn  
 course,  
 Leaveynge the gyttelles of the merke behynde.  
 Somme hyltren matters doe mie presence fynde.  
 Gyv oute to alle yatte I was fleene ynne fyghte.  
 Gyff ynne thys gare thou doest mie order mynde, 810  
 Whanne I returne, thou shalte be made a knyghte;  
 Flie, flie, be gon; an howerre ys a daie;  
 Quicke dyghte mie beste of stedes, & brynge hymm  
 heere—awaie!

## C E L M O N D E.

Ælla ys woundedd fore, & ynne the tounne  
 Hewaytethe, tylle hys woundes bee broghte to ethe. 815  
 And shalle I from hys browes plocke off the croune,  
 Makynge the vyctore yn hys vyctorie blethe?  
 O no! fulle sooner schulde mie hartes blodde smethe,  
 Fulle soonere woulde I tortured bee toe deathe;  
 Botte—Birtha ys the pryze; ahe! ytte were ethe 820  
 To gayne so gayne a pryze wythe losse of breathe;  
 Botte thanne rennome æterne<sup>98</sup>—ytte ys botte ayre;  
 Bredde ynne the phantasie, & alleyn lyvyng there.

<sup>98</sup> Eternal.

Albeytte everyche thyng yñ lyfe conspyre  
 To telle me of the faulte I nowe schulde doe, 825  
 Yette woulde I battentlie assuage mie fyre,  
 And the fame menes, as I scall nowe, pursue.  
 The qualytyes I fro mie parentes drewe,  
 Were blodde, & morthur, masterie, and warre;  
 Thie I wylle holde to now, & hede ne moe 830  
 A wounde yñ rennome, yanne a boddie scarre.  
 Nowe, Ælla, nowe Ime plantynge of a thorne,  
 Bie whyche thie peace, thie love, & glorie shalle be  
 torne.

BRYSTOWE.

B R Y S T O W E.

B I R T H A, E G W I N A.

B I R T H A.

GENTLE Egwina, do notte preche me joie;  
I cannotte joie ynne anie thyng botte weere<sup>99</sup>. 835  
Oh! yatte aughte schulde oure sellynesse destroie,  
Floddyng the face wythe woe, & brynne teare!

E G W I N A.

You muste, you muste endeavour for to cheere  
Youre harte unto somme cherifaunied reste.  
Youre loverde from the battelle wyll appere, 840  
Ynne honnoure, & a greater love, be dresse;  
Botte I wyll call the mynstrelles roundelaie;  
Perchaunce the fwothe founde maie chafe your wiere<sup>99</sup>  
awaie.

<sup>99</sup> Grief.

K 4

B I R T H A,

BIRTHA, EGWINA, MYNSTRELLES,

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

O! synge untoe mie roundelaie,  
 O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee, 845  
 Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,  
 Lycke a reynynge <sup>100</sup> ryver bee;  
     Mie love ys dedde,  
     Gon to hys death-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree, 850

Blacke hys cryne <sup>101</sup> as the wyntere nyghte,  
 Whyte hys rode <sup>102</sup> as the sommer snowe,  
 Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,  
 Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;  
     Mie love ys dedde, 855  
     Gon to hys deathe-bedde,  
     Al under the wyllowe tree,

Swote hys tyngue as the throstles note,  
 Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,

<sup>100</sup> Running.    <sup>101</sup> hair.    <sup>102</sup> complexion.

**A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 137**

Defte hys taboure, codgelle ftofe, 860

O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree ;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,

Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynges, 865

In the briered delle belowe ;

Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe fynge,

To the nyghte-mares as heie goe ;

Mie love ys dedde,

Gonne to hys deathe-bedde, 870

Al under the wyllowe tree.

See! the whyte moone fheenes onne hie ;

Whyterre ys mie true loves fhroude ;

Whyterre yanne the mornynge fkie,

Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude ; 875

Mie love ys dedde,

Gon to hys deathe-bedde,

Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,

Schalle the baren fleurs be layde, 880

Nee

Nee one hallie Seyncte to save  
Al the celnefs of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gonne to hys death-bedde,  
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

885

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres  
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,  
Ouphante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,  
Heere mie boddie styllle schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

890

Comme, wythe acorme-coppe & thorne,  
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie ;  
Lyfe & all yftes goode I scorne,  
Daunce bie nete, or feafte by daie.

895

Mie love ys dedde,  
Gon to hys death-bedde,  
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes <sup>101</sup>, 900  
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.

<sup>103</sup> Water-flags.

I die ;

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 139

I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.

Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

B I R T H A.

Thys fyngeyng haveth whatte coulde make ytte  
pleafe;

Butte mie uncourtlye shappe benymmes mee of all  
ease. 905

ELLA,

Æ L L A, *alle* WATCHETTE.

CURSE onne mie tardie woundes! brynge mee a  
stede!

I wylle awaie to BIRTHA bie thys nyghte;  
Albeytte fro mie woundes mie foul doe blede,  
I wylle awaie, & die wythynne her fyghte.  
Brynge mee a stede, wythe eagle-wynges for  
flyghte; 910

Swepte as mie wyshe, &, as mie love ys, stronge.  
The Danes have wroughte mee myckle woe ynne  
fyghte,

Inne kepeynge mee from BIRTHA's armes so longe.  
O! whatte a dome was myne, fythe masterie  
Canne yeve ne pleasaunce, nor mie londes goode lerne  
myne eie! 915

Yee goddes, howe ys a loverres temper formed!  
Sometymes the samme thyng wylle bothe bane, &  
bleffe;

On



A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 141

On tyme encalede <sup>104</sup>, yanne bie the same thyng  
warmd,

Estroughted foorth, and yanne ybrogten lefs.

'Tys BIRTHA'S lōfs whyche doe mie thoughtes pos-  
fesse; 920

I wylle, I muste awaie : whie staies mie stede?

Mie huscarles, hyther haste; prepare a dresse,

Whyche couracyers <sup>105</sup> yn hastie journies nede.

O heavens ! I moste awaie to BYRTHA eyne,

For yn her lookes I fynde mie beyng doe entwyne. 925

<sup>104</sup> Frozen, cold.

<sup>105</sup> horse couriers, couriers.

CELMONDE,

## CELMONDE, att BRYSTOWE.

THE worlde ys darke wythe nyghte; the wyndes  
are styll;

Fayntelic the mone her palyde lyghte makes gleme;  
The upryste <sup>106</sup> sprytes the sylente letten <sup>107</sup> fylle,  
Wythe ouphant faeryes joynyng ynne the dreame;  
The forreste sheenethe wythe the sylver leme; 930  
Nowe maie mie love be fated ynn yttes treat;e;  
Uponne the lynche of somme swefte reynyng streame,  
Att the swote banquette I wyll swotelie eate.  
Thys ys the howse; yee hyndes, swythyn appere.

## CELMONDE, SERVYTOURE.

## CELMONDE.

Go telle to Birtha straye, a straungerr waytethe  
here. 935

<sup>106</sup> Risen.

<sup>107</sup> church-yard.

CEL-

CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

BIRTHA.

Celmonde! yee feynctes! I hope thou haste goode  
newes.

CELMONDE.

The hope ys losse; for heaue newes prepare.

BIRTHA.

Is Ælla welle?

CELMONDE.

Hee lyues; & styll maie use  
The behylte <sup>108</sup> bleffynge of a future yeare.

BIRTHA.

Whatte heaue tydyng thenne haue I to feare? 940  
Of whatte mischaunce dydste thou so latelie saie?

<sup>108</sup> Promised.

CEL-

## C E L M O N D E.

For heavie tydynges fwythyn nowe preparé.  
 Ælla fore wounded ys, yn bykerous fraie;  
 In Wedecester's wallid tounne he lyes.

## B I R T H A.

O mie agroted breast!

## C E L M O N D E.

Wythoute your fyghte, he dyes. 945

## B I R T H A.

Wylle Birtha's prefence ethe herr Ælla's payne?  
 I flie; newe wynges doe from mie schoulderrs sprynge.

## C E L M O N D E.

Mie stede wydhouthe wylle deftelic beere us twayne.

## B I R T H A.

Oh! I wyll flie as wynde, & no waie lynge;

Sweftlic

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 145

Sweftlie caparifons for rydyng brynge; 959

I have a mynde wynged wyth the levyn ploome.

O Ælla, Ælla! dydste thou kenne the flynge,

The whyche doeth canker ynne mie hartys roome,

Thou wouldste fee playne thiefselſe the gare to bee;

Aryſe, uponne thie love, & flie to meeten mee. 955

C E L M O N D E.

The ſtede, on whyche I came, ys ſweſte as ayre;

Mie ſervytoures doe wayte mee nere the wode;

Swythynne wythe mee unto the place repayre;

To Ælla I wylle gev you conducte goode.

Youre eyne, alyche a baulme, wylle ſtaunche hys  
bloode, 960

Holpe oppe hys woundes, & yev hys harte alle  
cheere;

Uponne your eyne he holdes hys lyvelyhode <sup>109</sup>;

You doe hys ſpryte, & alle hys pleaſaunce bere.

Comme, lette's awaie, albeytte ytte ys moke,

Yette love wille bee a tore to tourne to feere nyghtes  
ſmoke. 965

<sup>109</sup> Life.

L

B I R.

## B I R T H A.

Albeytte unwears dyd the welkynn rende,  
 Reyne, alyche fallynge ryvers, dyd ferfe bee,  
 Erthe wythe the ayre enchafed dyd contende,  
 Everychone breathe of wynde wythe plagues dyd  
 flee,

Yette I to Ælla's eyne eftsoones woulde flee ; 970  
 Albeytte hawethornes dyd mie fleshe enfeme,  
 Owlettes, wythe scrychyng, shakeynge everyche tree,  
 And water-neders wrygglyng yn eche streame,  
 Yette woulde I fle, ne under coverte staie,  
 Botte seke mie Ælla owte ; brave Celmónde, leade the  
 waie. 975

A W O D E.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 147

A W O D E.

H U R R A, D A N E S.

H U R R A.

HEERE ynn yis forreste lette us watche for pree,  
Bewreckeynge on oure foemenne oure ylle warre;  
Whatteuerre schalle be Englysch wee wylle slea,  
Spreddyng our ugfomme rennome to asarre.

Ye Dacyanne menne, gyff Dacyanne menne yee  
are, 980

Lette nete botte blodde suffycyle for yee bee;  
On everich bréaste yn gorie letteres scarre,  
Whatt sprytes you have, & howe those sprytes maie  
dree.

And gyf yee gette awaie to Denmarkes shore,  
Eftefoones we will retourne, & wanquished bee ne  
moere. 985

L 2

The

The battelle losfe, a battelle was yndede;  
 Note queedes hemfelfes culde ftonde fo harde a fraie;  
 Oure verie armoure, & ouré heaulmes dyd blede,  
 The Dacyannes fprytes, lyche dewe drops, fledde  
 awaie.

Ytte was an Ælla dyd commaunde the daie; 990  
 Ynn fpyte of foemanne, I moſte faie hys myghte;  
 Botte wee ynn hynd-lettès blodde the lofs wylle paie,  
 Brynnynge, thatte we knowe howe to wyne yn  
 fyghte;

Wee wylle, lyke wylfes enloofed from chaynes,  
 deſtroie;—

Oure armoures—wynter nyghte ſhotte oute the daie of  
 joie. 995

Whene ſweſte-fote tyme doe rolle the daie alonge,  
 Somme hamlette ſcalle onto oure fhuyrie brende;  
 Braſtynge alyche a rocke, or mountayne ſtronge,  
 The talle chyrche-fpyre upon the grene ſhalle bende;  
 Wee wylle the walles, & auntyante tourrettes  
 rende, 1000

Pete everych tree whych goldyn fruyte doe beere,

Downe



## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 149

Downe to the goddes the ownerrrs dhereof fende,  
Besprengynge alle abrode faddē warre & bloddie weere.

Botte fyrste to yynder oke-tree wee wyllie flie;  
And thence wyllie yffue owte onne all yatte commeth  
bic. 1005

## ANODHER PARTE OF THE WOODE.

### CELMONDE, BIRTHA.

#### BIRTHA.

Thys merknefs doe affraie mie wommanns breaste.  
Howe fable ys the spreddyng skie arrayde!  
Hallie the bordeleire, who lyves to reste,  
Ne ys att nyghtys flemynge hue dysmayde;  
The starres doe scantillie <sup>110</sup> the fable brayde; 1010  
Wyde ys the sylver lemes of comforte wove;  
Speke, Celmonde, does ytte make thee notte afrayde?

### CELMONDE.

Merker the nyghte, the fitter tyde for love.

<sup>110</sup> Scarcely, sparingly.

L 3

BIR-

## B I R T H A.

Saieſt thou for love? ah! love is far awaie.

Faygne would I ſee once moe the roddie lemes of  
daie.

1015

## C E L M O N D E.

Love maie bee nie, woulde Birtha calle ytte here.

## B I R T H A.

How, Celmonde, dothe thou mene?

## C E L M O N D E.

Thys Celmonde menes,

No leme, no eyne, ne mortalle manne appere,

Ne lyghte, an acte of love for to bewreene;

Nete in thys forreſte, botte thys tore <sup>iii</sup>, dothe  
ſheene,

1020

The whych, pottē oute, do leave the whole yn nyghte;

See! howe the brauncynge trees doe here entwynē,

Makeynge thys bower ſo pleaſynge to the ſyghte;

<sup>iii</sup> Torch.

Thys

**A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 151**

Thys was for love fyrste made, & heere ytt stondes,  
Thatte hereynne lovers maie enlyncke yn true loves  
bondes. 1025

**B I R T H A.**

Celmonde, speake whatte thou menest, or alse mie  
thoughtes  
Perchaunce maie robbe thie honestie so fayre.

**C E L M O N D E.**

Then here, & knowe, hereto I have you broughte,  
Mie longe hydde love unto you to make clere.

**B I R T H A.**

Oh heaven & earthe! whatte ys ytt I doe heare? 1030  
Am I betrafte <sup>112</sup>? where ys mie Ælla, faie!

**C E L M O N D E.**

O! do nete nowe to Ælla fyke love bere,  
Botte geven some onne Celmondes hedde.

<sup>112</sup> Betrayed.

**L 4**

**B I R-**

## B I R T H A.

Awaie!

I wylle be gone, & groape mie passage oute,  
 Albeytte neders stynges mie legs do twyne aboute. 1035

## C E L M O N D E.

Nowe bie the feynstes I wylle notte lette thee goe,  
 Ontylle thou doeste mie brendynge love amate.  
 Those eyne have caused Celmonde myckle woe,  
 Yenne lette yer smyle fyrst take hymm yn regrade.  
 O ! didst thou see mie breastis troblous state, 1040  
 Theere love doth harrie up mie joie, and ethe !  
 I wretched bee, beyonde the hele of fate,  
 Gyff Birtha stylle wylle make mie harte-veynes blethe.  
 Softe as the sommer flowrects, Birtha, looke,  
 Full ylle I canne thie frownes & harde dyspleasaunce  
 brooke. 1045

## B I R T H A.

This love ys foule ; I woulde bee deafe for aie,  
 Radhet thanne heere syche deslaviatie <sup>113</sup> sedde.

<sup>113</sup> Letchery.

Swythynne

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 153

Swythynne fle from mee, and ne further faie;  
Radher thanne heare thie love, I woulde bee dead.  
Yee feynstes! & shal I wronge mie Ælla's bedde,<sup>1050</sup>  
And wouldest thou, Celmonde, tempte me to the  
thyng?  
Lett mee be gone—alle curses onne thie hedde!  
Was ytte for thys thou dydest a message bryng!  
Lette mee be gone, thou manne of fable harte!  
Or welkyn<sup>114</sup> & her starres wyll take a maydens  
parte. 1055

## C E L M O N D E.

Sythence you wylle notte lette mie fuyte avele,  
Mie love wylle have yttes joie, altho wythe guylte;  
Youre lymbes shal bende, albeytte stryng as stele;  
The merkye seefonne wylle your bloshes hylte<sup>115</sup>.

## B I R T H A.

Holpe, holpe, yee feynstes! oh thatte mie blodde was  
spylte! 1060

<sup>114</sup> heaven.

<sup>115</sup> hide.

C E L-

## C E L M O N D E.

The feynstes att distaunce stonde ynn tyme of nede.  
 Strev notte to goe; thou canste notte, gyff thou wylte.  
 Unto mie wysche bee kinde, & nete alsē hede.

## B I R T H A.

No, foule bestoykerre, I wylle rende the ayre,  
 Tylle dethe do staie mie dynne, or somme kynde roder  
 heare. 1065

Holpe! holpe! oh godde!

CELMONDE, BIRTHA, HURRA, DANES.

## H U R R A.

Ah! thatts a wommanne cries,  
 I kenn hēm; saie, who are you, yatte bee there?

## C E L M O N D E.

Yee hyndes, awaie! orre bie thys swerde yee dies.

HURRA.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 153

H U R R A.

This wordes wylle ne mie hartis fete affere.

B I R T H A.

Save mee, oh! save mee from thys roynere heere! 1070

H U R R A.

Stonde thou bie mee; nowe saie thie name & londe;  
Or fwythyne schall mie swerde thie boddie tare.

C E L M O N D E.

Bothe I wylle shewe thee bie mie brondeons<sup>116</sup> honde.

H U R R A.

Besette hym rounde, yee Danes.

C E L M O N D E.

Comme onne, and see

Gyff mie strynges anlace maie bewryen whatte I bee. 1075

[*Fyghe al anenste Celmonde, meynste Danes be sleath,  
and faletb to Hurra.*]

<sup>116</sup> Furious.

7

C E L.

## C E L M O N D E.

Oh! I forflagen <sup>117</sup> be! ye Danes, now kenne,  
 I amme yatte Celmonde, seconde yn the fyghte,  
 Who dydd, atte Watchette, so forlege youre menne;  
 I fele myne eyne to fwymme yn æterne nyghte;—  
 To her be kynde. [*Dieth.*]

## H U R R A.

Thenne felle a wordhie knyghte. 1080  
 Saie, who bee you?

## B I R T H A.

I am greate Ælla's wyfe.

## H U R R A.

Ah!

## B I R T H A.

Gyff anenfte hym you harboure foule despyte,  
 Nowe wythe the lethal anlace take mie lyfe,

<sup>117</sup> flain.

Bie



## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 157

Bie thanks I ever onne you wylle bestowe,  
From ewbryce <sup>118</sup> you mee pyghte, the worste of mortal  
woe. 1085

### H U R R A.

I wylle; ytte scalle bee foe: yee Dacyans, heere.  
Thys Ælla havethe been oure foe for aie.  
Thorowe the battelle he dyd brondeous teare,  
Beyng the lyfe and head of everych fraie;  
From everych Dacyanne power he won the daie, 1090  
Forlagen Magnus, all oure schippes ybrente;  
Bie hys felle arme wee now are made to straie;  
The speere of Dacya he ynne pieces shente;  
Whanne hantoned barckes unto our londe dyd comme,  
Ælla the gare dheie fed, & wysched hym bytter  
dome. 1095

### B I R T H A.

Mercie !

### H U R R A.

Bee styll.

<sup>118</sup> Adultery.

Botte

Botte yette he ys a foemanne goode and fayre ;  
 Whanne wee are spente, he foundethe the forloyne ;  
 The captyves chayne he toffeth ynne the ayre,  
 Cheered the wounded bothe wythe bredde & wyne ;  
 Has hee notte untoe somme of you bynn dygne ? 1100  
 You would have smethd onne Wedecestrian fiede,  
 Botte hee behylte the slughorne for to cleyne,  
 Throwynge onne hys wyde backe, hys wyder spred-  
 dyng shielde.

Whanne you, as caytyfied, yn fiede dyd bee,  
 Hee oathed you to bee styll, & straye dydd sette you  
 free. 1105

Scalle wee forsege <sup>119</sup> hys wyfe, because he's brave ?  
 Bicaus hee fyghteth for hys cuntryes gare ?  
 Wylle hee, who havith bynne yis Ælla's slave,  
 Robbe hym of whatte percase he holdith deere ?  
 Or scalle we menne of mennys sprytes appere, 1110  
 Doeynge hym favoure for hys favoure donne,  
 Swefte to hys pallace thys damoiselle bere,  
 Bewrynnne oure case, and to oure waie be gonne ?

<sup>119</sup> Slay.

The

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 159

The last you do approve ; so lette ytte bee ;  
Damoyfelle, comme awaie ; you safe scalle bee wythe  
mee. 1115

## B I R T H A.

Al bleffynge maie the seynctes unto yee gyve !  
Al pleasaunce maie youre longe-straughte livynges  
bee !  
Ælla, whanne knowynge thatte bie you I lyve,  
Wylle thyncke too smalle a guyfte the londe & sea.  
O Celmonde ! I maie deftlie rede bie thee, 1120  
Whatte ille betydethe the enfouled kynde ;  
Maie ne thie crosf-stone <sup>120</sup> of thie cryme bewree !  
Maie alle menne ken thie valoure, fewe thie mynde !  
Soldyer ! for fyke thou arte ynn noble fraie,  
Iwylle thie goinges 'tende, & doe thou lede the waie. 1125

## H U R R A.

The mornynge 'gyns alonge the Easte to sheene ;  
Darklinge the lyghte doe onne the waters plaie ;  
The feynthe rodde leme flowe creepeth oere the greene,  
Toe chafe the merkynefs of nyghte awaie ;

<sup>240</sup> Monument.

Swifte

Swifte flies the howers thatte wyll brynge oute the  
daie; 1130

The softe dewe falleth onne the greeynge graffe;

The shepster mayden, dyghtynge her, arraie,

Scante <sup>121</sup> fees her vyfage yn the wauie glaffe;

Bie the fulle daylieghte wee scalle Ælla see,

Or Bryftowes wallyd towne; damoyfelle, followe  
mee. 1135

<sup>121</sup> Scarce.

AT

AT BRYSTOWE.

ÆLLA AND SERVITOURES.

ÆLLA.

TYS nowe fulle morne; I thoughten, bie laste  
nyghte

To have been heere; mie stede han notte mie love;

Thys ys mie pallace; lette mie hyndes alyghte,

Whylste I goe oppe, & wake mie slepeynge dove.

Staie here, mie hyndlettes; I shal goe above. . 1140

Nowe, Birtha, wyll thie loke enhele mie spryte,

Thie smyles unto mie woundes a baulme wylle prove;

Mie ledanne boddie wylle bee sette aryghte.

Egwina, haste, & ope the portalle doore;

Yatte I on Birtha's breste maie thynke of warre ne  
more.

1145

M

ÆLLA.

Æ L L A:

Æ L L A, E G W I N A.

E G W I N A.

Oh Ælla!

Æ L L A.

Ah! that femmlykeene to mee  
Speeketh a legendary tale of woe.

E G W I N A.

Birtha is—

Æ L L A.

Whatt? where? how? faie, whatte of thee?

E G W I N A.

Gone—

Æ L L A.

Gone! ye goddes!

E G W I N A.

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 163

EGWINA.

Alas! ytte ys toe true.

Yee feynctes, hee dies awaie wythe myckle woe! 1150

Ælla! what? Ælla! oh! hee lyves agen.

ÆLLA.

Cal mee notte Ælla; I am hymme ne moe.

Where ys thee gon awaie? ah! speake! how? when?

EGWINA.

I will.

ÆLLA.

Caparyson a score of stedes; flie, flie.

Where ys thee? swythynne speeke, or instante thou  
shalte die. 1155

EGWINA.

Stylle thic loud rage, & here thou whatte I knowe.

ÆLLA.

Oh! speek.

M 2

EGWINA.

## E G W I N A.

Lyche-prymrose, droopynge wythe the heaue rayne,  
 Laſte nyghte I lefte her, droopynge wythe her wiere,  
 Her love the gare, thatte gave her harte fyke peyne—

## Æ L L A.

Her love! to whomme?

## E G W I N A.

To thee, her ſpouſe alleyne <sup>122</sup>. 1160  
 As ys mie hentylle everyche morne to goe,  
 I wente, and oped her chamber doore ynn twayne,  
 Botte found her notte, as I was wont to doe;  
 Thanne alle arounde the pallace I dyd ſeere <sup>123</sup>,  
 Botte culde (to mie hartes woe) ne fynde her anie  
 wheere. 1165

## Æ L L A.

Thou lyest, foul hagge! thou lyest; thou art her  
 ayde  
 To chere her louſte;—botte noe; ytte cannotte bee.

<sup>122</sup> Only, alone.

<sup>123</sup> Search.

E G W I N A.



## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 165

### EGWINA.

Gyff trouthe appear notte inne whatte I have sayde,  
Drawe forthe thie anlace fwythyn, thanne mee flea.

### ÆLLA.

Botte yette ytte muste, ytte muste bee soe; I see, 1170  
Shee wythe somme loustie paramoure ys gone;  
Itte moste bee soe—oh! how ytte wracketh mee!  
Mie race of love, mie race of lyfe ys ronne;  
Nowe rage, & brondeous storm, & tempeste comme;  
Nete lyvyng upon erthe can now enswote mie  
domme. 1175

### ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE.

### SERVYTOURE.

Loverde! I am aboute the trouthe to faie.  
Laste nyghte, fulle late I dydde retourne to reste.  
As to mie chamber I dydde bende mie waie,  
To Birtha onne hys name & place addresse;

M 3

Downe

Downe to hym camme shee; butte thereof the  
reste

1180

I ken ne matter; so, mie homage made—

## Æ L L A.

O! speake ne moe; mie harte flames yn yttes hefte;

I once was Ælla; nowe bee notte yttes shade.

Hanne alle the fuirie of mysfortunes wylle

Fallen onne mie benned <sup>124</sup> headde I hanne been Ælla  
style.

1185

Thys alleyn was unburled <sup>125</sup> of alle mie spryte;

Mie honnoure, honnoure, frownd on the dolce <sup>126</sup>  
wynde,

Thatte steeked on ytte; nowe wyth rage Im pyghte;

A brondeous unweere ys mie engyned mynde.

Mie hommeur yette somme drybblet joie maie  
fynde,

1190

To the Danes woundes I wylle another yeve;

Whanne thos mie rennomie <sup>127</sup> & mie peace ys rynde,

Itte were a rebrandize to thyncke toe lyve;

<sup>124</sup> Curfed, tormented.<sup>125</sup> unarmed.<sup>126</sup> soft, gentle.<sup>127</sup> renown.

Mie

A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 167

Mie hufcarles, untoe everie asker telle,  
Gyffe noblie Ælla lyved, as noblie Ælla felle. 1195  
[*Stabbeth bys breste.*]

S E R V Y T O U R E.

Ælla ys fleene; the flower of Englonde's marre!

Æ L L A.

Be styll: stythe lette the chyrches ryngē mie knelle.  
Call hyther brave Coernyke; he, as warde  
Of thys mie Brystowe castle, wyll doe welle;  
[*Knelle ryngeth.*]

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE.

Æ L L A.

Thee I ordeyne the warde; so alle maie telle. 1200  
I have botte lyttel tym to dragge thys lyfe;  
Mie lethal tale, alyche a lethalle belle,  
Dyenne yn the cares of her I wyfchd mie wyfe!

M 4

Botte,

Botte, ah! flee maie be fayre.

EGWINA.

Yatte flee moſte bee,

Æ L L A.

Ah! faie notte foe; yatte worde woulde Ælla dobblic  
flee.

1205

ÆLLA, EGWINA, SERVYTOURE, COERNYKE,  
BIRTHA, HURRA.

Æ L L A,

Ah! Birtha here!

B I R T H A.

Whatte dynne ys thys? whatte menes yis leathalle  
knelle?

Where ys mie Ælla? ſpeeke; where? howe ys hee?  
Oh Ælla! art thou yanne alyve and welle!

ÆLLA.

Æ L L A.

I lyve yndeed; botte doe notte lyve for thee.

B I R T H A,

Whatte menes mic Ælla?

Æ L L A.

Here mic meneynge fee, 1210

This foulness urged mic honde to gyve thys wounde,  
Ytte mee unsprytes <sup>128</sup>.

B I R T H A.

Ytte hathe unspryed mee,

Æ L L A.

Ah heavens! mic Birtha fallethe to the grounde!

Botte yette I am a manne, and so wylle bee.

<sup>128</sup> Un-fouls.

HURRA.

## H U R R A.

Ælla! I amme a Dane; botte yette a friende to  
thee.

1215

Thys damoyfelle I founde wythynne a woode,  
Strevynge fulle harde anenste a burlid fwayne;  
I sente hym myrynge ynne mie compheeres blodde,  
Celmonde hys name, chief of thie warrynge trayne.  
Yis damoiselle soughte to be here agayne; 1220  
The whyche, albeytse foemen, wee dydd wylle;  
So here wee broughte her wythe you to remayne.

## C O E R N I K E.

Yee nobyllle Danes! wythe goulde I wyll you fylle.

## Æ L L A.

Birtha, mie lyfe! mie love! oh! she ys fayre.  
Whatte faultes coulde Birtha have, whatte faultes could  
Ælla feare?

1225

B I R T H A.

## A TRAGYCAL ENTERLUDE. 171

### B I R T H A.

Amm I yenne thyne? I cannotte blame thie feere,  
Botte doe reste mee uponne mie Ælla's breaste;  
I wyffe to thee bewryen the woefulle gare.  
Celmonde dyd comme to mee at tyme of reste.  
Wordeynge for mee to fle, att your requeste, 1230  
To Watchette towne, where you deceasyng laie;  
I wyth hym fledde; thro' a murke wode we preste,  
Where hee foule love unto mie cares dyd faie;  
The Danes—

### Æ L L A.

Oh! I die contente.—

[*dieth.*

### B I R T H A.

Oh! ys mie Ælla dedde?

O! I will make hys grave mie vyrgyn spousal  
bedde.

1235

[*Birtha feyn dieth.*

### C O E R N Y K E.

Whatt? Ælla deadde! & Birtha-dyyng toe!  
Soe falles the fayrest flourettes of the playne.

Who

Who canne unplyte the wurchys heaven can doe,  
Or who untweste the role of shappe yn twayne?

Ælla, thie rennome was thie onlie gayne; 1240

For yatte, thie pleasaunce, & thie joie was losfe.

Thie countrymen shall rere thee, on the playne,

A pyle of carnes, as anie grave can boaste;

Further, a just amede to thee to bee,

Inne heaven thou synge of Godde, on erthe we'lle synge  
of thee, 1245

THE ENDE.

GODDWYN;



G O D D W Y N;

A T R A G E D I E.

By THOMAS ROWLEIE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

**HAROLDE,**            *bie T. Rowleie, the Auethoure.*

**GODDWYN,**        *bie Joban de Iscamme.*

**ELWARDE,**        *bie Syrr Thybbot Gorges.*

**ALSTAN,**          *bie Syrr Alan de Vere.*

**KYNGE EDWARDE,** *bie Mastre Willyam Canyngt.*

*Odhers bie Knyghtes Mynnstrells.*

P R O L O G U E,

Made bie Maistre WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**W**HYLOMME<sup>1</sup> bie pensmenne<sup>2</sup> moke<sup>3</sup> ungentle<sup>4</sup>  
name

Have upon Goddwyne Erie of Kente bin layde,  
Dherebie benymmynge<sup>5</sup> hymme of faie<sup>6</sup> and fame;  
Unliart<sup>7</sup> divinitres<sup>8</sup> haveth faide,

Thatte he was knowen toe noe hallie<sup>9</sup> wurche<sup>10</sup>; 5  
Botte thys was all hys faulte, he gyfted ne<sup>11</sup> the church.

The auſthoure<sup>12</sup> of the piece whiche we enaſte,  
Albeytte<sup>13</sup> a clergyon<sup>14</sup>, trouthe wyll wrytte.  
Inne drawyng of hys menne no wytte ys lackte;  
Entyn<sup>15</sup> a kynges mote<sup>16</sup> bee full pleased to nyghte. 10  
Attende, and marke the partes nowe to be done;  
Wee better for toe doe do champion<sup>17</sup> anie onne.

<sup>1</sup> Of old, formerly. <sup>2</sup> writers, historians. <sup>3</sup> much. <sup>4</sup> inglorious.  
<sup>5</sup> bereaving. <sup>6</sup> faith. <sup>7</sup> unforgiving. <sup>8</sup> divines, clergymen, monks.  
<sup>9</sup> holy. <sup>10</sup> work. <sup>11</sup> not. <sup>12</sup> author. <sup>13</sup> though, notwithstanding.  
<sup>14</sup> clerk, or clergyman. <sup>15</sup> entyn, even. <sup>16</sup> might. <sup>17</sup> challenge.

G O D D W Y N ;

G O D D W Y N ; A T R A G E D I E .

G O D D W Y N A N D H A R O L D E .

G O D D W Y N .

**H** A R O L D E !

H A R O L D E .

Mie loverde <sup>18</sup> !

G O D D W Y N .

O ! I weepe to thyncke,  
What foemen <sup>19</sup> riseth to ifrete <sup>20</sup> the londe.  
Theie batten <sup>21</sup> onne her fleshe, her hartes bloude  
dryncke,  
And all ys graunted from the roical honde.

<sup>18</sup> Lord. <sup>19</sup> foes, enemies. <sup>20</sup> devour, destroy. <sup>21</sup> fatten.

H A R O L D E .

H A R O L D E.

Lette notte thie agreme<sup>22</sup> blyn<sup>23</sup>, ne aledge<sup>24</sup> stonde;<sup>5</sup>  
 Bee I toe wepe, I wepe in teres of gore:  
 Am I betrayed<sup>25</sup>, fyke<sup>26</sup> shulde mie burlie<sup>27</sup> brondē  
 Depeynfte<sup>28</sup> the wronges on hym from whom I bore.

G O D D W Y N.

I ken thie spryte<sup>29</sup> ful welle; gentle thou art,  
 Stringe<sup>30</sup>, ugfonme<sup>31</sup>, rou<sup>32</sup>, as smethynge<sup>33</sup> armeyes  
 seeme; 10  
 Yett este<sup>34</sup>, I feare, thie chefes<sup>35</sup> toe grete a parte,  
 And that thie rede<sup>36</sup> bee este borne downe bie breme<sup>37</sup>.  
 What tydynges from the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

His Normans know.

I make noe compheeres of the shemrynge<sup>38</sup> trayne.

<sup>22</sup> Grievance; a sence of it. <sup>23</sup> cease, be still. <sup>24</sup> idly. <sup>25</sup> deceived, imposed on. <sup>26</sup> so. <sup>27</sup> fury, anger, rage. <sup>28</sup> paint, display. <sup>29</sup> soul. <sup>30</sup> strong. <sup>31</sup> terrible. <sup>32</sup> horrid, grim. <sup>33</sup> smok-  
 ing, bleeding. <sup>34</sup> oft. <sup>35</sup> heat, rashness. <sup>36</sup> counsel, wisdom.  
<sup>37</sup> strength, also strong. <sup>38</sup> taudry, glimmering.

N

G O D D.

## G O D D W Y N.

Ah Harolde ! tis a fyghte of myckle woe, 15  
 To kenne these Normannes everich fennome gayne.  
 What tydyng with the foulke<sup>39</sup> ?

## H A R O L D E.

Stylle mormorynge atte yer shap<sup>40</sup>, stylle toe the  
 kynge  
 Theie rolle theire trobbles, lyche a forgie fea.  
 Hane Englonde thenne a tonge, butte notte a  
 styng<sup>41</sup> ? 20  
 Dothe alle compleyne, yette none wylle ryghted bee ?

## G O D D W Y N.

Awayte the tyme, whanne Godde wylle sende us ayde.

## H A R O L D E.

No, we muste streve to ayde ourselves wyth powre.  
 Whan Godde wylle sende us ayde ! tis fetelic<sup>42</sup> prayde.

<sup>39</sup> People.    <sup>40</sup> fate, destiny.    <sup>42</sup> nobly.

# A T R A G E D I E. 179

Moste we those calke<sup>42</sup> awaie the lyve-longe howre? 25  
 Thos croche<sup>43</sup> oure armes, and ne toe lyve dareygne<sup>44</sup>,  
 Unburled<sup>45</sup>, undelievre<sup>46</sup>, unespryt<sup>47</sup>?  
 Far fro mie harte be fled thyk<sup>48</sup> thoughte of peyne,  
 Ille free mie countrie, or Ille die yn fyghte.

## G O D D W Y N.

Botte lette us wayte untill<sup>e</sup> somme season fyttē. 30  
 Mie Kentyshmen, thie Summertons shall ryse;  
 Adented<sup>49</sup> prowess<sup>50</sup> to the gite<sup>51</sup> of witte,  
 Agayne the argent<sup>52</sup> horse shall daunce yn skies,  
 Oh Harolde, heere forstraughteynge<sup>53</sup> wanhope<sup>54</sup>  
 lies.  
 Englonde, oh Englonde, tys for thee I blethe<sup>55</sup>. 35  
 Whyllte Edwardē to thie sonnes wyllē nete alyse<sup>56</sup>,  
 Shulde anie of thie sonnes sele aughte of ethe<sup>57</sup>?  
 Upponne the trone<sup>58</sup> I sette thee, helde thie crowne;  
 Botte oh! twere hommage nowē to pyghte<sup>59</sup> thee downe.

<sup>42</sup> Cast. <sup>43</sup> cross, from erouche, a cross. <sup>44</sup> attempt, or endeavour. <sup>45</sup> unarmed. <sup>46</sup> unactive. <sup>47</sup> unspirited. <sup>48</sup> such. <sup>49</sup> fastened, annexed. <sup>50</sup> might, power. <sup>51</sup> mantle, or robe. <sup>52</sup> white, alluding to the arms of Kent, a horse saliant, argent. <sup>53</sup> distracting. <sup>54</sup> despair. <sup>55</sup> bleed. <sup>56</sup> allow. <sup>57</sup> ease. <sup>58</sup> throne. <sup>59</sup> pluck.

Thou arte all preeste, & notheynge of the kynge. 40  
 Thou arte all Norman, nothyng of mie blodde.  
 Know, ytte befeies <sup>60</sup> thee notte a masse to synge;  
 Servynge thie leegefolcke <sup>61</sup> thou arte servynge Godde.

## H A R O L D E.

Thenne Ille doe heaven a servyce. To the skyes  
 The dailie contekes <sup>62</sup> of the londe ascende. 45  
 The wyddowe, fahdrelesse, & bondemennes cries  
 Acheke <sup>63</sup> the mokie <sup>64</sup> aire & heaven astende <sup>65</sup>.  
 On us the rulers doe the folcke depende;  
 Hancelled <sup>66</sup> from erthe these Normanne <sup>67</sup> hyndes  
 shalle bee;  
 Lyche a battently <sup>68</sup> low <sup>69</sup>, mie swerde shalle  
 brende <sup>70</sup>; 50  
 Lyche fallynge softe rayne droppes, I wyll hem <sup>71</sup> flea <sup>72</sup>;  
 Wee wayte too longe; our purpose wylle defayte <sup>73</sup>;  
 Aboune <sup>74</sup> the hyghe empryze <sup>75</sup>, & rouze the cham-  
 pyones frayte.

<sup>60</sup> Becomes. <sup>61</sup> subjects. <sup>62</sup> contentions, complaints. <sup>63</sup> choke.  
<sup>64</sup> dark, cloudy. <sup>65</sup> astonish. <sup>66</sup> cut off, destroyed. <sup>67</sup> slaves.  
<sup>68</sup> loud roaring. <sup>69</sup> flame of fire. <sup>70</sup> burn, consume. <sup>71</sup> them.  
<sup>72</sup> slay. <sup>73</sup> decay. <sup>74</sup> make ready. <sup>75</sup> enterprize.

G O D D-



A T R A G E D I E. 181

G O D D W Y N.

This sister—

H A R O L D E.

Aye, I knowe, she is his queene.

Albeytte <sup>76</sup>, dyd shee speeke her foemen <sup>77</sup> fayré, 55

I wulde dequace <sup>78</sup> her comlie femlykeene <sup>79</sup>,

And fouldè mie bloddie anlace <sup>80</sup> yn her hayre.

G O D D W Y N.

Thye fhuir <sup>81</sup> blyn <sup>82</sup>,

H A R O L D E.

No, bydde the leathal <sup>83</sup> mere <sup>84</sup>,

Upriste <sup>85</sup> withe hiltrene <sup>86</sup> wyndes & cause unkend <sup>87</sup>,

Beheste <sup>88</sup> it to be lete <sup>89</sup>; so twylle appeare, 60

Eere Harolde hyde hys name, his contries frende.

<sup>76</sup> Notwithstanding. <sup>77</sup> foes. <sup>78</sup> mangle, destroy. <sup>79</sup> beauty, countenance. <sup>80</sup> an ancient sword. <sup>81</sup> fury. <sup>82</sup> cease. <sup>83</sup> deadly. <sup>84</sup> lake. <sup>85</sup> swollen. <sup>86</sup> hidden. <sup>87</sup> unknown. <sup>88</sup> command. <sup>89</sup> still.

The gule-steynct<sup>90</sup> brygandyne<sup>91</sup>, the adventayle<sup>92</sup>,  
The feerie anlace<sup>93</sup> brede<sup>94</sup> shal make mie gare<sup>95</sup> pre-  
vayle.

## G O D D W Y N.

Harolde, what wuldest doe?

## H A R O L D E.

Bethyncke thee whatt.

Here liethe Englonde, all her drites<sup>96</sup> unfree, 65

Here liethe Normans coupynge<sup>96</sup> her bie lotte,

Caltysnyng<sup>97</sup> everich native plante to gre<sup>98</sup>,

Whatte woulde I doe? I brondeous<sup>99</sup> wulde hem  
flee<sup>1</sup>;

Tare owte theyre fable harte bie ryghtefulle breme<sup>2</sup>;

Theyre deathe a meanes untoe mie lyfe shulde bee, 70

Mie spryte shulde reveille yn theyr harte-blodde streame,

Eftsoones I wyll bewryne<sup>3</sup> mie ragefulle ire,

And Goddis anlace<sup>4</sup> wielde yn furie dyre.

<sup>90</sup> Red-stained. <sup>91</sup> <sup>92</sup> parts of armour. <sup>93</sup> broad. <sup>94</sup> cause.

<sup>95</sup> rights, liberties. <sup>96</sup> cutting, mangling. <sup>97</sup> forbidding. <sup>98</sup> grow.

<sup>99</sup> furious, <sup>1</sup> slay. <sup>2</sup> strength, <sup>3</sup> declare. <sup>4</sup> sword.

G O D D.

G O D D W Y N.

Whatte wouldest thou wythe the kynge?

H A R O L D E.

Take offe hys crowne;

The ruler of somme mynster <sup>5</sup> hym ordeyne; 75

Sette uppe som dygner <sup>6</sup> than I han pyghte <sup>7</sup> downe;

And peace in Englonde shulde be brayd <sup>8</sup> agayne.

G O D D W Y N.

No, lette the super-hallie <sup>9</sup> seynste kynge reygne,

Ande somme moe reded <sup>10</sup> rule the untentyff <sup>11</sup>  
reaulme;

Kynge Edward, yn hys cortesie, wylle deygne 80

To yielde the spoiles, and alleyn were the heaulme:

Botte from mee harte bee everych thoughte of gayne,

Not anie of mie kin I wysche him to ordeyne.

<sup>5</sup> Monastery. <sup>6</sup> more worthy. <sup>7</sup> pulled, plucked. <sup>8</sup> displayed.

<sup>9</sup> over-righteous. <sup>10</sup> counsell'd, more wise. <sup>11</sup> uncareful, neglected.

## H A R O L D E.

Tell me the meenes, and I wylle boutte ytte strayte;  
 Bete <sup>12</sup> mee to flea <sup>13</sup> mie self, ytte shalle be done. 85

## G O D D W Y N.

To thee I wylle swythyne <sup>14</sup> the menes unplayte <sup>15</sup>,  
 Bic whyche thou, Harolde, shalte be proved mie  
 sonne.

I have longe seen whatte peynes were undergon,  
 Whatte agrames <sup>16</sup> braunce <sup>17</sup> out from the general  
 tree;

The tyme ys commynge, whan the mollock <sup>18</sup> gron <sup>19</sup> go  
 Drented <sup>20</sup> of alle yts swolyng <sup>21</sup> owndes <sup>22</sup> shalle bee;  
 Mie remedie is goode; our menne shall ryfe;

Eftsoons the Normans and owre agram <sup>23</sup> flies.

## H A R O L D E.

I will to the West, and gemote <sup>24</sup> alle mie knyghtes,  
 Wythe bylles that pande for blodde, and sheeldes as  
 brede <sup>25</sup> 95

<sup>12</sup> Bid, command. <sup>13</sup> flay. <sup>14</sup> presently. <sup>15</sup> explain. <sup>16</sup> grie-  
 vances. <sup>17</sup> branch. <sup>18</sup> wet, moist. <sup>19</sup> fen, moor. <sup>20</sup> drained.  
<sup>21</sup> swelling. <sup>22</sup> waves. <sup>23</sup> grievance, <sup>24</sup> assemble. <sup>25</sup> broad.

As the ybroched<sup>26</sup> moon, when blaunch<sup>27</sup> she dyghtes<sup>28</sup>  
 The wodeland grounde or water-mantled mede;  
 Wythe hondes whose myghte canne make the dough-  
 tieft<sup>29</sup> blede,  
 Who ofte have knelte upon forslagen<sup>30</sup> foes,  
 Whoe wythe yer fote orrests<sup>31</sup> a castle-stede<sup>32</sup>, 100  
 Who dare on kynges for to bewrecke<sup>33</sup> yiere woes;  
 Nowe wylle the menne of Englonde haile the daie,  
 Whan Goddwyn leades them to the ryghtfulle fraie.

G O D D W Y N.

Botte firste we'll call the loverdes of the West,  
 The erles of Mercia, Conventrie and all; 105  
 The moe wee gayne, the gare<sup>34</sup> wylle prosper beste,  
 Wythe syke a number wee can never fall.

H A R O L D E.

True, so wee sal doe best to lyncke the chayne,  
 And alle attenes<sup>35</sup> the spreddyng kyngedomme  
 bynde.

<sup>26</sup> Horned. <sup>27</sup> white. <sup>28</sup> decks. <sup>29</sup> mightiest, most valiant.  
<sup>30</sup> slain. <sup>31</sup> oversets. <sup>32</sup> a castle. <sup>33</sup> revenge. <sup>34</sup> cause. <sup>35</sup> at  
 once.

No

No crouched <sup>36</sup> champyone wythe an harte moe  
feygne 110

Dyd yffue owte the hallie <sup>37</sup> fwerde to fynde,  
Than I nowe strev to ryd mie loude of peyne.

Goddwyn, what thanckes owre laboures wylle enhepe!  
I'lle ryse mie friendes unto the bloddie pleyne;  
I'lle wake the honnoure thatte ys now aslepe. 115

When wylle the chiefes mete atte thie feastive hallé,  
That I wythe voice alowde maie there upon 'em calle?

### G O D D W Y N.

Next eve, mie sonne.

### H A R O L D E.

Nowe, Englonde, ys the tyme,  
Whan thee or thie felle foemens cause moſte die.  
Thie geason <sup>38</sup> wronges bee reyne <sup>39</sup> ynto theyre  
pryme; 120

Nowe wylle thie ſonnes unto thie ſuccoure flie;  
Alyche a ſtorm egederinge <sup>40</sup> yn the ſkie,  
Tys fulle ande braſteth <sup>41</sup> on the chaper <sup>42</sup> grounde;

<sup>36</sup> One who takes up the croſs in order to fight againſt the Saracens.

<sup>37</sup> holy. <sup>38</sup> rare, extraordinary, ſtrange. <sup>39</sup> run, ſhot up. <sup>40</sup> af-  
ſeapling, gathering. <sup>41</sup> burſteth. <sup>42</sup> dry, barren.

Sycke

A T R A G E D I E. 187

Sycke shalle me fhuirye on the Normans fle,

And alle theyre mittee <sup>43</sup> menne be fleene <sup>44</sup>  
arounde. 125

Nowe, nowe, wylle Harolde or oppressionne falle,  
Ne moe the Englyshmenne yn vayne for hele <sup>45</sup> shal  
calle.

<sup>43</sup> Mighty.

<sup>44</sup> slain.

<sup>45</sup> help.

K Y N G E

## K Y N G E E D W A R D E   A N D   H Y S   Q U E E N E.

## Q U E E N E.

BOTTE, loverde <sup>46</sup>, whie so manie Normannes here?  
 Mee thynckethe wee bee notte yn Englyshe londe,  
 These browded <sup>47</sup> straungers alwaie doe appere, 130  
 Theie parte yor trone <sup>48</sup>, and sete at your ryghte  
 honde,

## K Y N G E,

Go to, goe to, you doe ne understonde:  
 Theie yeave mee lyffe, and dyd mie bowkie <sup>49</sup> kepe;  
 Theie dyd mee feeſte, and did embowre <sup>50</sup> me gronde;  
 To trete hem ylle wulde lette mie kyndneſſe flepe. 135

<sup>46</sup> Lord. <sup>47</sup> embroidered; 'tis conjectured, embroidery was not used in England till Hen. II. <sup>48</sup> throne. <sup>49</sup> person, body.  
<sup>50</sup> lodge.

## Q U E E N E.



Q U E E N E.

Mancas<sup>51</sup> you have yn store, and to them parte;  
 Youre leege-folcke<sup>52</sup> make moke.<sup>53</sup> dole<sup>54</sup>, you have  
 theyr worthe afterte<sup>55</sup>.

K Y N G E.

I heste<sup>56</sup> no rede of you. I ken mie friendes.  
 Hallie<sup>57</sup> dheie are, fulle ready mee to hele<sup>58</sup>.  
 Theyre volundes<sup>59</sup> are ystorven<sup>60</sup> to self endes; 140  
 No denwere<sup>61</sup> yn mie breste I of them fele:  
 I muste to prayers; goe yn, and you do wele;  
 I muste ne lose the dutie of the daie;  
 Go inne, go ynne, ande viewe the azure rele<sup>62</sup>,  
 Fulle welle I wote you have noe mynde toe praie. 145

Q U E E N E.

I leeve youe to doe homage heaven-were<sup>63</sup>;  
 To serve yor leege-folcke toe is doeynge homage there.

<sup>51</sup> Marks. <sup>52</sup> subjects. <sup>53</sup> much. <sup>54</sup> lamentation. <sup>55</sup> neglected,  
 or passed by. <sup>56</sup> require, ask. <sup>57</sup> holy. <sup>58</sup> help. <sup>59</sup> will. <sup>60</sup> dead.  
<sup>61</sup> doubt. <sup>62</sup> waves. <sup>63</sup> heaven-ward, or God-ward.

K Y N G E

## K Y N G E A N D S Y R H U G H E.

## K Y N G E.

Mie friende, Syr Hughe, whatte tydynges brynges  
thee here?

## H U G H E.

There is no mancas yn mie loverdes ente<sup>64</sup>;  
The hus dyspense<sup>65</sup> unpaied doe appere; 150  
The laste receivure<sup>66</sup> ys eftesoones<sup>67</sup> dispente<sup>68</sup>.

## K Y N G E.

Thenne guylde the Weste.

## H U G H E.

Mie loverde, I dyd speke  
Untoe the mitte<sup>69</sup> Erle Harolde of the thyng; ;  
He rayfed hys honde, and smoke me omne the cheke,  
Saieynge, go beare thatte message to the kynge. 155

<sup>64</sup> Purse, used here probably as a treasury. <sup>65</sup> expence. <sup>66</sup> receipt. <sup>67</sup> soon. <sup>68</sup> expended. <sup>69</sup> a contraction of mighty.

K Y N G E.

K Y N G E.

Arace <sup>70</sup> hym of hys powere ; bie Goddis worde,  
Ne moe thatte Harolde shall ywield the erlies fwerde.

H U G H E.

Atte seefon fyttē, mie loverde, lette itt bee ;  
Botte nowe the folcke doe foe enalfe <sup>71</sup> hys name;  
Inne strevvynge to flea hymme, ourselves wee flea ; 160  
Syke ys the doughtyness <sup>72</sup> of hys grete fame.

K Y N G E.

Hughe, I beethyncke, thie rede <sup>73</sup> ys notte to blame.  
Botte thou maieft fynde fulle store of marckes yn  
Kente.

H U G H E.

Mie noble loverde, Godwynn ys the same ;  
He sweeres he wylle notte swelle the Normans ent. 165

<sup>70</sup> Divest. <sup>71</sup> embrace. <sup>72</sup> mightiness. <sup>73</sup> counsel.

K Y N G E.

## K Y N G E.

Ah traytoure ! botte mie rage I wylle commande.  
 Thou arte a Normanne, Hught, a straunger to the  
 launde.

Thou kenneſte howe theſe Englyſche erle doe bere  
 Such ſtedneſs <sup>74</sup> in the yll and evylle thynges,  
 Botte atte the goode theie hover yn denwere <sup>75</sup>, 170  
 Onknowlacheinge <sup>76</sup> gif thereunto to clynge.

## H U G H E.

Onwordie fyke a marvell <sup>77</sup> of a kyng !  
 O Edward, thou deſerveſt purer leege <sup>78</sup> ;  
 To thee heie <sup>79</sup> ſhulden al theire mancas brynge ;  
 Thie nodde ſhould ſave menne, and thie glomb <sup>80</sup>  
 forſlege <sup>81</sup>. 175  
 I amme no curriedowe <sup>82</sup>, I lacke no wite <sup>83</sup>,  
 I ſpeke whatte bee the trouthe, and whatte all ſee is  
 ryghte.

<sup>74</sup> Firmneſs, ſtedfaſtneſs. <sup>75</sup> doubt, ſuſpenſe. <sup>76</sup> not knowing.  
<sup>77</sup> wonder. <sup>78</sup> homage, obeysance. <sup>79</sup> they, <sup>80</sup> frown. <sup>81</sup> kill.  
<sup>82</sup> curridowe, flatterer. <sup>83</sup> reward.

K Y N G E.

K Y N G E.

Thou arte a hallie <sup>84</sup> manne, I doe thee pryze.

Comme, comme, and here and hele <sup>85</sup> mee ynn mie  
praires.

Fulle twentie mancas I wylle thee alife <sup>86</sup>, 180

And twayne of hamlettes <sup>87</sup> to thee and thie heyres.

Soc shalle all Normannes from mie londe be fed,

Theie alleyn <sup>88</sup> have fyke love as to acquyre yer  
bredde.

<sup>84</sup> holy. <sup>85</sup> help. <sup>86</sup> allow. <sup>87</sup> manors. <sup>88</sup> alone.

O

CHORUS.

## C H O R U S.

WHAN Freedom, drest y<sup>n</sup> blodde-steyned veste,  
 To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge, 185  
 Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde ;  
 A gorie anlace bye her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe ;  
 She hearde the voice of deathe ;  
 Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue, 190  
 In vayne assayled <sup>1</sup> her bosomme to acale <sup>2</sup> ;  
 She hearde onflemmed <sup>3</sup> the shriekynge voice of woe,  
 And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.

She shooke the burlde <sup>4</sup> speere,  
 On hie she jesse <sup>5</sup> her sheelde, 195  
 Her foemen <sup>6</sup> all appere,  
 And flizze <sup>7</sup> alonge the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod <sup>8</sup> straught <sup>9</sup> ynto the skyes,  
 Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a starre,

<sup>1</sup> Endeavoured. <sup>2</sup> freeze. <sup>3</sup> undismayed. <sup>4</sup> armed, pointed.  
<sup>5</sup> hoisted on high, raised. <sup>6</sup> foes, enemies. <sup>7</sup> fly. <sup>8</sup> head.  
<sup>9</sup> stretched.

Alyche

# A T R A G E D I E. 195

Alyche <sup>10</sup> twaie <sup>11</sup> brendeynge <sup>12</sup> gronfyres <sup>13</sup> rolls hys  
eyes, 200

Chaftes <sup>14</sup> with hys yronne feete and foundes to war.

She fyttes upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys speere,

She ryfes from the shocke,

Wielderunge her owne yn ayre. 205

Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,

Wyte scillye <sup>15</sup> wymped <sup>16</sup> gies <sup>17</sup> ytte to hys crowne,

Hys longe sharpe speere, hys spreddyng sheelde ys  
gon,

He fallies, and fallynge rolleth thoufandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld <sup>18</sup>,

arist <sup>19</sup>, 210

Hys feerie heaulme <sup>20</sup> noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys freynynge fyfte—

\* \* \* \* \*

<sup>10</sup> Like. <sup>11</sup> two. <sup>12</sup> flaming. <sup>13</sup> meteors. <sup>14</sup> beats, stamps.

<sup>15</sup> closely. <sup>16</sup> mantled, covered. <sup>17</sup> guides. <sup>18</sup> armed. <sup>19</sup> arose.

<sup>20</sup> helmet.

## ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS:

Bie T. ROWLEIE.

B O O K E Ist<sup>r</sup>.

**W**HANNE Scythyanne, salvage as the wolves  
theie chace,

Peyncted in horrowe<sup>1</sup> formes bie nature dyghte,  
Heckled<sup>2</sup> yn beaſtkyns, ſlepte uponne the waſte,  
And wyth the morneynge rouzed the wolfe to fyghte,  
Sweſte as deſcendeynge lemes<sup>4</sup> of roddie lyghte 5  
Plonged to the hulfred<sup>5</sup> bedde of laveyng ſeas,  
Gerd<sup>6</sup> the blacke mountayn okes yn drybblets<sup>7</sup>  
twighte<sup>8</sup>,

And ranne yn thoughte alonge the azure mees,  
Whoſe cyne dyd feerie ſheene, like blue-hayred  
deſs<sup>9</sup>,

That dreerie hange upon Dover's emblaunched<sup>10</sup> cleſs. 10

<sup>1</sup> I will endeavour to get the remainder of theſe poems. <sup>2</sup> unſeemly, diſagreeable. <sup>3</sup> wrapped. <sup>4</sup> rays. <sup>5</sup> hidden, ſecret. <sup>6</sup> broke, rent. <sup>7</sup> ſmall pieces. <sup>8</sup> pulled, rent. <sup>9</sup> vapours, meteors. <sup>10</sup> emblaunched.

Soft



# ENGLISH METAMORPHOSIS, &c. 197

Soft boundeynge over swelleynge azure reles <sup>11</sup>

The salvage natyves fawe a shyppes appere ;

An uncouth <sup>12</sup> denwere <sup>13</sup> to theire bosomme steles ;

Theyre myghte ys knopped <sup>14</sup> ynne the froste of fere.

The headed javlyn liffeth <sup>15</sup> here and there ; 15

Theie stonde, theie ronne, theie loke wyth eger eyne ;

The shyppes sayle, boleynge <sup>16</sup> wythe the kyndelic  
ayre,

Ronnethe to harbour from the beateynge bryne ;

Theie dryve awaie aghaste, whanne to the stronde

A burled <sup>17</sup> Trojan lepes, wythe Morglaiden sweerde-yn  
honde. 20

Hymme followede eftsoones hys compheeres <sup>18</sup>, whose  
swerdes

Glested lyke gledeynge <sup>19</sup> starres ynne frostie nete,

Hayleynge theyre capytayne in chirckynge <sup>20</sup> wordes

Kynge of the lande, whereon theie set theyre fete.

The greete kynge Brutus thanne theie dyd hym  
greete, 25

Prepared for battle, mareschalled the fyghte ;

<sup>11</sup> Ridges, rising waves. <sup>12</sup>, <sup>13</sup> unknown tremour. <sup>14</sup> fastened,  
chained, congealed. <sup>15</sup> boundeth. <sup>16</sup> swelling. <sup>17</sup> armed. <sup>18</sup> com-  
panions. <sup>19</sup> livid. <sup>20</sup> a confused noise.

198 ENGLYSH METAMORPHOSIS:

Theie urg'd the warre, the natyves fledde, as flete  
 As fleaynge cloudes that fwymme before the syghte;  
 Tyll tyred with battles, for to ceese the fraie,  
 Theie uncted <sup>21</sup> Brutus kynge, and gave the Trojanns  
 fwaie. 30

Twayne of twelve years han lemed <sup>22</sup> up the myndes,  
 Leggende <sup>23</sup> the saluage unthewes <sup>24</sup> of their breste,  
 Improved in mysterk <sup>25</sup> warre, and lymmed <sup>26</sup> theyre  
 kyndes,

Whenne Brute from Brutons sonke to æterne reste.  
 Eftsoons the gentle Locryne was posselt 35  
 Of fwaie, and vested yn the paramente <sup>27</sup>;  
 Halceld <sup>28</sup> the bykrous <sup>29</sup> Huns, who dyd infeste  
 Hys wakeynge kyngdom wyth a foule intente;  
 As hys broade fwerde oer Homberres heade was  
 honge,  
 He tourned toe ryver wyde, and roarynge rolled  
 alonge. 40

He wedded Gendolyne of roical fede,  
 Upon whose countenance rodde healthe was spreade;

<sup>21</sup> Anointed. <sup>22</sup> enlightened. <sup>23</sup> alloyed. <sup>24</sup> savage barbarity.  
<sup>25</sup> mystic. <sup>26</sup> polished. <sup>27</sup> a princely robe. <sup>28</sup> defeated. <sup>29</sup> warring.

I

Bloufhing,

Bloufshing, alyche <sup>30</sup> the scarlette of herr wede,  
 She sonke to pleasaunce on the marryage bedde.  
 Eftsoons her peatefull joie of mynde was fledde ; 45  
 Elstrid ametten with the kynge Locryne ;  
 Unnumbered beauties were upon her shedde,  
 Moche fyne, moche fayrer thanne was Gendolyne ;  
 The mornynge tyng, the rose, the lillie floure,  
 In ever ronneyng race on her dyd peyncte theyre  
 powere. 50

The gentle fuyte of Locryne gayned her love ;  
 Theie lyved soft momentes to a swotie <sup>31</sup> age ;  
 Est <sup>32</sup> wandringe yn the coppinge, delle, and grove,  
 Where ne one eyne mote theyre disporte engage ;  
 There dydde theie tell the merrie lovyng fage <sup>33</sup>, 55  
 Croppe the prymrosen floure to decke theyre headde ;  
 The feerie Gendolyne yn woman rage  
 Gemoted <sup>34</sup> warriours to bewrecke <sup>35</sup> her bedde ;  
 Theie rose ; ynne battle was greete Locryne fleene ;  
 The faire Elstrida fledde from the enchasid <sup>36</sup> queene. 60

<sup>30</sup> Like. <sup>31</sup> sweet. <sup>32</sup> oft. <sup>33</sup> a tale. <sup>34</sup> assembled. <sup>35</sup> re-  
 venge. <sup>36</sup> heated, enraged.

A tye of love, a dawter fayre she hanne,  
 Whose boddeynge morneyng shewed a fayre daie,  
 Her fadre Locrynne, once an hailie manne.  
 Wyth the fayre dawterre dydde she haste awaie,  
 To where the Western mittee <sup>37</sup> pyles of claie 65  
 Arise ynto the cloudes, and doe them beere ;  
 There dyd Elstrida and Sabryna staie ;  
 The fyrste tryckde out a whyle yn warryours gratch <sup>8</sup>  
 and gear ;

Vyncente was she ycleped, butte fulle soone fate  
 Sente deathe, to telle the dame, she was notte yn re-  
 grate <sup>9</sup>. 70

The queene Gendolyne sente a gyaunte knyghte,  
 Whose doughtie heade swepte the emmertleyng <sup>40</sup>  
 skies,  
 To flea her wheresoever she shulde be pyghte <sup>41</sup>,  
 Eke everychone who shulde her ele <sup>42</sup> emprize <sup>43</sup>.  
 Swepte as the roareynge wyndes the gyaunte flies, 75  
 Stayde the loude wyndes, and shaded reaulmes yn  
 nyghte,

<sup>37</sup> Mighty. <sup>38</sup> apparel. <sup>39</sup> esteem, favour. <sup>40</sup> glittering. <sup>41</sup> set-  
 tled. <sup>42</sup> help. <sup>43</sup> adventure.

Stepte

Stepte over cytties, on meint <sup>44</sup> acres lies,  
 Meeteynge the herehaughtes of morneynge lighte;  
 Tyll mooveynge to the Weste, myschaunce hys gye <sup>45</sup>,  
 He thorowe warriours gratch fayre Elstrid did espie. 80

He tore a ragged mountayne from the grounde,  
 Harried <sup>46</sup> uppe noddynge forrests to the skie,  
 Thanne wythe a fuirie, mote the erthe astounde <sup>47</sup>,  
 To meddle ayre he lette the mountayne flie.  
 The flying wolfynnes sente a yelleyng crie; 85  
 Onæ Vyncente and Sabryna felle the mount;  
 To lyve æternalle dyd theie estfoones die;  
 Thorowe the sandie grave boiled up the purple  
 founte,  
 On a broade grassie playne was layde the hylle,  
 Staieynge the rounynge course of meint a limmed <sup>48</sup>  
 rylle. 90

The goddes, who kenned the adyons of the wyghte,  
 To leggen <sup>49</sup> the sadde happe of twayne so fayre,  
 Houton <sup>50</sup> dyd make the mountaine bie theire mighte.  
 Forth from Sabryna ran a ryverre cleere,

<sup>44</sup> Many. <sup>45</sup> guide. <sup>46</sup> tost. <sup>47</sup> astonish. <sup>48</sup> glassy, reflecting.  
<sup>49</sup> lessen, alloy. <sup>50</sup> hollow.

Roarynge

Roarynge and rolleynge on yn course bysmare<sup>51</sup>; 95  
 From female Vyncente shotte a ridge of stones,  
 Eche syde the ryver rysynge heavenwere;  
 Sabrynas floode was helde ynnne Elstryds bones.  
 So are theie cleped; gentle and the hynde  
 Can telle, that Severnes streeme bie Vyncentes rocke's  
 ywrynde<sup>52</sup>. 100

The bawfyn<sup>53</sup> gyaunt, hee who dyd them flee,  
 To telle Gendolyne quycklie was ysped<sup>54</sup>;  
 Whanne, as he strod alonge the shakeynge lee,  
 The roddie levynne<sup>55</sup> glesterd on hys headde:  
 Into hys hearte the azure vapoures spreade; 105  
 He wrythde arounde yn drearie dernie<sup>56</sup> payne;  
 Whanne from his lyfe-bloode the rodde lemes<sup>57</sup> were  
 fed,  
 He felle an hepe of ashes on the playne:  
 Stylee does hys ashes shoote ynto the lyghte,  
 A wondrous mountayne hie, and Snowdon ys ytte  
 hyghte. 110

<sup>51</sup> Bewildered, curious. <sup>52</sup> hid, covered. <sup>53</sup> huge, bulky. <sup>54</sup> dispatched. <sup>55</sup> red lightning. <sup>56</sup> cruel. <sup>57</sup> flames, rays.

F I N I S.

AN

AN EXCELENTE BALADE  
OF CHARITIE:

As wroten bie the gode Prieste THOMAS ROWLEY',

1464.

IN Virgyne the sweltrie fun gan sheene,  
And hotte upon the mees<sup>a</sup> did caste his raie;  
The apple rodded<sup>b</sup> from its palie greene,  
And the mole<sup>c</sup> peare did bende the leasy spraie;  
The peede chelandri<sup>d</sup> funge the livelong daie; 5  
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,  
And eke the grounde was dighte<sup>e</sup> in its mose deste<sup>f</sup>  
aunmere<sup>g</sup>.

The fun was glemeing in the midde of daie,  
Deade still the aire, and eke the welken<sup>9</sup> blue,

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Mal-reward in Somersfethshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna at Keynefham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire. <sup>2</sup> meads. <sup>3</sup> reddened, ripened. <sup>4</sup> soft. <sup>5</sup> pied goldfinch. <sup>6</sup> drest, arrayed. <sup>7</sup> neat, ornamental. <sup>8</sup> a loose robe or mantle. <sup>9</sup> the sky, the atmosphere.

## When

204 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

When from the sea aris<sup>10</sup> in drear arraie 10  
 A hepe of cloudes of fable fullen hue,  
 The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,  
 Hiltring<sup>11</sup> attenes<sup>12</sup> the sunnis fetive<sup>13</sup> face,  
 And the blacke tempeste swolne and gathered up apace.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie fide, 15  
 Which dide unto Seyncte Godwine's covent<sup>14</sup> lede,  
 A haples pilgrim moneynge did abide,  
 Pore in his viewe, ungentle<sup>15</sup> in his weede,  
 Longe bretful<sup>16</sup> of the miseries of neede,  
 Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer<sup>17</sup> flie? 20  
 He had no housen there, ne anie covent nie.

Look in his glommed<sup>18</sup> face, his sprighte there scanne;  
 Howe woe-be-gone, how withered, forwynd<sup>19</sup>, deade!

<sup>10</sup> Arose. <sup>11</sup> hiding, shrouding. <sup>12</sup> at once. <sup>13</sup> beauteous. <sup>14</sup> It would have been *charitable*, if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. <sup>15</sup> beggarly. <sup>16</sup> filled with. <sup>17</sup> beggar. <sup>18</sup> clouded, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's Manuscripts. *Glum-mong* in the Saxon signifies twilight, a dark or dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*. <sup>19</sup> dry, sapless.

Haste



Haste to thie church-glebe-houſe <sup>20</sup>, aſhrewed <sup>21</sup>  
manne !

Haste to thie kiſte <sup>22</sup>, thie onlie dortoure <sup>23</sup> bedde. <sup>25</sup>

Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,

Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves ;

Knightis and Barons live for pleaſure and themſelves.

The gatherd ſtorme is rype ; the bigge drops falle ;

The forſwat <sup>24</sup> meadowes ſmethe <sup>25</sup>, and drenche <sup>26</sup> the  
raine ; 30

The comyng ghafteſſe do the cattle pall <sup>27</sup>,

And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine ;

Dafſde from the cloudes the waters flott <sup>28</sup> againe ;

The welkin opes ; the yellow levynne <sup>29</sup> flies ;

And the hot fierie ſmothe <sup>30</sup> in the wide lowings <sup>31</sup>  
dies. 35

Liſte ! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge <sup>32</sup> ſound

Cheves <sup>33</sup> ſlowlie on, and then embollen <sup>34</sup> clangs,

<sup>20</sup> The grave. <sup>21</sup> accuſed, unfortunate. <sup>22</sup> coffin. <sup>23</sup> a ſleep-  
ing room. <sup>24</sup> ſun-burnt. <sup>25</sup> ſmoke. <sup>26</sup> drink. <sup>27</sup> *pall*, a contrac-  
tion from *appall*, to fright. <sup>28</sup> fly. <sup>29</sup> lightning. <sup>30</sup> ſteam, or va-  
pours. <sup>31</sup> flames. <sup>32</sup> noiſy. <sup>33</sup> moves. <sup>34</sup> ſwelled, ſtrength-  
ened.

o6 AN EXCELENTE BALADE

Shakes the hie spyre, and lofft, dispended, drown'd,  
 Still on the gallard <sup>35</sup> care of terroure hanges;  
 The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges; 40  
 Again the levynne and the thunder poures,  
 And the full cloudes are braste <sup>36</sup> attenes in stonen  
 showers.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,  
 The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;  
 His chapournette <sup>37</sup> was drented with the reine, 45  
 And his pencte <sup>38</sup> gyrdle met with mickle shame;  
 He aynewarde tolde his bederoll <sup>39</sup> at the same;  
 The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,  
 With the mist <sup>40</sup> almes craver neere to the holme to  
 bide.

His cope <sup>41</sup> was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne, 50  
 With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;  
 His autremete <sup>42</sup> was edged with golden twynne,

<sup>35</sup> Frighted. <sup>36</sup> burst. <sup>37</sup> a small round hat, not unlike the  
 shapournette in heraldry, formerly worn by Ecclesiastics and Lawyers.  
<sup>38</sup> painted. <sup>39</sup> He told his beads backwards; a figurative expression  
 to signify cursing. <sup>40</sup> poor, needy. <sup>41</sup> a cloke. <sup>42</sup> a loose white  
 robe, worn by Priests.

And

And his shoone pyke a loverds <sup>43</sup> mighte have binne;  
 Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:  
 The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte, 55  
 For the horse-millanare <sup>44</sup> his head with roses dighte.

An almes, fir prieste! the droppynge pilgrim faide,  
 O! let me waite within your covente dore,  
 Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,  
 And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer; 60  
 Helplefs and ould am I alas! and poor;  
 No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;  
 All yatte I call my owne is this my silver crouche.

Varlet, replyd the Abbatte, cease your dinne;  
 This is no feason almes and prayers to give; 65  
 Mie porter never lets a faitour <sup>45</sup> in;  
 None touch mie rynges who not in honour live.  
 And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did  
 stryve,  
 And shettyng on the grounde his glairie raie,  
 The Abbatte spurrd his steede, and estfoones roade  
 awaic. 70

<sup>43</sup> A lord. <sup>44</sup> I believe this trade is still in being, though but seldom employed. <sup>45</sup> a beggar, or vagabond.

Once

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;  
 Faste reyneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;  
 Ne dighte full proude, ne buttoned up in golde;  
 His cope and jape <sup>46</sup> were graie, and eke were clene;  
 A Limitoure he was of order seene; 75  
 And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,  
 Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

An almes, fir priest! the droppynge pilgrim fayde,  
 For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake.  
 The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,  
 And did thereoute a groate of silver take;  
 The mister pilgrim dyd for halline <sup>47</sup> shake.  
 Here take this silver, it maie eathe <sup>48</sup> thie care;  
 We are Goddes stewards all, nete <sup>49</sup> of oure owne we  
 bare.

But ah! unhailie <sup>50</sup> pilgrim, lerne of me,  
 Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.  
 Here take my semecope <sup>51</sup>, thou arte bare I fee;

<sup>46</sup> A short surplice, worn by Friars of an inferior class, and secular priests. <sup>47</sup> joy. <sup>48</sup> ease. <sup>49</sup> nought. <sup>50</sup> unhappy. <sup>51</sup> a short under-cloke.

'Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde.

He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.

Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who fitte yn gloure<sup>s</sup>,

Or give the mittee<sup>s</sup> will, or give the gode man power.

<sup>s</sup> Glory.

<sup>s</sup> mighty, rich.

P

BATTLE

## BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[N<sup>o</sup> 1.]

**O** CHRYSTE, it is a grief for me to telle,  
 How manie a nobil erle and valrous knyghte  
 In fyghtyng for Kynge Harrold noblie fell,  
 Al fleyne in Hastyngs feeld in bloudie fyghte.  
 O sea! our teeming donore han thy floude, 5  
 Han anie fructuous entendement,  
 Thou wouldst have rose and sank wyth tydes of bloude,  
 Before Duke Wyllyam's knyghts han hither went;  
 Whose cowart arrows manie erles fleyne,  
 And brued the feeld wyth bloude as season rayne. 10

And of his knyghtes did eke full manie die,  
 All passyng hie, of mickle myghte echone,  
 Whose poygnant arrowes, typp'd with destynie,  
 Caus'd manie wydowes to make myckle mone.

Lordynges,

Lordynges, auaunt, that chycken-harted are, 15  
 - From out of hearynge quicklie now departe ;  
 Full well I wote, to fynge of bloudie warre  
 Will greeve your tenderlie and mayden harte.  
 Go, do the weaklie womman inn mann's geare,  
 And fcond your manfion if grymm war come there. 20

Soone as the erlie maten belle was tolde,  
 And fonne was come to byd us all good daie,  
 Bothe armies on the feeld, both brave and bolde,  
 Prepar'd for fyghte in champion arraie.  
 As when two bulles, deftynde for Hocktide fyghte, 25  
 Are yoked bie the necke within a sparre,  
 Theie rend the erthe, and travellyrs affryghte,  
 Lackynge to gage the sportive bloudie warre ;  
 Soe lacked Harroldes menne to come to blowes,  
 The Normans lacked for to wielde their bowes. 30

Kynge Harrolde turnynge to hys leegemen fpake ;  
 My merrie men, be not caſte downe in mynde ;  
 Your onlie lode for aye to mar or make,  
 Before yon funne has donde his welke, you'll fynde.  
 Your lovyng wife, who erſt dyd rid the londe 35  
 Of Lurdanes, and the treafure that you han,

212      BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Wyll falle into the Normanne robber's honde,  
 Unlesse with honde and harte you plaie the manne.

Cheer up youre hartes, chafe sorrowe farre awaie,  
 Godde and Seynſte Cuthbert be the worde to daie. 40

And thenne Duke Wylliam to his knyghtes did faie;  
 My merrie menne, be bravelie everiche;  
 Gif I do gayn the honore of the daie,  
 Ech one of you I will make myckle riche.

Beer you in mynde, we for a kyngdomm fyghte; 45  
 Lordshippes and honores echone shall possesse;  
 Be this the worde to daie, God and my Ryghte;  
 Ne doubte but God will oure true cause blesse.

The clarions then founded sharpe and shrille;  
 Deathdoeynge blades were out intent to kille. 50

And brave Kyng Harrolde had nowe donde hys faie;  
 He threwe wythe myghte amayne hys shorte horſeſpear,  
 The noiſe it made the duke to turn awaie,  
 And hytt his knyghte, de Beque, upon the ear.  
 His criſtede beaver dyd him ſmalle abounde; 55  
 The cruel ſpear went thorough all his hede;  
 The purpel bloude came gouſhyng to the grounde,  
 And at Duke Wylliam's feet he tumbled deade:

So



# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 213

So fell the myghtie tower of Standrip, whenne  
It felte the furie of the Danish menne. 60

O Afflem, son of Cuthbert, holie Sayncte,  
Come ayde thy freend, and shewe Duke Wyllyams payne;  
Take up thy pencyl, all hys features paincte;  
Thy coloryng excells a synger strayne.

Duke Wyllyam sawe, hys freende sleyn piteouslie, 65  
His lovyng freende whome he muche honored,  
For he han lov'd hym from puerilitie,  
And theie together bothe han bin ybred:

O! in Duke Wyllyam's harte it rayfde a flame,  
To whiche the rage of empty wolves is tame. 70

He tooke a brafen crosse-bowe in his honde,  
And drewe it harde with all hys myghte amein,  
Ne doubtyng but the bravest in the londe  
Han by his foundyng arrowe-lede bene sleyn.  
Alured's stede, the fynest stede alive, 75  
Bye comelie forme knowlached from the rest;  
But now he destind howre dyd aryve,  
The arrowe hyt upon his milkwhite breste:

So have I seen a ladie-smock foe white,  
Blown in the mornynge, and mowd downe at night. 80

## 214 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

With thilk a force it dyd his bodie gore,  
 That in his tender guttes it entered,  
 In veritee a fulle clothe yarde or more,  
 And downe with flaiten noyse he sunken dede.  
 Brave Alured, benethe his faithfull horse, 85  
 Was smeerd all over withe the gorie duste,  
 And on hym laie the recer's lukewarme corse,  
 That Alured coude not hymself aluste.

The standyng Normans drew theyr bowe echone,  
 And broght full manie Englysh champyons downe. 90

The Normans kept aloofe, at distaunce styлле,  
 The Englysh nete but short horse-spears could welde;  
 The Englysh manie dethe-fure dartes did kille,  
 And manie arrowes twang'd upon the sheelde.  
 Kynge Haroldes knyghts desir'de for hendie stroke, 95  
 And marched furious o'er the bloudie pleyne,  
 In bodie close, and made the pleyne to smoke;  
 Their sheelds rebounded arrowes back agayne.

The Normans stode aloofe, nor hede the fame,  
 Their arrowes woulde do dethe, tho' from far of they  
 came, 100

Duke

Duke Wyllyam drewe agen hys arrowe stryngge,  
 An arrowe withe a sylver-hede drewe he;  
 The arrowe dauncyng in the ayre dyd synge,  
 And hytt the horse Tosselyn on the knee.  
 At this brave Tosslyn threwe his short horse-speare; 105  
 Duke Wyllyam stooped to avoyde the blowe;  
 The yrone weapon hummed in his eare,  
 And hitte Sir Doullie Naibor on the prow:  
 Upon his helme soe furious was the stroke,  
 It splete his bever, and the ryvets broke. 110

Downe fell the beaver by Tosslyn splete in tweine,  
 And onn his hede expos'd a punie wounde,  
 But on Destoutvilles sholder came ameine,  
 And fell'd the champyon to the bloudie grounde.  
 Then Doullie myghte his bowestryngge drewe, 115  
 Enthoughte to gyve brave Tosslyn bloudie wounde,  
 But Harolde's asenglave stopp'd it as it flewe,  
 And it fell bootles on the bloudie grounde,  
 Siere Doullie, when he sawe hys venge thus broke,  
 Death-doyngge blade from out the scabard toke. 120

And now the battail cloyde on everych fyde,  
 And face to face appeard the knyghts full brave;

P 4

They

## 216 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

They lifted up their bylles with myckle pryde,  
 And manie woundes unto the Normans gave.  
 So have I fene two weirs at once give grounde, 125  
 White fomyng hygh to rorynge combat runne;  
 In roaryng dyn and heaven-breaking founde,  
 Burste waves on waves, and spangle in the sunne;  
 And when their myghte in burstyng waves is fled,  
 Like cowards, stele alonge their ozy bede. 130

Yonge Egelrede, a knyghte of comellie mien,  
 Affynd unto the kynge of Dynefarre,  
 At echone tylte and tourney he was seene,  
 And lov'd to be amonge the bloudie warre;  
 He couch'd hys launce, and ran wyth mickle myghte 135  
 Ageynste the brest of Sieur de Bonoboe;  
 He grond and funken on the place of fyghte,  
 O Chryste! to fele his wounde, his harte was woe.  
 Ten thousand thoughtes push'd in upon his mynde,  
 Not for hymselfe, but those he left behynde. 140

He dy'd and leffed wyfe and chyl dren tweine,  
 Whom he wyth cheryshment did dearlie love;  
 In Englande's court, in goode Kynge Edward's regne,  
 He wonne the tylte, and ware her crymson glove;  
 And

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 217

And thence unto the place where he was borne, 145  
 Together with hys welthe & better wyfe,  
 To Normandie he dyd perdie returne,  
 In peace and quietnesse to lead his lyfe;  
 And now with sovrayn Wylliam he came,  
 To die in battel, or get welthe and fame. 150

Then, swefte as lyghtnynge, Egelredus set  
 Agaynst du Barlie of the mounten head;  
 In his dere hartes bloude his longe launce was wett,  
 And from his courser down he tumbled dede.  
 So have I sene a mountayne oak, that longe 155  
 Has caste his shadowe to the mountayne syde,  
 Brave all the wyndes, tho' ever they so stronge,  
 And view the briers belowe with self-taught pride;  
 But, whan throwne downe by mightie thunder stroke,  
 He'de rather bee a bryer than an oke. 160

Then Egelred dyd in a declynie  
 Hys launce uprere with all hys myghte ameine,  
 And strok Fitzport upon the dexter eye,  
 And at his pole the spear came out agayne.  
 Butt as he drewe it forthe, an arrowe fledde 165  
 Wyth mickle myght sent from de Tracy's bowe,  
 And

218 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

And at hys syde the arrowe entered,  
 And oute the crymson streame of bloude gan flowe;  
 In purple strekes it dyd his armer staine,  
 And smok'd in puddles on the dustie plaine. 170

But Egelred, before he funken downe,  
 With all his myghte amein his spear besped,  
 It hytte Bertrammil Manne upon the crowne,  
 And bothe together quicklie funken dede,  
 So have I seen a rocke o'er others hange, 175  
 Who stronglie plac'd laughde at his slippry state,  
 But when he falls with heaven-peercynge bange  
 That he the sleeve unravels all theire fate,  
 And broken onn the beech thys lesson speak,  
 The stronge and firme should not defame the weake. 180

Howel ap Jevah came from Matraval,  
 Where he by chaunce han slayne a noble's son,  
 And now was come to fyghte at Harold's call,  
 And in the battel he much goode han done;  
 Unto Kyng Harold he foughte mickle near, 185  
 For he was yeoman of the bodie guard;  
 And with a targyt and a fyghtyng spear,  
 He of his boddie han kepte watch and ward:

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 219

True as a shadow to a substant thyng,  
So true he guarded Harold hys good kynge. 190

But when Egelred tumbled to the ground,  
He from Kynge Harolde quicklie dyd advaunce,  
And strooke de Tracie thilk a crewel wounde,  
Hys harte and lever came out on the launce.  
And then retreted for to garde his kynge, 195  
On dented launce he bore the harte awaie;  
An arrowe came from Auffroie Griel's stryng,  
Into hys heele betwyxt hys yron staie;  
The grey-goose pynion, that thereon was sett,  
Eftsoons wyth smokyng crymson bloud was wett. 200

His bloude at this was waxen flaminge hotte,  
Without adoe he turned once agayne,  
And hytt de Griel thilk a blowe, God wote,  
Maugre hys helme, he splete his hede in twayne.  
This Auffroie was a manne of mickle pryde, 205  
Whose featliest bewty ladden in his face;  
His chaunce in warr he ne before han tryde,  
But lvy'd in love and Rosaline's embrace;  
And like a useles weede amonge the haie  
Amonge the fleine warriours Griel laie. 210  
Kynge





# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 221

Fitz Salnarville, Duke William's favourite knyghte,  
 To noble Edelwarde his life dyd yelde;  
 Withe hys tylte launce hee stroke with thilk a myghte,  
 The Norman's bowels steemde upon the 'feeld.  
 Old Salnarville beheld hys son lie ded, 235  
 Against Erle Edelward his bowe-strynge drewe;  
 But Harold at one blowe made tweine his head;  
 He dy'd before the poignant arrowe flew.  
     So was the hope of all the issue gone,  
     And in one battle fell the fire and son. 240

De Aubignee rod fercely thro' the fyghte,  
 To where the boddie of Salnarville laie;  
 Quod he; And art thou ded, thou manne of myghte?  
 I'll be revengd, or die for thee this daie.  
 Die then thou shalt, Erle Ethelwarde he said; 245  
 I am a cunnyng erle, and that can tell;  
 Then drewe hys swerde, and ghaftlie cut hys hede,  
 And on his freend eftsoons he lifeless fell,  
     Stretch'd on the bloudie pleyne; great God forefend,  
     It be the fate of no such trustie freende! 250

Then Egwin Sieur Pikeny did atraque;  
 He turned aboute and vilely souted fle;

But

222      BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

But Egwyn cutt so deepe into his backe,  
 He rolled on the ground and soon dyd die.  
 His distant sonne, Sire Romara de Biere,  
 Soughte to revenge his fallen kynsman's lote,  
 But soone Erle Cuthbert's dented fyghtyng spear  
 Stucke in his harte, and stayd his speed, God wote.  
 He tumbled downe close by hys kynsman's syde,  
 Myngle their stremes of purple bloude, and dy'd. 260

And now an arrowe from a bowe unwote  
 Into Erle Cuthbert's harte eftsoons dyd flee;  
 Who dying sayd; ah me! how hard my lote!  
 Now slayne, mayhap, of one of lowe degree.  
 So have I seen a leafie elm of yore 265  
 Have been the pride and glorie of the pleine;  
 But, when the spendyng landlord is growne poore,  
 It falls benethe the axe of some rude sweine;  
 And like the oke, the sovran of the woode,  
 It's fallen boddie tells you how it stoode. 270

When Edelward perceevd Erle Cuthbert die,  
 On Hubert strongest of the Normanne crewe,  
 As wolfs when hungred on the cattel fle,  
 So Edelward amaine upon him flewe.

With

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 223

With thilk a force he hyt hym to the ground; 275

And was demasing howe to take his life,

When he behynde received a ghastlie wounde

Gyven by de Torcie, 'with a stabbyng knyfe;

Bafe trecherous Normannes, if such actes you doe,

The conquer'd maie clame victorie of you. 280

The erlie felt de Torcie's trecherous knyfe

Han made his crymson bloude and spirits floe;

And knowlachyng he soon must quyt this lyfe,

Resolved Hubert should too with hym goe.

He held hys trustie sward against his breste, 285

And down he fell, and peerc'd him to the harte;

And both together then did take their reste,

Their soules from corpses unaknell'd depart;

And both together foughte the unknown shore,

Where we shall goe, where manie's gon before. 290

Kynge Harolde Torcie's trechery dyd spie,

And hie alofe his temper'd swerde dyd welde,

Cut offe his arme, and made the bloude to flie,

His prooffe steel armoure did him littel sheelde;

And not contente, he splete his hede in twaine, 295

And down he tumbled on the bloudie ground;

Mean

224      **BATTLE OF HASTINGS.**

Mean while the other erlies on the playne  
 Gave and received manie a bloudie wounde,  
     Such as the arts in warre han learnt with care,  
     But manie knyghtes were men in women's geer. 300

Herrewald, borne on Sarim's spreddyng plaine,  
 Where Thor's fam'd temple manie ages stoode ;  
 Where Druids, auncient preefts, did ryghtes ordaine,  
 And in the middle shed the victyms bloude ;  
 Where auncient Bardi dyd their verses synge 305  
 Of Cæsar conquer'd, and his mighty hoste,  
 And how old Tynyan, necromancing kynge,  
 Wreck'd all hys shyppying on the Brittifh coaste,  
     And made hym in his tatter'd barks to flie,  
     'Till Tynyan's dethe and opportunity. 310

To make it more renomèd than before,  
 (I, tho a Saxon, yet the truthe will telle)  
 The Saxannes steynd the place wyth Brittifh gore,  
 Where nete but bloud of sacrifices felle.  
 Tho' Chryftians, styllè they thoghte mouche of the  
     pile, 315  
 And here theie mett when causes dyd it neede ;  
     'Twas

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 225

'Twas here the auncient Elders of the Isle  
 Dyd by the trecherie of Hengist bleede ;  
 O Hengist ! han thy cause bin good and true,  
 Thou wouldst such murderous acts as these eschew. 320

The erlie was a manne of hie degree,  
 And han that daie full manie Normannes sleine ;  
 Three Norman Champyons of hie degree  
 He leste to smoke upon the bloudie pleine :  
 The Sier Fitzbotevilleine did then advaunce, 325  
 And with his bowe he smote the erlies hede ;  
 Who eftsoons gored hym with his tylying launce,  
 And at his horses feet he tumbled dede :  
 His partyng spirit hovered o'er the floude  
 Of soddayne roushyng mouche lov'd purple  
 bloude. 330

De Viponte then, a squier of low degree,  
 An arrowe drewe with all his myghte ameine ;  
 The arrowe graz'd upon the erlies knee,  
 A punie wounde, that causd but littel peine.  
 So have I scene a Dolthead place a stone, 335  
 Enthoghte to staie a driving rivers course ;

Q

But

226      **BATTLE OF HASTINGS.**

But better han it bin to lett alone,  
 It onlie drives it on with mickle force;  
     The erlie, wounded by so base a hynde,  
     Rays'd furyous doyngs in his noble mynde.      340

The Siere Chatillion, yonger of that name,  
 Advauced next before the erlie's fyghte;  
 His fader was a manne of mickle fame,  
 And he renomde and valorous in fyghte.  
 Chatillion his trustie swerd forth drewe,      345  
 The erle drawes his, menne both of mickle myghte;  
 And at eche other vengoullie they flewe,  
 As mastie dogs at Hocktide set to fyghte;  
     Bothe scornd to ycelde, and bothe abhor'de to fle,  
     Resolv'd to vanquishe, or resolv'd to die.      350

Chatillion hyt the erlie on the hede,  
 Thatt splytte eftsoons his cristed helm in twayne;  
 Whiche he perforce withe target covered,  
 And to the battel went with myghte ameine.  
 The erlie hytte Chatillion thilke a blowe      355  
 Upon his breste, his harte was plein to see;  
 He tumbled at the horses feet alsoe,  
 And in dethe panges he seez'd the recer's knee:  
     Faste

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 227

Faste as the ivy rounde the oke doth clymbe,  
So faste he dying gryp'd the recer's lymbe. 360

The recer then beganne to flynge and kicke,  
And toste the erlie farr off to the grounde;  
The erlie's squier then a swerde did sticke  
Into his harte, a dedlie ghastlie wounde;  
And downe he felle upon the crymson pleine, 365  
Upon Chatillion's soules corse of claie;  
A puddie streame of bloude flow'd oute ameine;  
Stretch'd out at length besmer'd with gore he laie;  
As some tall oke fell'd from the greenie plaine,  
To live a second time upon the main. 370

The erlie nowe an horse and beaver han,  
And nowe agayne appered on the feeld;  
And manie a mickle knyghte and mightie manne  
To his dethe-doyng sward his life did yeeld;  
When Siere de Broque an arrowe longe lett flie, 375  
Intending Herewaldus to have sleyn;  
It mis'd; butt hytte Edardus on the eye,  
And at his pole came out with horrid payne.  
Edardus felle upon the bloudie grounde,  
His noble soule came roushyng from the wounde. 380

Q 2

Thys

Thys Herewald perceévd, and full of ire  
 He on the Siere de Broque with furie came ;  
 Quod he ; thou'ft slaughtred my beloved squier,  
 But I will be revenged for the fame.

Into his bowels then his launce he thruſte,      385  
 And drew thereout a ſteemie drerie lode ;  
 Quod he ; theſe offals are for ever curſt,  
 Shall ſerve the coughs, and rooks, and dawes, for foode,  
 Then on the pleine the ſteemie lode hee throwde,  
 Smokyng wyth lyfe, and dy'd with crymſon  
 bloude.      390

Fitz Broque, who ſaw his father killen lie,  
 Ah me ! ſayde he ; what woeful ſyghte I ſee !  
 But now I muſt do ſomethyng more than ſighe ;  
 And then an arrowe from the bowe drew he.  
 Beneth the erlie's navil came the darte ;      395  
 Fitz Broque on foote han drawne it from the bowe ;  
 And upwards went into the erlie's harte,  
 And out the crymſon ſtreme of bloude 'gan flowe.  
 As fromm a hatch, drawne with a vehement geir,  
 White ruſhe the burſtyng waves, and rear along the  
 weir.      400

The



# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 229

The erle with one honde grasped the recer's mayne,  
 And with the other he his launce besped;  
 And then felle bleedying on the bloudie plaine.  
 His launce it hytte Fitz Broque upon the hede;  
 Upon his hede it made a wounde full flyghte, 405  
 But peerc'd his shoulder, ghastlie wounde inferne,  
 Before his optics daunced a shade of nyghte,  
 Whyche soone were closed ynn a sleepe eterne.  
 The noble erlie than, withote a grone,  
 Took flyghte, to fynde the regyons unknowne. 410

Brave Alured from binethe his noble horse  
 Was gotten on his leggs, with bloude all smore;  
 And now eletten on another horse,  
 Eftsoons he withe his launce did manie gore.  
 The cownt Norman knyghtes before hym fledde, 415  
 And from a distaunce sent their arrowes keene;  
 But noe such destinie awaits his hedde,  
 As to be fleyen by a wighte so meene.  
 Tho oft the oke falls by the villen's shock,  
 Tys moe than hyndes can do, to move the rock. 420

Q 3

Upon

Upon du Chatelet he ferselie sett,  
And peerc'd his bodie with a force full grete ;  
The asenglave of his tylt-launce was wett,  
The rolynge bloude alonge the launce did fleet.  
Advauncynge, as a mastie at a bull, 425  
He rann his launce into Fitz Warren's harte ;  
From Partaies bowe, a wight unmercifull,  
Within his owne he felt a cruel darte ;  
Close by the Norman champions he han fleine,  
He fell ; and mixd his bloude with theirs upon the  
pleine. 430

Erle Ethelbert then hove, with clinie just,  
A launce, that stroke Partaie upon the thighe,  
And pinn'd him downe unto the gorie duste;  
Cruel, quod he, thou cruellie shalt die.  
With that his launce he enterd at his throte; 435  
He scritch'd and screem'd in melancholie mood;  
And at his backe eftsoons came out, God wote,  
And after it a crymson streame of bloude:  
In agonie and peine he there dyd lie,  
While life and dethe strove for the masterrie. 440

He gryped hard the bloudie murdring launce,  
 And in a grone he left this mortel lyfe.  
 Behynde the erlie Fiscampe did advaunce,  
 Bethoghte to kill him with a stabbynge knife;  
 But Egward, who perceevd his fowle intent, 445  
 Eftsoons his trustie swerde he forthwyth drewe,  
 And thilke a cruel blowe to Fiscampe sent,  
 That soule and bodie's bloude at one gate flewe.  
 Thilk deeds do all deserve, whose deeds so fowle  
 Will black theire earthlie name, if not their soule. 450

When lo! an arrowe from Walleris honde,  
 Winged with fate and dethe daunced alonge;  
 And flewe the noble flower of Powyslonde,  
 Howel ap Jevah, who yclepd the stronge.  
 Whan he the first mischaunce received han, 455  
 With horsemens haste he from the armie rodde;  
 And did repaire unto the cunnyng manne,  
 Who fange a charme, that dyd it mickle goode;  
 Then praid Seynste Cuthbert, and our holie Dame,  
 To blesse his labour, and to heal the same. 460

Q 4

Then

Then drewe the arrowe, and the wounde did seck,  
 And putt the teint of holie herbies on;  
 And putt a rowe of bloude-stones round his neck;  
 And then did say; go, champion, get agone.  
 And now was comynge Harrolde to defend, 465  
 And metten with Walleris cruel darte;  
 His sheelde of wolf-skinn did him not attend,  
 The arrow peered into his noble harte;  
 As some tall oke, hewn from the mountayne hed,  
 Falls to the pleine; so fell the warrior dede. 479

His countryman, brave Mervyn ap Teudor,  
 Who love of hym han from his country gone,  
 When he perceevd his friend lie in his gore,  
 As furious as a mountayne wolf he ranne.  
 As ouphant faeries, whan the moone sheenes bryghte, 475  
 In littel circles daunce upon the greene,  
 All living creatures fle far from their syghte,  
 Ne by the race of destinie be seen;  
 For what he be that ouphant faeries stryke,  
 Their foules will wander to Kyng Offa's dyke. 489

So from the face of Mervyn Tewdor brave  
 The Normans eftsoons fled awaie aghaste;

And

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 233

And lefte behynde their bowe and afenglave,  
For fear of hym, in thilk a coward hafte.  
His garb fufficient were to move affryghte; 485  
A wolf skin girded round his myddle was;  
A bear skyn, from Norwegians wan in fyghte,  
Was tytend round his fhoulders by the claws:  
So Hercules, 'tis funge, much like to him,  
Upon his fhoulder wore a lyon's skin. 490

Upon his thyghes and harte-fweftē legges he wore  
A hugie goat skyn, all of one grete peice;  
A boar skyn sheelde on his bare armes he bore;  
His gauntletts were the skynn of harte of greece.  
They fledde; he followed close upon their heels, 495  
Vowynge vengeance for his deare countrymanne;  
And Siere de Sancelotte his vengeance feels;  
He peerc'd hys backe, and out the bloude ytt ranne.  
His bloude went downe the fwerde unto his arme,  
In springing rivulet, alive and warme. 500

His fwerde was shorte, and broade, and myckle keene,  
And no mann's bone could stonde to stoppe itt waie;  
The Normann's harte in partes two cutt cleane,  
He clos'd his eyne, and clos'd hys eyne for aie,  
Then

234 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then with his swerde he sett on Fitz du Valle, 505  
 A knyghte mouch famous for to runne at tylte;  
 With thilk a furie on hym he dyd falle,  
 Into his neck he ranne the swerde and hylte;  
 As myghtie lyghtenyng often has been founde,  
 To drive an oke into unfallow'd grounde. 510

And with the swerde, that in his neck yet stoke,  
 The Norman fell unto the bloudie grounde;  
 And with the fall ap Tewdore's swerde he broke,  
 And bloude afreshe came trickling from the wounde.  
 As whan the hyndes, before a mountayne wolfe, 515  
 Flie from his paws, and angrie vyfage grym;  
 But when he falls into the pittie golphe,  
 They dare hym to his bearde, and battone hym;  
 And cause he fryghted them so muche before,  
 Lyke cowart hyndes, they battone hym the more. 520

So, whan they sawe ap Tewdore was bereft  
 Of his keen swerde, thatt wroghte thilke great difmaie,  
 They turned about, eftsoons upon hym lept,  
 And full a score engaged in the fraie.  
 Mervyn ap Tewdore, ragyng as a bear, 525  
 Seiz'd on the beaver of the Sier de Laque;  
 And

## BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 235

And wring'd his hedde with, such a vehement gier,  
His visage was turned round unto his backe.

Backe to his harte retyr'd the useles gore,  
And felle upon the pleine to rise no more. 530

Then on the mightie Siere Fitz Pierce he flew,  
And broke his helm and seiz'd hym bie the throte :  
Then manie Normann knyghtes their arrowes drew,  
That enter'd into Mervyn's harte, God wote.  
In dying panges he gryp'd his throte more stronge, 535  
And from their sockets started out his eyes ;  
And from his mouthe came out his blameles tonge ;  
And bothe in peyne and anguishe eftsoon dies.  
As some rude rocke torne from his bed of claie,  
Stretch'd onn the pleyne the brave ap Tewdore  
laie. 540

And now Erle Ethelbert and Egward came  
Brave Mervyn from the Normannes to assist ;  
A myghtie fiere, Fitz Chatulet bie name,  
An arrowe drew, that dyd them littel list.  
Erle Egward points his launce at Chatulet, 545  
And Ethelbert at Walleris set his ;

And

## 236 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

And Egwald dyd the fiere a hard blowe hytt,  
But Ethelbert by a myschaunce dyd miss :

Fear laide Walleris flat upon the strande,  
He ne deserved a death from erlies hande. 550

Betwyxt the ribbes of Sire Fitz Chatelet  
The poynted launce of Egward did ypass ;  
The distaunt syde thereof was ruddie wet,  
And he fell breathless on the bloudie grass.

As cowart Walleris laie on the grounde, 555

The dreaded weapon hummed oer his heade,  
And hytt the squier thylke a lethal wounde,  
Upon his fallen lorde he tumbled dead ;

Oh shame to Norman armes ! a lord a slave,

A captyve villeyne than a lorde more brave ! 560

From Chatelet hys launce Erle Egward drew,

And hit Wallerie on the dexter cheek ;

Peerc'd to his braine, and cut his tongue in two :

There, knyght, quod he, let that thy actions speak—

\* \* \* \* \*

BATTLE



## BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

[Nº 2.]

**O**H Truth! immortal daughter of the skies,  
 Too lyttle known to wryters of these daies,  
 Teach me, fayre Sainctes! thy passynge worthe to  
 pryze,  
 To blame a friend and give a foeman prayse.  
 The fickle moone, bedeckt wythe sylver rays,      5  
 Leadyng a traine of starres of feeble lyghte,  
 With look adigne the worlde belowe surveies,  
 The world, that wotted not it could be nyghte;  
 Wyth armour dyd, with human gore ydeyd,  
 She sees Kynge Harolde stande, fayre Englands curse and  
 pryde.      10

With ale and vernage drunk his fouldiers lay;  
 Here was an hynde, anie an erlie spredde;

7

Sad

## 238 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Sad keepynge of their leaders natal daie !  
 This even in drinke, toomorrow with the dead !  
 Thro' everie troope disorder reer'd her hedde ; 15  
 Dancyng and heideignes was the onlie theme ;  
 Sad dome was theires, who lefte this easie bedde,  
 And wak'd in torments from so sweet a dream.  
 Duke Williams menne, of comeing dethe afraide,  
 All nyghte to the great Godde for succour askd and  
 praied. 20

Thus Harolde to his wites that stode arounde ;  
 Goe, Gyrthe and Eilward, take bills halfe a score,  
 And search how farre our foeman's campe doth  
 bound ;  
 Yourself have rede ; I nede to saie nie more.  
 My brother best belov'd of anie ore, 25  
 My Leofwinus, goe to everich wite,  
 Tell them to raunge the battel to the grore,  
 And waiten tyll I sende the heft for fyghte.  
 He faide ; the loieaul broders lefte the place,  
 Succes and cheerfulness depicte on ech face. 30

Slowelie brave Gyrthe and Eilwarde dyd advaunce,  
 And markd wyth care the armies dystant syde,

When

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 239

When the dyre clatterynge of the fhield and launce  
Made them to be by Hugh Fitzhugh espyd.

He lyfted up his voice, and lowdlie cryd ; 35

Like wolfs in wintere did the Normanne yell ;

Girthe drew hys fwerde, and cutte hys burled hyde ;

The proto-flene manne of the fiede he felle ;

Out freemd the bloude, and ran in smokynge curles,  
Reflected bie the moone feemd rubies mixt wyth  
pearles. 40

A troope of Normannes from the mafs-longe came,

Roufd from their praiera by the flotting crię ;

Thoughe Girthe and Ailwardus perceevd the fame,

Not once theie ftoode abafhd, or thoghte to fle.

He feizd a bill, to conquer or to die ; 45

Fierce as a clevis from a rocke ytorne,

That makes a vallis wherefoe're it lie ;

\* Fierce as a ryver burftynge from the borne ;

So fiercelie Gyrthe litte Fitz du Gore a blowe,

And on the verdaunt playne he layde the champyone  
lowe. 50

\* In Turgott's tyme Holenwell brafte of erthe fo fierce that it threw  
a ftone-mell carrying the fame awaie. J. Lydgate ne knowynge this  
lefte out o line.

Tancarville

## 240 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Tancarville thus; alle peace in Williams name;  
 Let none edraw his arcublafter bowe.  
 Gyrthe cas'd his weppone, as he hearde the same,  
 And vengynge Normannes staide the flynge floe.  
 The fire wente onne; ye menne, what mean ye for 55  
 Thus unprovokd to courte a bloudie fyghte?  
 Quod Gyrthe; oure meanyng we ne care to showe,  
 Nor dread thy duke wyth all his men of myghte;  
 Here fingle onlie these to all thie crewe  
 Shall shewe what Englysh handes and heartes can doe. 60

Seek not for bloude, Tancarville calme replyd,  
 Nor joie in dethe, lyke madmen most diftraught;  
 In peace and mercy is a Chrystians pryde;  
 He that dothe contestes pryze is in a faulte.  
 And now the news was to Duke William brought, 65  
 That men of Haroldes armie taken were;  
 For theyre good cheere all caties were enthoughte,  
 And Gyrthe and Eilwardus enjoi'd goode cheere.  
 Quod Willyam; thus shall Willyam be founde  
 A friend to everie manne that treads on Englysh  
 ground. 70

Erle

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 241

Erle Leofwinus throwghe the campe ypas'd,  
 And sawe bothe men and erlies on the ground;  
 They slepte, as thoughe they woulde have slepte theyr  
 last,

And hadd alreadie felte theyr fatale wounde.

He started backe, and was wyth shame astownd; 75

Loked wanne wyth anger, and he shooke wyth rage;  
 When throughe the hollow tentes these wordes dyd  
 found,

Rowse from your sleepe, detratours of the age!

Was it for thys the stoute Norwegian bledde?

Awake, ye huscarles, now, or waken wyth the dead. 80

As when the shepster in the shadie bowre

In jintle slumbers chafe the heat of daie,

Hears doublyng echoe wind the wolfin's rore,

That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a praie,

He tremblyng for his sheep drives dreeme awaie, 85

Gripes faste hys burled croke, and fore adradde

Wyth fleeting strides he hastens to the fraie,

And rage and prowes fyres the coistrell lad;

With trustie talbots to the battel flies,

And yell of men and dogs and wolfin's tear the skies. 90

R.

Such

142 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Such was the dire confusion of eche wite,  
 That rose from sleep and walsome power of wine;  
 Theie thoughte the foe by trechit yn the nyghte  
 Had broke theyr camp and gotten paste the line;  
 Now here now there the burnysht sheekles and byll-  
 spear shinte; 95  
 Throwote the campe a wild confusiome spredde;  
 Eche bracd hys armlace fiker ne desygne,  
 The crested helmet noddod on the hedde;  
 Some caught a slughorne, and an onfett wounde;  
 Kyng Harolde hearde the charge, and wondred at the  
 founde. 100

Thus Leofwine; O women cas'd in stele!  
 Was itte for thys Norwegia's stubborn fede  
 Throughe the black armoure dyd the anlace sele,  
 And rybbes of solid brasse were made to bleede!  
 Whylst yet the worlde was wondrynge at the  
 deede. 105  
 You souldiers, that shoulde stand with byll in hand,  
 Get full of wine, devoid of any rede.  
 Oh shame! oh dyre dishonoure to the lande!

He

He sayde; and shame on everie visage spredde,  
Ne sawe the erlies face, but addawd hung their head. 110

Thus he; rowze yee, and forme the boddie tyghte.  
The Kentysh menne in fronte, for strenght renownd;  
Next the Brystowans dare the bloudie fyghte,  
And last the numerous crewe shall presse the grounde.  
I and my king be wyth the Kenters founde; 115  
Bythric and Alfwold hedde the Brystowe bande;  
And Bertrams sonne, the man of glorious wounde,  
Lead in the rear the menged of the lande;  
And let the Londoners and Sufflers plie  
Bie Herewardes memuine and the lighte skyrts anie. 120

He saide; and as a packe of hounds besent,  
When that the trackyng of the hare is gone,  
If one perchaunce shall hit upon the scent,  
With twa redubbed fhuir the alans run;  
So styrrd the valiante Saxons everych one; 125  
Soone linked man to man the champyones stooode;  
To 'tone for their bewrate so soone 'twas done,  
And lyfted bylls enseem'd an yron woode;

R 2

Here

## 244 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Here glorious Alfwold tow'r'd above the wites,  
And seem'd to brave the furr of twa ten thousand  
fights. 130

Thus Leofwine; today will Englandes dome  
Be fyxt for aie, for gode or evill state;  
This sunnes aunture be felt for years to come;  
Then bravelie fyghte, and live till deathe of date.  
Thinke of brave Ælfridus, yclept the grete, 135  
From porte to porte the red-haired Dane he chaf'd,  
The Danes, with whomme not lyoncel's coud mate,  
Who made of peopled reaulms a barren waste;  
Thinke how at once by you Norwegia bled  
Whilste dethe and victorie for magystric bested. 140

Meanwhile did Gyrthe unto Kynge Harolde ride,  
And tolde howe he dyd with Duke Willyam fare.  
Brave Harolde lookd askaunte, and thus replyd;  
And can thie fay be bowght wyth drunken cheer?  
Gyrthe waxen hotte; fhuir in his eyne did glare; 145  
And thus he faide; oh brother, friend, and kynge,  
Have I deserved this fremed speche to heare?  
Bie Goddes hie hallidome ne thoughte the thyng.  
When



# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 245

When Toftus sent me golde and sylver store,  
 I scorn'd hys present vile, and scorn'd hys treason  
 more. 160

Forgive me, Gyrthe, the brave Kynge Harolde cryd;  
 Who can I trust, if brothers are not true?  
 Ithink of Toftus, once my joie and pryde.  
 Girth the faide, with looke adigne; my lord, I doe.  
 But what oure foemen are, quod Girth, I'll shewe; 165  
 By Gods hie hallidome they preestes are.  
 Do not, quod Harolde, Girth, mystell them so,  
 For theie are everich one brave men at warre.  
 Quod Girth; why will ye then provoke theyr hate?  
 Quod Harolde; great the foe, so is the glorie grete. 170

And nowe Duke Willyam mareschalled his band,  
 And stretchd his armie owte a goodlie rowe.  
 First did a ranke of arcublastries stande,  
 Next those on horsebacke drewe the ascendyng flo,  
 Brave champyones, eche well lerned in the bowe, 175  
 Theyr asenglave acrosse theyr horses ty'd,  
 Or with the lovers squier behinde dyd goe,  
 Or waited squier lyke at the horses syde,

R 3

When

## 246 BATTLE OF HASTINGS,

When thus Duke Willyam to a Monke dyd saie,  
 Prepare thyselfe wyth spede, to Harolde haste awaie. 189

Telle hym from me one of these three to take;  
 That hee to mee do homage for thys lande,  
 Or mee hys heyre, when he deceasyth, make,  
 Or to the judgment of Chrysts vicar stande.  
 He saide; the Monke departyd out of hande, 185  
 And to Kyng Harolde dyd this message bear;  
 Who said; tell thou the duke, at his likand  
 If he can gette the crown hee may itte wear.

He said, and drove the Monke out of his syghte,  
 And with his brothers rouz'd each manne to bloudie  
 fyghte. 190

A standarde made of sylke and jewells rare,  
 Wherein alle coloures wroughte aboute in bighes,  
 An armyd knyghte was seen deth-doyng there,  
 Under this motte, He conquers or he dies.  
 This standarde rych, endazzlynge mortal eyes, 195  
 Was borne neare Harolde at the Kenters heade,  
 Who chargd hys broders for the grete empryze  
 That straite the best for battle should be spredde.

To

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 247

To evry erle and knyghte the worde is gyven,  
 And cries a *guerre* and slughornes shake the vaulted  
 heaven. 200

As when the erthe, torne by convulsyons dyre,  
 In reaulmes of darknes hid from human syghte,  
 The warring force of water, air, and fyre,  
 Braft from the regions of eternal nyghte,  
 Thro the darke caverns seeke the reaulmes of  
 lyght; 205

Some loftie mountaine, by its fury torne,  
 Dreadfully moves, and causes grete affryght;  
 Now here, now there, majestic nods the bourne,  
 And awfulle shakes, mov'd by the almighty force,  
 Whole woods and forests nod, and ryvers change their  
 course. 210

So did the men of war at once advaunce,  
 Linkd man to man, enseemd one boddie light;  
 Above a wood, yform'd of bill and launce,  
 That noddyd in the ayre most straunge to syght.  
 Harde as the iron were the menne of mighte, 215  
 Ne neede of slughornes to enrowse their minde;

R 4

Eche

## 248 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Eche shootynge spere yreaden for the fyghte,  
More feerce than fallynge rocks, more sweste than  
wynd ;

With solemne step, by ecchoe made more dyre,  
One single boddie all theie marchd, theyr eyen on  
fyre. 220

And now the greie-eyd morne with vi'lets drest,  
Shakyng the dewdrops on the flourie meedes,  
Fled with her rosie radiance to the West :  
Forth from the Easterne gatte the fyerie steedes  
Of the bright funne awaytynge spirits leedes : 225  
The funne, in fierie pompe enthroned on hie,  
Swyfter than thoughte alonge hys jernie gledes,  
And scatters nyghtes remaynes from-oute the skie :  
He sawe the armies make for bloudie fraie,  
And stopt his driving steedes, and hid his lyghtsome  
raye. 230

Kynge Harolde hie in ayre majestic rayd  
His mightie arme, deckt with a manchyn rare ;  
With even hande a mighty javlyn paizde,  
Then furyouse sent it whyslynge thro the ayre.

**BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 249**

It struck the helmet of the Sieur de Beer ; 235  
In vayne did brasse or yron stop its waie ;  
Above his eyne it came, the bones dyd tare,  
Peercynge quite thro, before it dyd allaie ;  
He tumbled, scritchng wyth hys horrid payne ;  
His hollow cuishes rang upon the bloudie pleyne. 240

This Willyam saw, and soundynge Rowlandes songe  
He bent his yron interwoven bowe,  
Makyng bothe endes to meet with myghte full  
stronge,  
From out of mortals fyght shot up the floe ;  
Then swyfte as fallynge starres to earthe belowe 245  
It flaunted down on Alfwoldes payncted sheelde ;  
Quite thro the silver-bordurd crosse did goe,  
Nor losse its force, but stuck into the feelde ;  
The Normannes, like theyr sovrin, dyd prepare,  
And shotte ten thousande flos uprysng in the aire. 250

As when a flyghte of cranes, that takes their waie  
In householde armies thro the flanced skie,  
Alike the cause, or companie or prey,  
If that perchaunce some boggie fenne is nie,

**Soon**

250 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Soon as the muddie natyon theie espie, 255  
 Inne one blacke cloude theie to the erth descende;  
 Feirce as the fallynge thunderbolte they flie;  
 In vayne do reedes the speckled folk defend:  
 So prone to heavie blowe the arrowes felle,  
 And peerced thro brasse, and sente manie to heaven or  
 helle. 260

Ælan Adelfred, of the stowe of Leigh,  
 Felte a dire arrowe burnynge in his breste;  
 Before he dyd, he sente hys spear awaie,  
 Thenne funke to glorie and eternal reste.  
 Nevylle, a Normanne of alle Normannes beste, 265  
 Throw the joint cuiffe dyd the javlyn feel,  
 As hee on horsebacke for the fyghte addresd,  
 And sawe hys bloude come smokynge oer the Steele;  
 He sente the avengynge floe into the ayre,  
 And turnd hys horses hedde, and did to leeches re-  
 payre. 270

And now the javelyns, barbd with deathhis wynges,  
 Hurld from the Englysh handes by force aderne,  
 Whyzz dreare alonge, and songes of terror synges,  
 Such songes as alwaies clos'd in lyfe eterne.

Hurld

**BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 251**

Hurld by such strength along the ayre theie burne, 275  
Not to be quenched butte ynn Normannes bloude;  
Wherere theie came they were of lyfe forlorn,  
And alwaies followed by a purple floude;  
Like cloudes the Normanne arrowes did descend,  
Like cloudes of carnage full in purple drops dyd  
end. 280

Nor, Leofwynus, dydst thou still estande;  
Full soon thie pheon glytted in the aire;  
The force of none but thyne and Harolds hande  
Could hurle a javlyn with such lethal geer;  
Itte whyzzd a ghaftlie dynne in Normannes ear, 285  
Then thundryng dyd upon hys greave alyghte,  
Peirce to his hearte, and dyd hys bowels tear,  
He closd hys eyne in everlastyng nyghte;  
Ah! what awayld the lyons on his creste!  
His hatchments rare with him upon the grounde was  
prest. 290

Willyam agayne ymade his bowe-ends meet,  
And hie in ayre the arrowe wynged his waie,  
Descendyng like a shafte of thunder fleete,  
Lyke thunder rattling at the noon of daie,

Onne

252 BATTLE OF HASTINGS,

Onne Algars sheelde the arrowe dyd affaie, 295  
 There throghe dyd peerse, and stycke into his groine;  
 In grypynge torments on the feelde he laie,  
 Tille welcome dethe came in and clos'd his eyne;  
 Distort with peyne he laie upon the borne,  
 Lyke sturdie elms by stormes in uncothe wrythynges  
 torne. 300

Alrick his brother, when hee this percee'd,  
 He drewe his swerde, his lefte hande helde a speere,  
 Towards the duke he turnd his prauncyng steede,  
 And to the Godde of heaven he sent a prayre;  
 Then sent his lethale javlyn in the ayre, 305  
 On Hue de Beaumontes backe the javelyn came,  
 Thro his redde armour to hys harte it tare,  
 He felle and thondred on the place of fame;  
 Next with his swerde he 'sayld the Seieur de Roe,  
 And braste his sylver helme, so furyous was the  
 blowe. 310

But Willyam, who had seen hys prowesse great,  
 And feered muche how farre his bronde might goe,  
 Tooke a strong arblaster, and bigge with fate  
 From twangynge iron sente the fleetyng floe.

As



**BATTLE OF HASTINGS.** 253

As Alric hoistes hys arme for dedlie blowe, 315

Which, han it came, had been Du Roeses laste,

The swyfte-wyngd messenger from Willyams bowe

Quite throwe his arme into his syde ypaste ;

His eyne shotte fyre, lyke blazyng starre at nyghte,

He grypd his swerde, and felle upon the place of  
fyghte. 320

O Alfwolde, faie, how shalle I synge of thee

Or telle how manie dyd benethe thee falle ;

Not Haroldes self more Normanne knyghtes did flee,

Not Haroldes self did for more praifes call ;

How shall a penne like myne then shew it all? 325

Lyke thee their leader, eche Briffowyanne foughte ;

Lyke thee, their blaze must be canonical,

Fore theie, like thee, that daie bewrecke yroughte :

Did thirtie Normannes fall upon the grounde,

Full half a score from thee and theie receive their fatale  
wounde. 330

First Fytz Chivelloys felt thie direful force ;

Nete did hys helde out brazen sheelde availe ;

Eftsoones throwe that thie drivynge speare did peerce,

Nor was ytte stopped by his coate of mayle ;

Into

254      **BATTLE OF HASTINGS.**

Into his breaste it quicklie did assayle ;                      335  
 Out ran the bloude, like hygra of the tyde ;  
 With purple stayned all hys adventayle ;  
 In scarlet was his cuishe of sylver dyde :  
 Upon the bloudie carnage hause he laie,  
 Whylst hys longe sheelde dyd gleem with the sun's ryfing  
                                  ray.    340

Next Fescampe felle ; O Chrieste, howe harde his fate  
 To die the leekedst knyghte of all the thronge !  
 His sprite was made of malice dellavate,  
 Ne shouliden find a place in anie songe.  
 The broch'd keene javlyn hurld from honde fo  
                                  stronge    345  
 As thine came thundrynge on his crysted beave ;  
 Ah ! neete awayld the brafs or iron thonge,  
 With mightie force his skulle in twoe dyd cleave ;  
 Fallyng he shooken out his smokyng braine,  
 As witherd oakes or elmes are hewne from off the  
                                  playne.    350

Nor, Norcie, could thie myghte and skilfulle lore  
 Preserve thee from the doom of Alfwold's speere ;  
     Couldste

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 255

Couldste thou not kenne, most skyll'd After la goure,  
How in the battle it would wythe thee fare?

When Alfwolds javelyn, rattlynge in the ayre, 355  
From hande dyvine on thie habergeon came,  
Oute at thy backe it dyd thie hartes bloude bear,  
It gave thee death and everlastyng fame;  
Thy deathe could onlie come from Alfwolde arme,  
As diamondes onlie can its fellow diamonds harme. 360

Next Sire du Mouline fell upon the grounde,  
Quite throughe his throte the lethal javlyn preste,  
His foule and bloude came roushyng from the  
wounde;

He closd his eyen, and opd them with the blest.  
It can ne be I should behight the rest, 365  
That by the myghtie arme of Alfwolde felle,  
Passe bie a penne to be counte or expreste,  
How manie Alfwolde sent to heaven or helle;  
As leaves from trees shook by derne Autumns hand,  
So laie the Normannes slain by Alfwold on the strand. 370

As when a drove of wolves withe dreary yelles  
Assayle some flocke, ne care if shepster ken't,

Befprenge

## 256 BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Bespreng destruccione oer the woodes and delles ;  
 The shepster swaynes in vayne theyr lees lement ;  
 So foughte the Brystowe menne ; ne one crevent, 375  
 Ne onne abasht enthoughten for to flee ;  
 With fallen Normans all the playne besprent,  
 And like theyr leaders every man did flee ;  
 In vayne on every syde the arrowes fled ;  
 The Brystowe menne styll ragd, for Alfwold was not  
 dead. 380

Manie meanwhile by Haroldes arm did falle,  
 And Leofwyne and Gyrthe encréasd the slayne ;  
 'Twould take a Nestor's age to synge them all,  
 Or telle how manie Normannes preste the playne ;  
 But of the erles, whom recorde nete hath slayne, 385  
 O Truthe ! for good of after-tymes relaté,  
 That, thowe they're deadé, theyr names may lyve  
 agayne,  
 And be in deathe, as they in life were, greate ;  
 So after-ages maie theyr actions see,  
 And like to them æternal alwaie stryve to be. 390

Adhelm, a knyghte, whose holie deathless fire  
 For ever bended to S<sup>t</sup>. Cuthbert's shryne,

Whose

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 297

Whose breast for ever burnd with sacred fyre,  
 And eeu on erthe he myghte be calld dyvine ;  
 To Cuthbert's church he dyd his goodes resygne, 395  
 And lefte hys son his God's and fortunes knyghte,  
 His son the Sainste behelde with looke adigne,  
 Made him in gemot wyse, and greate in fyghte,  
 Sainste Cuthberte dyd him ayde in all hys deedes,  
 His friends he lets to live, and all his foemen bleedes. 400

He married was to Kenewalchae faire,  
 The fynest dame the sun or moone adave ;  
 She was the myghtie Aderedus heyre,  
 Who was alreadye hastyng to the grave ;  
 As the blue Bruton, ryfinge from the wave, 405  
 Like sea-gods seeme in most majestic guise,  
 And rounde aboute the risynge waters lave,  
 And their longe hayre arounde their bodie flies,  
 Such majestic was in her porte displaid,  
 To be excelld bie none but Homer's martial maid. 410

White as the chaulkie clyffes of Brittaines isle,  
 Red as the highest colour'd Gallic wine,  
 Gaie as all nature at the mornynge smile,  
 Those hues with pleasaunce on her lippes combine,

S

Her

258 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Her lippes more redde than summer evenyng  
 skyne, 415

Or Phœbus ryng in a frostie morne,  
 Her breste more white than snow in feeldes that lyene,  
 Or lillie lambes that never have been shorne,  
 Swellynge like bubbles in a boillynge welle,  
 Or new-braste brooklettes gently whysprynge in the  
 delle. 420

Browne as the fylberte droppynge from the shelle,  
 Browne as the nappy ale at Hocktyde game,  
 So browne the crokyde rynges, that featlie fell  
 Over the neck of the all-beauteous dame.

Greie as the morne before the ruddie flame 425  
 Of Phebus charyotte rollynge thro the skie,  
 Greie as the steel-horn'd goats Conyan made tame,  
 So greie appeard her featly sparklyng eye;  
 Those eyne, that did oft mickle pleased look  
 On Adhelm valyaunt man, the virtues doomsday  
 book. 430

Majestic as the grove of okes that stooode  
 Before the abbie buylt by Oswald kynge;

Majestic

# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 259

Majestic as Hybernies holie woode,  
 Where sainctes and soules departed masses synge;  
 Such awe from her sweete looke forth issuyng 435  
 At once for reveraunce and love did calle;  
 Sweet as the voice of thraflarkes in the Spring,  
 So sweet the wordes that from her lippes did falle;  
 None fell in vayne; all shewed some entent;  
 Her wordies did displaie her great entendement. 440

Tapre as candles layde at Cuthberts shryne,  
 Tapre as elmes that Goodrickes abbie shrove,  
 Tapre as silver chalices for wine,  
 So tapre was her armes and shape ygrove.  
 As skylful mynemenne by the stoness above 445  
 Can ken what metalle is ylach'd belowe,  
 So Kennewalcha's face, ymade for love,  
 The lovelie ymage of her soule did shewe;  
 Thus was she outward form'd; the fun her mind  
 Did guilde her mortal shape and all her charms re-  
 fin'd. 450

What blazours then, what glorie shall he clayme,  
 What doughtie Homere shall hys praises synge,  
 S 2 That

## 260 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

That leste the bosome of so fayre a dame  
 Uncall'd, unaskt, to serve his lorde the kyng?  
 To his fayre strine goode subjects oughte to bringe 455  
 The armes, the helmets, all the spoyles of warre,  
 Throwe everie reaulm the poets blaze the thyng,  
 And travelling merchants spredde hys name to farre;  
 The stoute Norwegians had his anlace felte,  
 And nowe amonge his foes dethe-doyng blowes he  
 delte. 460

As when a wolfyn gettyng in the meedes  
 He rageth fore, and doth about hym flee,  
 Nowe here a talbot, there a lambkin bleeds,  
 And alle the grasse with clotted gore doth stree;  
 As when a rivlette rolles impetuousslie, 465  
 And breaks the bankes that would its force restrayne,  
 Alonge the playne in fomyng rynges doth flee,  
 Gaynste walles and hedges doth its course maintayne;  
 As when a manne doth in a corn-fielde mowe,  
 With ease at one felle stroke full manie is laide  
 lowe. 470

So manie, with such force, and with such ease,  
 Did Adhelm slaughtre on the bloudie playne;

Before



# BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 261

Before hym manie dyd theyr hearts bloude leafe,  
 Ofttymes he foughte on towres of smokyng flayne.  
 Angillian felte his force, nor felte in vayne; 475

He cutte hym with his swerde athur the breaſte;  
 Out ran the bloude, and did hys armour ſtayne,  
 He clos'd his eyen in æternal reſte;

Lyke a tall oke by tempeſte borne awaie,  
 Stretchd in the armes of dethe upon the plaine he  
 laie. 480

Next thro the ayre he ſent his javlyn ſeerce,  
 That on De Clearmoundes buckler did alyghte,  
 Throwe the vaſte orbe the ſharpe pheone did peerce,  
 Rang on his coate of mayle and ſpente its mighte.

But ſoon another wingd its aiery flyghte, 485

The keen broad pheon to his lungs did goe;  
 He felle, and groand upon the place of fighte,  
 Whilſt lyfe and bloude came iſſuyng from the blowe.

Like a tall pyne upon his native playne,  
 So fell the mightie fire and mingled with the flaine. 490

Hue de Longeville, a force doughtre mere,  
 Advauncyd forward to provoke the darte,

S 3

When

When soone he founde that Adhelmes poynted speere  
Had founde an easie passage to his hearte.

He drewe his bowe, nor was of dethe astarte,      495

Then fell down brethlesse to encrease the corse ;

But as he drewe hys bowe devoid of arte,

So it came down upon Troyvillains horse ;

Deep thro hys hatchments wente the pointed floe ;

Now here, now there, with rage bleedyng he rounde  
doth goe.      500

Nor does he hede his mastres known commands,

Tyll, growen furiose by his bloudie wounde,

Erect upon his hynder feete he staundes,

And throwes hys mastre far off to the grounde.

Near Adhelms feete the Normanne laie astounde,      505

Besprengd his arrowes, loofend was his sheelde,

Thro his redde armoure, as he laie ensoond,

He peerd his swerde, and out upon the feelde

The Normannes bowels steemd, a dedlie syghte !

He opd and closd hys eyen in everlastyng nyghte.      510

Caverd, a Scot, who for the Normannes foughte,

A man well skilld in swerde and soundyng stryng,

Wh

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 263.

Who fled his country for a crime enstrote,  
For darynge with bolde worde hys loiaule kyng,  
He at Erle Aldhelme with grete force did flynge 515  
An heaue javlyn, made for bloudie wounde,  
Along his sheelde askaunte the same did ringe,  
Peercd thro the corner, then stuck in the grounde;  
So when the thonder rauttles in the skie,  
Thro some tall spyre the shaftes in a torn clevis fle. 320

Then Addhelm hurld a croched javlyn stronge,  
With mighte that none but such grete championes  
know;  
Swifter than thoughte the javlyn past alonge,  
Ande hytte the Scot most feirclic on the prow;e;  
His helmet brasted at the thondring blowe, 525  
Into his brain the tremblyn javlyn steck;  
From eyther fyde the bloude began to flow,  
And run in circling ringlets rounde his neck;  
Down fell the warriour on the lethal strande,  
Lyke some tall vessel wreckt upon the tragick sande. 530

## C O N T I N U E D.

Where fruytles heathes and meadowes cladde in greie,  
 Save where derne hawthornes reare theyr humble  
 heade,

The hungrie traveller upon his waie  
 Sees a huge defarte alle arounde hym spredde,  
 The distaunte citie scantlie to be spedde,  
 The curlynge force of smoke he sees in vayne,  
 Tis too far distaunte, and hys onlie bedde  
 Twimpeld in hys cloke ys on the playne,  
 Whylste rattlynge thonder forrey oer his hedde,  
 And raines come down to wette hys harde uncouthlie  
 bedde. 540

A wondrous pyle of rugged mountaynes standes,  
 Placd on eche other in a dreare arrait,  
 It ne could be the worke of human handes,  
 It ne was reared up bie menne of claie.  
 Here did the Brutons adoration paye 545  
 To the false god whom they did Tauran name,  
 Dightyng

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 265

Dightynge hys altarre with greete fyres in Maie,  
Roastyng theyr vyſtualle round aboute the flame,  
'Twas here that Hengyſt did the Brytons flee,  
As they were mette in council for to bee. 550

Neere on a loſtie hylle a citie ſtandes,  
That lyſtes yts ſcheafteſt heade ynto the ſkies,  
And kynglie lookes arounde on lower landes,  
And the longe browne playne that before itte lies.  
Herewarde, borne of parentes brave and wyſe, 555  
Within this vylle fyrſte adrewe the ayre,  
A bleſſynge to the erthe ſente from the ſkies,  
In anie kyngdom nee coulde fynde his pheer;  
Now rybbd in ſteele he rages yn the fyghte,  
And ſweeps whole armies to the reaulmes of nyghte. 560

Soe when derne Autumne wyth hys fallowe hande  
Tares the green mantle from the lymed trees,  
The leaves beſprenged on the yellow ſtrande  
Flie in whole armies from the blataunte breeze;  
Alle the whole felde a carnage-howſe he ſees, 565  
And fowles unknelled hover'd oer the bloude;  
From place to place on either hand he ſlees,  
And ſweepes alle neere hym lyke a-bronded floude;

Dethe

266 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Dethe honge upon his arme; he flect so maynt,  
 'Tis paste the pointel of a man to paynte. 570

Bryghte sonne in haste han drove hys fierie wayne  
 A three howres course alonge the whited skyen,  
 Vewynge the swarthles bodies on the playne,  
 And longed greetlie to plonce in the bryne.  
 For as hys beemes and far-stretchynge eyne 575  
 Did view the pooles of gore yn purple sheene,  
 The wolfsomme vapours rounde hys lockes dyd twyne,  
 And dyd disfigure all hys femmlikeen;  
 Then to harde actyon he hys wayne dyd rowse,  
 In hyffynge ocean to make glair hys browes. 580

Duke Wylliam gave commaunde, eche Norman  
 knyghte,

That beer war-token in a shielde so fyne,  
 Shoulde onward goe, and dare to clofer fyghte  
 The Saxonne warryor, that dyd so entwyne,  
 Lyke the neshe bryon and the eglantine, 585  
 Orre Cornysh wraflers at a Hocktyde game.  
 The Normannes, all emarchialld in a lyne,  
 To the ourt arraic of the thight Saxonnes came;  
 There

## BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 267

There 'twas the whaped Normannes on a parre  
Dyd know that Saxonne were the sonnes of warre. 590

Oh Turgotte, wheresoeer thie spryte dothe haunte,  
Whither wyth thie lovd Adhelme by thie fyde,  
Where thou mayste heare the fwotie nyghte larke  
chaunte,

Orre wyth some mokyng brooklette swetelie glide,  
Or rowle in ferselie wythe ferser Severnes tyde, 595  
Whereer thou art, come and my mynde enleme  
Wyth such greet thoughts as dyd with thee abyde,  
Thou sonne, of whom I ofte have caught a beeme;  
Send mee agayne a drybblette of thie lyghte,  
That I the deeds of Englyshmenne maie wryte. 600

Harold, who saw the Normannes to advaunce,  
Seizd a huge byll, and layd hym down hys spere;  
Soe dyd ech wite laie downe the broched launce,  
And groves of bylles did glitter in the ayre.  
Wyth showtes the Normannes did to battel steere; 605  
Campynon famous for his stature highe,  
Fyrey wythe brasse, benethe a shyrt of lere,  
In cloudie daie he reechd into the skie;

Neere

268 . BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Neere to Kyng Harolde dyd he come alonge,  
And drewe hys steele Morglaien sworde so stronge. 610

Thryce rounde hys heade hee swung hys anlace wyde,  
On whyche the sunne his visage did agleeme,  
Then straynyng, as hys membres would dyvyde,  
Hee stroke on Haroldes sheelde yn manner breame;  
Alonge the fiede it made an horrid cleembe, 615  
Coupeynge Kyng Harolds paynted sheeld in twayne,  
Then yn the bloude the fierie swerde dyd steeme,  
And then dyd drive ynto the bloudie playne;  
So when in ayre the vapours do abounde,  
Some thunderbolte tares trees and dryves ynto the  
grounde. 620

Harolde upreer'd hys bylle, and furious sente  
A stroke, lyke thondre, at the Normannes fyde;  
Upon the playne the broken brasse besprente  
Dyd ne hys bodie from dethe-doeynge hyde;  
He tournyd backe, and dyd not there abyde; 625  
With straught oute sheelde hee ayenwarde did goe,  
Threwe downe the Normannes, did their ranks  
divide,  
To save himselfe lefte them unto the foe;

So



**BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 269**

So olyphauntes, in kingdome of the funne,  
When once provok'd doth throwe theyr owne troepes  
runne. 630

Harolde, who ken'd hee was his armies state,  
Nedeynge the rede of generaul so wyse,  
Byd Alfwoulde to Campynon haste awaie,  
As thro the armie ayenwarde he hies,  
Swyfte as a feether'd takel Alfwoulde flies, 635  
The steele bylle bluftrynge oer wyth lukewarm  
bloude;

Ten Kenters, ten Bristowans for th' emprize  
Hasted wyth Alfwoulde where Campynon stood,  
Who aynewarde went, whylste everie Normanne  
knyghte  
Dyd blufh to see their champion put to flyghte. 640

As paincyd Bruton, when a wolfyn wylde,  
When yt is cale and bluftrynge wyndes do blowe,  
Enters hys bordelle, taketh hys yonge chylde,  
And wyth his bloude bestreynts the lillie snowe,  
He thoroughe mountayne hie and dale doth goe, 645  
Throwe the quyk torrent of the bollen awe,  
Throwe

270      **BATTLE OF HASTINGS**

Throwe Severne rolynge oer the sandes belowe  
 He skymys alofe, and blents the beatynge wave,  
 Ne stynts, ne lagges the chace, tylle for hys eyne  
 In peccies hee the morthering theef doth chyne.      650

So Alfwoulde he dyd to Campynon haste;  
 Hys bloudie bylle awhap'd the Normannes eyne;  
 Hee fled, as wolves when bie the talbots chac'd,  
 To bloudie byker he dyd ne enclyne.  
 Duke Wyllyam stroke hym on hys brigandyne,      655  
 And sayd; Campynon, is it thee I see?  
 Thee? who dydst actes of glorie so bewryen,  
 Now poorlie come to hyde thieselfe bie mee?  
 Awaie! thou dogge, and acte a warriors parte,  
 Or with mie swerde I'll perce thee to the harte.      660

Betweene Erle Alfwoulde and Duke Wyllyam's  
 bronde

Campynon thoughte that nete but deathe coulde bee,  
 Seezed a huge swerde Morglaien yn his honde,  
 Mottrynge a praier to the Vyrgyne:

So hunted deere the dryvyng houndes will flee,      665  
 When theie dyscover they cannot escape;

And

## BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 271

And feerful lambkyns, when theie hunted bee,  
Theyre ynfante hunters doe theie ofte awhape;  
Thus stooode Campynon, greeete but hertleffe knyghte,  
When feere of dethe made hym for deathe to fyghte. 670

Alfwoulde began to dyghte hymselfe for fyghte,  
Meanewhyle hys menne on everie syde dyd flee,  
Whan on hys lyfted sheelde withe alle hys myghte  
Campynon's swerde in burlie-brande dyd dree;  
Bewopen Alfwoulde fellen on his knee; 675  
Hys Brystowe menne came in hym for to save;  
Eftsoons upgotten from the grounde was hee,  
And dyd agayne the touring Norman brave;  
Hee graspd hys bylle in fyke a drear arraie,  
Hee seem'd a lyon catchynge at hys preie. 680

Upon the Normannes brazen adventayle  
The thondrynge bill of myghtie Alfwould came;  
It made a dentful bruse, and then dyd fayle;  
Fromme rattlynge weepens shotte a sparklynge flame;  
Eftsoons agayne the thondrynge bill ycame, 685  
Peers'd thro hys adventayle and skyrts of lare;

A tyde

272      **BATTLE OF HASTINGS.**

A-tyde of purple gore came wyth the fame,  
 As out hys bowells on the feelde it tare ;  
 Campynon felle, as when some cittie-walle  
 Inne dolefulle terroures on its mynours falle.      690

He felle, and dyd the Norman rankes dyvide ;  
 So when an oke, that shotte ynto the skie,  
 Feeles the broad axes peerfyng his broade syde,  
 Slowlie hee falls and on the grounde doth lie,  
 Pressyng all downe that is wyth hym anighe,      695  
 And stoppyng wearie travellers on the waie ;  
 So straught upon the playne the Norman hie

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Bled, gron'd, and dyed : the Normanne knyghtes  
 affound

To see the bawlin champyon presse upon the grounde. 700

As when the hygra of the Severne roars,  
 And thunders ugsum on the fandes below,  
 The cleembe reboundes to Wedecesters shore,  
 And sweeps the black fande rounde its horie prow ;  
 So bremie Alfwould thro the warre dyd goe ;      705  
 Hys Kenters and Brystowans slew ech syde,

**Betreinted**

BATTLE OF HASTINGS. 273

Betreinted all alonge with bloudlefs foe,  
And seemd to fwym alonge with bloudie tyde;  
Fromme place to place besmeard with blood they went,  
And rounde aboute them swarthlefs corse besprente. 710

A famous Normanne who yclepd Aubene,  
Of skylle in bow, in tylte, and handesworde fyghte,  
That daie yn feelde han manie Saxons fleene,  
Forre hee in sothen was a manne of myghte;  
Fyrste dyd his swerde on Adelgar alyghte, 715  
As hee on horseback was, and peersd hys gryne,  
Then upwarde wente: in everlastyng nyghte  
Hee closd hys rollyng and dymfyghted eyne.  
Next Eadlyn, Tatwyn, and fam'd Adelred,  
Bie various causes funken to the dead. 720

But now to Alfwoulde he opposynge went,  
To whom compar'd hee was a man of stre,  
And wyth bothe hondes a myghtie blowe he sente  
At Alfwouldes head, as hard as hee could dree;  
But on hys payncted sheelde so bismarlie 725  
Aflaunte his swerde did go ynto the grounde;

T

Then

274 BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

Then Alf would him attack'd most furyoullie,  
Athrowe hys gaberdyne hee dyd him wounde,  
Then soone agayne hys swerde hee dyd upryne,  
And clove his creste and split hym to the eyne. 730

\* \* \* \* \*

ONN

## ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

**A** S onn a hylle one eve fittyng,  
 At oure Ladie's Chyrche mouche wonderynge,  
 The counynge handieworke so fyne,  
 Han well nighe dazeled mine eyne;  
 Quod I; some counynge fairie hande 5  
 Yreer'd this chapelle in this lande;  
 Full well I wote so fine a fyghte  
 Was ne yreer'd of mortall wighte.  
 Quod Trouthe; thou lackest knowlachynge;  
 Thou forsoth ne wotteth of the thyng. 10  
 A Rev'rend Fadre, William Canynge hight,  
 Yreered uppe this chapelle brighte;  
 And eke another in the Towe,  
 Where glasse bubblyng Trymme doth roun.  
 Quod I; ne doubt for all he's given 15  
 His fowle will certes goe to heaven.  
 Yea, quod Trouthe; than goe thou home,  
 And see thou doe as hee hath donne.

T 2

Quod

276    ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE.

Quod I; I doubte, that can ne bee;

I have ne gotten markes three. 20

Quod Trouthe; as thou hast got, give almes-dedes foe;

Canynge and Gaunts culde doe ne moe.

T. R.

O N    T H E    S A M E.

**S**TAY, curyous traveller, and pass not bye,  
Until this fetive pile astounde thine eye.

Whole rocks on rocks with yron joynd furveie,

And okes with okes entremed disponed lie.

This mightie pile, that keeps the wyndes at baie, 5

Fyre-levyn and the mokie storme defie,

That shootes aloofe into the reaulmes of daie,

Shall be the record of the Buyldeys fame for aie,

Thou seeft this mayftrie of a human hand,

The pride of Bryftowe and the Wefterne lande, 10

Yet is the Buyldeys vertues much moe greete,

Greeter than can bie Rowlies pen be fcande.

Thou seeft the faynctes and kynges in stonen ftate,

That seemd with breath and human soule difpande,

As



ONN OURE LADIES CHYRCHE. 277

As payrde to us enseem these men of flate, 15  
Such is greete Canynge's mynde when payrd to God  
elate.

Well maiest thou be astound, but view it well;  
Go not from hence before thou see thy fill,  
And learn the Builder's vertues and his name;  
Of this tall spyre in every countye telle, 20  
And with thy tale the lazing rych men shame;  
Showe howe the glorious Canynge did excelle;  
How hee good man a friend for kynges became,  
And glorious paved at once the way to heaven and  
fame.

EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

**T**HYS mornynge starre of Radcleves ryfynge  
raie,

A true manne good of mynde and Canynge hyghte,  
Benethe thys stone lies moltrynge ynto claie,  
Untylle the darke tombe sheene an eterne lyghte.  
Thyrde fromme hys loynes the present Canynge came;  
Houton are wordes for to telle hys doe;

F 3

For

## 278 EPITAPH ON ROBERT CANYNGE.

For aye shall lyve hys heaven-recorded name,  
 Ne shall yt dye whanne tyme shalle bee no moe;  
 Whanne Mychael's trumpe shall founde to rise the  
 folle,  
 He'll wyngge to heavn wyth kynne, and happie bee hys  
 dolle.

## THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**A** NENT a brooklette as I laie reclynd,  
 Lifesteynge to heare the water glyde alonge,  
 Myndeynge how thorowe the grene mees yt twynd,  
 Awhilst the cavys respons'd yts mottring songe,  
 At dystaunt rysyng Avonne to he sped, 5  
 Amenged wyth rysyng hylles dyd shewe yts head;

Engarlanded wyth crownes of ofyer weedes  
 And wraytes of alders of a bercie scent,  
 And stickeynge out wyth clowde agested reedes,  
 The hoarie Avonne show'd dyre semblamente, 10  
 Whyleft blataunt Severne, from Sabryna clepde,  
 Rores flemie o'er the sandes that she hepdè.

These

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 279

These eynegears fwythyn bringethe to mie thoughte  
Of hardie champyons knowen to the floude,  
How onne the bankes thereof brave Ælle foughte, 15  
Ælle descended from Merce kynglie bloude,  
Warden of Brystowe towne and castel stede,  
Who ever and anon made Danes to blede.

Methoughte such doughtie menn must have a sprighte  
Dote yn the armour brace that Mychael bore, 20  
Whan he wyth Satan kyng of helle dyd fyghte,  
And earthe was drented yn a mere of gore;  
Orr, soone as theie dyd see the worldis lyghte,  
Fate had wrott downe, thys mann ys borne to fyghte.

Ælle, I sayd, or els my mynde dyd saie, 25  
Whie ys thy aftyons left so spare yn storie?  
Were I toe dispone, there should lyvven aie  
In erthe and hevenis rolles thie tale of glòrie;  
Thie actes soe doughtie should for aie abyde,  
And bie theyre teste all after actes be tryde. 30

Next holie Wareburghus fylld mie mynde,  
As fayre a fayncte as anie towne can boaste,

280 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Or bee the erthe wyth lyghte or merke ywrynde,  
I see hys ymage waulkeyng throwe the coaste :  
Fitz Hardynge, Bithrickus, and twentie moe 35  
Ynn visyonn fore mie phantastie dyd goe.

Thus all mie wandrynge faytour thynkeynge strayde,  
And eche dygne buylder dequac'd onn mie mynde,  
Whan from the distaunt streeme arofe a mayde,  
Whose gentle tresses mov'd not to the wynde ; 40  
Lyche to the sylver moone yn frostie neete,  
The damoiselle dyd come soe blythe and sweete.

Ne browded mantell of a scarlette hue,  
Ne shoone pykes plaited o'er wyth ribbande geere,  
Ne costlie paraments of woden blue, 45  
Noughte of a dresse, but bewtie dyd shee weere ;  
Naked shee was, and loked swete of youthe,  
All dyd bewryen that her name was Trouthe.

The ethie ringletts of her notte-browne hayre  
What ne a manne should see dyd swotelie hyde, 50  
Whych on her milk-white bodykin so fayre  
Dyd showe lyke browne streemes fowlyng the white tyde,  
Or

THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 281

Or veynes of brown hue yn a marble cuarr,  
Whyche by the traveller ys kenn'd from farr:

Astounded mickle there I fylente laie, 55  
Still scauncing wondrous at the walkynge syghte;  
Mie senses forgarde ne coulde reyn awaie;  
But was ne forstraughte whan shee dyd alyghte  
Anie to mee, dreste up yn naked viewe,  
Whych mote yn some ewbrycious thoughtes abrew. 60

But I ne dyd once thynke of wanton thoughte;  
For well I mynded what bie vowe I hete,  
And yn mie pockate han a crouchee broughte,  
Whych yn the blofom woulde such fins anete;  
I lok'd wyth eyne as pure as angelles doe, 65  
And dyd the everie thoughte of foule eschewe.

Wyth sweet semblate and an angel's grace  
Shee 'gan to lecture from her gentle breste;  
For Trouthis wordes ys her myndes face,  
Falso oratoryes she dyd aie deteste: 70  
Sweetnesse was yn eche worde she dyd ywreene,  
Tho shee strove not to make that sweetnesse sheene.

Shee

## 282 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Shee sayd; mie manner of appereyng here  
 Mie name and sleighted myndbruch maie thee telle;  
 I'm Trouthe, that dyd descende fromm heavenwere, 75  
 Goulers and courtiers doe not kenné mee wëlle;  
 Thie inmoste thoughtes, thié labrynge brayne I sawe,  
 And from thie gentle dreeme will thee adawe.

Full manie champyons and menne of lóre,  
 Paynsters and carvellers have gaind good name, 80  
 But there's a Canyng, to encrease the store,  
 A Canyng, who shall buie uppe all theyre fame.  
 Take thou mie power, and see yn chylde and manne  
 What troulie nobleness yn Canyng ranne.

As when a bordelier onn ethie bedde, 85  
 Tyr'd wyth the laboures maynt of sweltrie daie,  
 Yn slepeis bosom laieth hys deft headde,  
 So, senses sonke to reste, mie boddie laie;  
 Eftsoons mie sprighte, from erthlie bandes untyde,  
 Immengde yn flanced ayre wyth Trouthe asyde. 90

Strayte was I carryd back to tymes of yore,  
 Whylst Canyng swathed yet yn fleshlie bedde,

And

## THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 283

And saw all actyons whych han been before,  
And all the scroll of Fate unravelled;  
And when the fate-mark'd babe acome to fyghte, 95  
I saw hym eager gaspyng after lyghte.

In all hys shepen gambols and chyldes plaie,  
In everie merriemakeyng, fayre or wake,  
I kenn'd a perpled lyghte of Wyfdom's raie;  
He ate downe learnyng wyth the wastle cake. 100  
As wise as anie of the eldermenne,  
He'd wytte enowe to make a mayre at tenne.

As the dulce downie barbe beganne to gre,  
So was the well thyghte texture of hys lore;  
Eche daie enhedeynge mockler for to bee, 105  
Greete yn hys councel for the daies he bore.  
All tongues, all carrols dyd unto hym synge,  
Wondryng at one foe wyfe, and yet foe yinge.

Encreasfeynge yn the yeares of mortal lyfe,  
And hasteynge to hys journie ynto heaven, 110  
Hee thoughte ytt proper for to chcese a wyfe,  
And use the sexes for the purpose gevene.  
Hee

## 284 THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE.

Hee then was yothe of comelie femelikeede,  
And hee had made a mayden's herte to blede.

He had a fader, (Jefus rest hys foule!) 115  
Who loved money, as hys charie joie;  
Hee had a broder (happie manne be's dole!)  
Yn mynde and boddie, hys owne fadre's boie;  
What then could Canynge wiffen as a parte  
To gyve to her whoe had made chop of hearte? 120

But landes and castle tenures, golde and bighes,  
And hoardes of fylver roufted yn the ent,  
Canynge and hys fayre sweete dyd that despyfe,  
To change of troulie love was theyr content;  
Theie lyv'd togeder yn a house adygne, 125  
Of goode fendaument commilie and fyne.

But soone hys broder and hys fyre dyd die,  
And lefte to Willyam states and renteynge rolles,  
And at hys wyll hys broder Johne supplic.  
Hee gave a chauntrie to redeeme theyre soules; 130  
And put hys broder ynto fyke a trade,  
That he lorde mayor of Londonne towne was made.

Eftsoons



## THE STORIE OF WILLIAM CANYNGE. 235

Eftsoons hys mornynge tourned to gloomie nyghte ;  
Hys dame, hys seconde selfe, gyve upp her brethe,  
Seekeynge for eterne lyfe and endles lyghte, 135  
And flead good Canynge ; sad mystake of dethe !  
Soe have I seen a flower ynn Sommer tyme  
Trodde downe and broke and widder ynn ytts pryme.

Next Radcleeve chyrche (oh worke of hande of heav'n,  
Whare Canynge sheweth as an instrumente,) 140  
Was to my bismarde eyne-syghte newlie giv'n ;  
'Tis past to blazonne ytt to good contente.  
You that woulde faygn the fetyve buyldynge see  
Repayre to Radcleve, and contented bee.

I sawe the myndbruch of hys nobille soule 145  
Whan Edwarde meniced a seconde wyfe ;  
I saw what Pheryons yn hys mynde dyd rolle ;  
Nowe fyx'd fromm seconde dames a preefte for lyfe.  
Thys ys the manne of menne, the vision spoke ;  
Then belle for even-songe mie senses woke. 150

ON

## ON HAPPINESSE, by WILLIAM CANYNGE.

**M**AIE Selynesse on erthes boundes bee hadde?  
 Maie yt adyghte yn human shape bee founde?  
 Wote yee, ytt was wyth Edin's bower bestadde,  
 Or quite eraced from the scaunce-layd grounde,  
 Whan from the secret fontes the waterres dyd abounde?  
 Does yt agrosed shun the bodyed waulke,  
 Lyve to ytfelf and to yttes ecchoe taulke?

All hayle, Contente, thou mayde of turtle-eyne,  
 As thie behoulders thynke thou arte iwreene,  
 To ope the dore to Selynesse ys thyne,  
 And Chrystis glorie doth upponne thee sheene.  
 Doer of the foule thyng ne hath thee seene;  
 In caves, ynn wodes, ynn woe, and dole distresse,  
 Whoere hath thee hath gotten Selynesse.

## ONN IOHNE A DALBENIE, by the same.

**J**OHNE makes a jarre bout Lancaster and Yorke;  
 Bee stille, gode manne, and learne to mynde thie  
 worke.

THE

THE GOULER'S REQUIEM, by the same.

**M**IE boolie entes, adieu! ne moe the fyghte  
 Of guilden merke shall mete mie joieous eyne,  
 Ne moe the sylver noble sheenyng bryghte  
 Schall fyll mie honde with weight to speke ytt fyne;  
 Ne moe, ne moe, alas! I call you myne: 5  
 Whydder must you, ah! whydder must I goe?  
 I kenn' not either; oh mie emmers dygne,  
 To parte wyth you wyll wurcke mee myckle woe;  
 I muste be gonpe, botte whare I dare ne telle;  
 O storth unto mie mynde! I goe to helle. 10

Soone as the morne dyd dyghte the roddie funne,  
 A shade of theves eche streake of lyght dyd seeme;  
 Whann ynn the heavn full half hys course was runn,  
 Eche stirryng nayghbour dyd mie harte affleme;  
 Thye los, or quyck or slepe, was aie mie dreame; 15  
 For thee, O gould, I dyd the lawe ycrase;  
 For thee I gotten or bie wiles or breame;  
 Ynn thee I all mie joie and good dyd place;  
 Botte now to mee thie pleasaunce ys ne moe,  
 I kenne notte botte for thee I to the quede must goe. 20

THE

# THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGES FEAST.

**T**HOROWE the halle the belle han founde ;  
 Byelecoyle doe the Grave besee me ;  
 The caldermenne doe fyttte arounde,  
 Ande snoffelle oppe the cheorte steeme.  
 Lyche asses wylde ynne deserte waste  
 Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste,

Syke keene theie ate ; the minstrels plaie,  
 The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe ;  
 Heie styll the guesstes ha ne to saie,  
 Butte nodde yer thanks ande falle aslape.  
 Thus echone daie bee I to deene,  
 Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne scene.

T H E E N D.

A GLOS-





# A GLOSSARY OF UNCOMMON WORDS IN THIS VOLUME.

**I***N the following Glossary, the explanations of words by CHATTERTON, at the bottom of the several pages, are drawn together, and digested alphabetically, with the letter C. after each of them. But it should be observed, that these explanations are not to be admitted but with great caution; a considerable number of them being (as far as the Editor can judge) unsupported by authority or analogy. The explanations of some other words, omitted by CHATTERTON, have been added by the Editor, where the meaning of the writer was sufficiently clear, and the word itself did not recede too far from the established usage; but he has been obliged to leave many others for the consideration of more learned or more sagacious interpreters.*

U

EXPLA.

# EXPLANATION OF THE LETTERS OF REFERENCE.

Æ.	stands for	<i>Ælla; a tragycal enterlude,</i>	p.	76
Ba.	—	<i>The dethe of Syr C. Bawdin,</i>	—	44
Ch.	—	<i>Balade of Charitie,</i>	—	203
E. I.	—	<i>Eclogue the first,</i>	—	1
E. II.	—	<i>Eclogue the second,</i>	—	6
E. III.	—	<i>Eclogue the third,</i>	—	12
El.	—	<i>Elinoure and Juge,</i>	—	19
Ent.	—	<i>Entroduccionne to Ælla,</i>	—	75
Ep.	—	<i>Epistle to M. Canynge,</i>	—	67
G.	—	<i>Goddwyn; a Tragedie,</i>	—	173
H. 1.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N<sup>o</sup> 1.</i>	—	210
H. 2.	—	<i>Battle of Hastings, N<sup>o</sup> 2.</i>	—	237
Le.	—	<i>Letter to M. Canynge,</i>	—	71
M.	—	<i>Englysh Metamorphosis,</i>	—	196
P. G.	—	<i>Prologue to Goddwyn,</i>	—	175
T.	—	<i>Tournament,</i>	—	28

The other references are made to the pages.

A GLOS.



## A G L O S S A R Y.

- A** BESSIE, E. III. 89. *Humility*. C.
- Aborne, T. 45. *Burnished*. C.
- Abounde, H. 1. 55.
- Aboune, G. 53. *Make ready*. C.
- Abredynge, Æ. 334. *Upbraiding*. C.
- Abrewe, p. 281. 60. as *Brew*.
- Abrodden, E. I. 6. *Abruptly*. C.
- Acale, G. 191. *Freeze*. C.
- Accaie, Æ. 356. *Affwage*. C.
- Achments, T. 153. *Atchievements*. C.
- Acheke, G. 47. *Choke*. C.
- Achevments, Æ. 65. *Services*. C.
- Acome, p. 283. 95. as *Come*.
- Acrool, El. 6. *Faintly*. C.
- Adave, H. 2. 402.
- Adawe, p. 282. 78. *Awake*.
- Addawd, H. 2. 110.
- Adente, Æ. 396. *Fastened*. C.
- Adented, G. 32. *Fastened, annexed*. C.
- Aderne, H. 2. 272. See *Derne, Dermie*.
- Adigne. See *Adygne*.
- Adrames, Ep. 27. *Cburls*. C.
- Adventaile, T. 13. *Armour*. C.
- Adygne, Le. 46. *Nervous; worthy of praise*. C.
- Affynd, H. 1. 132. *Related by marriage*.
- Afeme, p. 287. 14. as *Fleme*; to drive away, to affright.
- After la goure, H. 2. 353. should probably be *Astrelagour*; Astrologer.
- Agrame, G. 93. *Grievance*. C.
- Agreme, Æ. 356. *Torture*. C.—G. 5. *Grievance*. C.
- Agrofed, p. 286. 6. as *Agrifed*; terrified.
- Agroted, Æ. 348. See *Groted*.
- Agylted, Æ. 334. *Offended*. C.
- Aidens, Æ. 222. *Aidance*.
- Ake, E. II. 8. *Oak*. C.
- Alans, H. 2. 124. *Hounds*.
- Alatche, Æ. 117.
- Aledge, G. 5. *Idly*. C.
- Alest, Æ. 50. *Left*.
- All a boon, E. III. 41. *A manner of asking a favour*. C.
- Alleyn, E. I. 52. *Only*. C.
- Almer, Ch. 20. *Beggar*. C.
- Aluiste, H. 1. 88.
- Alyne, T. 79. *Across his shoulders*. C.
- U 2 Alyse,

Alyfe, Le. 29. *Allow.* C.  
 Amate, Æ. 58. *Destroy.* C.  
 Amayld, E. II. 49. *Enameled.* C.  
 Ameded, Æ. 54. *Rewarded.*  
 Amenged, p. 278. 6. as *Menged*;  
 mixed.  
 Amenused, E. II. 5. *Diminished.*  
 C.  
 Amield, T. 5. *Ornamented, ena-*  
*meled.* C.  
 Anente, Æ. 475. *Against.* C.  
 Anere, Æ. 15. *Another.* C.  
 Anete, p. 281. 64.  
 Anie, p. 281. 59. as *Nie*; night.  
 Anlace, G. 57. *An ancient sword.*  
 C.  
 Antecedent, Æ. 233. *Going before.*  
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 C.  
 Arace, G. 156. *Droveft.* C.  
 Arift, Ch. 10. *Arose.* C.  
 Arrowe-lede, H. 1. 74.  
 Ascaunce, E. III. 52. *Disdainfully.*

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Asenglave, H. 1. 117.  
 Askaunted, Le. 19.  
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 Ashrewed, Ch. 24. *Accursed, un-*  
*fortunate.* C.  
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 Aftende, G. 47. *Astonish.* C.  
 Afterte, G. 137. *Neglected.* C.  
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 Afyde, p. 282. 90. perhaps *Afyde*;  
 ascended.  
 Athur, H. 2. 476. as *Thurgb*;  
 thorough.  
 Attene, Æ. 18. *At once.* C.  
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 Attoure, Æ. 322. *Around.*  
 Ave, H. 2. 645. for *Eau.* Fr.  
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 Aumere, Ch. 7. *A loose robe, or*  
*mantle.* C.  
 Aumera, E. III. 25. *Borders of*  
*gold and silver, &c.* C.  
 Aunture, H. 2. 133. as *Aven-*  
*ture*; adventure.  
 Autremete, Ch. 52. *A loose white*  
*robe, worn by priests.* C.  
 Awhaped, Æ. 400. *Astonished.* C.  
 Aynewarde, Ch. 47. *Backwards.*  
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 Barb'd hall, Æ. 219.  
 Barbed horse, Æ. 27. *Covered with*  
*armour.*  
 Baren, Æ. 880, for *Barren.*  
 Barganette, E. III. 49. *A song, or*  
*ballad.* C.  
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Batten,

- Batten, G. 3. *Fatten*. C.  
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 Battone, H. 1. 520. *Beat with sticks*. Fr.  
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 Bawfin, Æ. 57. *Large*. C.  
 Bayre, E. II. 76. *Brow*. C.  
 Beheste, G. 60. *Command*. C.  
 Behight, H. 2. 365.  
 Behylte, Æ. 939. *Promised*. C.  
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 Beme, Æ. 563. *Trumpet*.  
 Bemente, E. I. 45. *Lament*. C.  
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 Bercie, p. 278. 8.  
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 Berten, T. 58. *Venomous*. C.  
 Bescies, T. 124. *Becomes*. C.  
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 Bestadde, p. 286. 3.  
 Bestanne, Æ. 411.  
 Bested, H. 2. 140.  
 Bestoiker, Æ. 91. *Deceiver*. C.  
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 Bete, G. 85. *Bid*. C.  
 Betrassed, G. 7. *Deceived, imposed on*. C.  
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 Bevyte, E. II. 57. *Break*. A herald term, signifying a spear broken in tilting. C.  
 Bewrate, H. 2. 127.  
 Bewrecke, G. 101. *Revenge*. C.  
 Bewreen, Æ. 6. *Express*. C.  
 Bewryen, Le. 42. *Declared, expressed*. C.  
 Bewryne, G. 72. *Declare*. C.  
 Bewryning, T. 128. *Declaring*. C.  
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 Birlette, E. III. 24. *A hood, or covering for the back part of the head*. C.  
 Bismarde, p. 285. 141.  
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 Blanche, Æ. 369. *White, pure*.  
 Blaunchie, E. II. 50. *White*. C.  
 Blatauntie, Æ. 108. *Loudly*. C.  
 Blente, E. III. 39. *Ceased, dead*. C.  
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 Blyn, E. II. 40. *Cease, stand still*. C.  
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 Boleynge, M. 17. *Swelling*. C.  
 Bollengers and Cottes, E. II. 33. *Different kinds of boats*. C.  
 Boolie, E. I. 46. *Beloved*. C.  
 Bordel, E. III. 2. *Cottage*. C.  
 Bordelier, Æ. 410. *Cottager*.  
 Borne, T. 13. Æ. 741. *Burnish*. C.  
 Boun, E. II. 40. *Make ready*. C.  
 U 3                      Bounde,

- Bounde, T. 32. *Ready*. C.  
 Bourne, Æ. 483.  
 Bouting matche, p. 23. 2.  
 Bowke, T. 19.—Bowkie, G. 133.  
     *Body*. C.  
 Braſteth, G. 123. *Burſteth*. C.  
 Brayd, G. 77. *Displayed*. C.  
 Brayde, Æ. 1010.  
 Breme, ſubſt. G. 12. *Strength*. C.  
 ——— adj. E. II. 6. *Strong*. C.  
 Brende, G. 50. *Burn, conſume*. C.  
 Bretful, Ch. 19. *Filled with*. C.  
 Broched, H. 2. 345. *Pointed*.  
 Brondeous, E. II. 24. *Furious*. C.  
 Browded, G. 130. *Embroidered*. C.  
 Brynnyng, Æ. 680. *Declaring*. C.  
 Burled, M. 20. *Armed*. C.  
 Burlie bronde, G. 7. *Fury, anger*.  
     C.  
 Byelecoyle, p. 288. 2. *Bel-acueil*.  
     Fr. the name of a perſonage  
     in the *Roman de la Roſe*,  
     which Chaucer has rendered  
     *Fair-welcoming*.  
 Byker, Æ. 246. *Battle*.  
 Bykrous, M. 37. *Warring*. C.  
 Byſmare, M. 95. *Bewildered, curi-*  
     *ous*. C.  
 Byſmarelie, Le. 26. *Curioſly*. C.  
     C.  
 Cale, Æ. 854. *Cold*.  
 Calke, G. 25. *Cafſt*. C.  
 Calked, E. I. 49. *Cafſt out*. C.  
 Caltyſning, G. 67. *Forbidding*. C.  
 Carnes, Æ. 1243. *Rocks, ſtones*,  
     Brit.  
 Caſtle-ſtede, G. 100. *A caſtle*. C.  
 Caties, H. 2. 67. *Cates*.  
 Caytiſned, Æ. 32. *Binding, en-*  
     *forcing*. C.  
 Celneſs, Æ. 882.  
 Chaſe, Æ. 191. *Hot*. C.  
 Chaſtes, G. 201. *Beats, ſtamps*. C.  
 Champion, v. P. G. 12. *Chal-*  
     *lenge*. C.  
 Chaper, E. III. 48. *Dry, ſun-*  
     *burnt*. C.  
 Chapournette, Ch. 45. *A ſmall*  
     *round hat*. C.  
 Cheſe, G. 11. *Heat, raſhneſs*. C.  
 Chelandree, Æ. 105. *Gold-finch*,  
     C.  
 Cheorte, p. 288. 4.  
 Cherifaunce, Ent. i. *Comfort*. C.  
 Cherifaunied, Æ. 839. perhaps  
     *Cherifaunced*.  
 Cheves, Ch. 37. *Moves*. C.  
 Chevſed, Ent. 2. *Preſerved*. C.  
 Chirckyng, M. 23. *A confuſed*  
     *noiſe*. C.  
 Church-glebe-houſe, Ch. 24.  
     *Grave*. C.  
 Cleme, E. II. 9. *Sound*. C.  
 Clergyon, P. G. 8. *Clerk, or cler-*  
     *gymaſt*. C.  
 Clergyon'd, Ent. 13. *Taught*. C.  
 Clevis, H. 2. 46.  
     Cleyne,

- Cleyne, Æ. 1102.  
 Clinie, H. 1. 431.  
 Cloude-agedsted, p. 278. 9.  
 Clymmynge, Ch. 36. *Noify*. C.  
 Coistrell, H. 2. 88.  
 Compheeres, M. 21. *Companions*. C.  
 Congeon, E. III. 89. *Dwarf*. C.  
 Contake, T. 87. *Dispute*. C.  
 Conteins, H. 1. 223. for *Contents*.  
 Conteke, E. II. 19. *Confuse*; *contend with*. C.  
 Contekions, Æ. 558. *Contentions*. C.  
 Cope, Ch. 50. *A cloke*. C.  
 Corven, Æ. 56. See *Ycorven*.  
 Cotte, E. II. 24. *Cut*.  
 Cottis, E. II. 33. See *Bollengers*.  
 Coupe, E. II. 7. *Cut*. C.  
 Couraciers, T. 74. *Horse-courfers*. C.  
 Coyen, Æ. 125. *Coy*. q?  
 Cravent, E. III. 39. *Coward*. C.  
 Creand, Æ. 581. as *Recreand*.  
 Crine, Æ. 851. *Hair*. C.  
 Croched, H. 2. 521. perhaps *Broched*.  
 Croche, v. G. 26. *Cross*. C.  
 Crokyng, Æ. 119. *Bending*.  
 Cross-stone, Æ. 1122. *Monument*. C.  
 Cuarr, p. 281. 53. *Quarry*. q?  
 Cullis-yatte, E. I. 50. *Portcullis-gate*. C.  
 Curriedowe, G. 176. *Flatterer*. C.  
 Cuyen kine, E. I. 35. *Tender cows*. C.  
 D.  
 Dareygne, G. 26. *Attempt, endeavour*. C.  
 Declynie, H. 1. 161. *Declination*. q?  
 Decorn, E. II. 14. *Carved*. C.  
 Deene, E. II. 69. *Glorious, worthily*. C.  
 Deere, E. III. 88. *Dire*. C.  
 Defa, M. 9. *Vapours, meteors*. C.  
 Defayte, G. 52. *Decay*. C.  
 Defte, Ch. 7. *Neat, ornamental*. C.  
 Deigned, E. III. 53. *Disdained*. C.  
 Delievretie, T. 44. *Activity*. C.  
 Demasing, H. 1. 276.  
 Dente, Æ. 886. See *Adente*.  
 Dented, Æ. 263. See *Adented*.  
 Denwere, G. 141. *Doubt*. C.—  
 M. 13. *Tremour*. C.  
 Dequace, G. 56. *Mangle, destroy*. C.  
 Dequaced, p. 280. 38.  
 Dere, Ep. 5. *Hurt, damage*. C.  
 Derkynnes, Æ. 229. *Young deer*. q?  
 Derne, Æ. 582.—H. 2. 532.  
 Dernie, E. I. 19. *Woeful, lamentable*. C.  
 ——— M. 106. *Cruel*. C.  
 Deslavate, H. 2. 343.  
 Deslavatie, Æ. 1047. *Letchery*. C.  
 U 4                      Detra-

- Detratours, H. 2. 78.  
 Deyfde, *Æ.* 46. *Seated on a deis.*  
 Dheie; *Tbey.*  
 Dhere, *Æ.* 192. *There.*  
 Dhereof; *Tbereof.*  
 Difficile, *Æ.* 358. *Difficult.* C.  
 Dighte, Ch. 7. *Drest, arrayed.* C.  
 Dispande, p. 276. *ult.* perhaps for  
     *Disponed.*  
 Dispone, p. 279. 27. *Dispose.*  
 Divinistre, *Æ.* 141. *Divine.* C.  
 Dolce, *Æ.* 1187. *Soft, gentle.* C.  
 Dole, n. G. 137. *Lamentation.* C.  
 Dole, adj. p. 283. 13.  
 Dolk, Ep. 27. *Foolish.* C.  
 Donde, H. 1. 51.  
 Donore, H. 1. 5. This line should  
     probably be written thus;  
     *O sea-oertceuing Dovor!*  
 Dortoure, Ch. 25. *A sleeping room.*  
     C.  
 Dote, p. 279. 20. perhaps as  
     *Digbt.*  
 Doughtre mere, H. 2. 491. *D'outre*  
     *mere.* Fr. From beyond sea.  
 Dree, *Æ.* 983.  
 Drefte, *Æ.* 466. *Least.* C.  
 Drented, G. 91. *Drained.*  
 Dreynted, *Æ.* 237. *Drowned.* C.  
 Dribblet, E. II. 48. *Small, insigni-*  
     *ficant.* C.  
 Drites, G. 65. *Rights, liberties.* C.  
 Drocke, T. 40. *Drink.* C.  
 Droke, *Æ.* 461.  
 Droorie, Ep. 47. See Chatterton's  
     note. *Druerie* is *Courtship,*  
     *gallantry.*  
 Drooried, *Æ.* 127. *Courted.*  
 Dulce, p. 283. 103. as *Dolce.*  
 Dureffed, E. I. 39. *Hardened.* C.  
 Dyd, H. 2. 9. should probably be  
     *Dyght.*  
 Dygne, T. 89. *Worthy.* C.  
 Dynning, E. I. 25. *Sounding.* C.  
 Dysperpellest, *Æ.* 414. *Scatterest.*  
     C.  
 Dysporte, E. I. 28. *Pleasure.* C.  
 Dysportisment, *Æ.* 250. as *Dyf-*  
     *porte.*  
 Dyfregate, *Æ.* 542.  
  
     E.  
 Edraw, H. 2. 52. for *Ydraw;*  
     *Draw.*  
 Eft, E. II. 78. *Often.* C.  
 Efticones, E. III. 54. *Quickly.* C.  
 Ele, M. 74. *Help.* C.  
 Eletten, *Æ.* 448. *Enlighten.* C.  
 Eke, E. I. 27. *Also.* C.  
 Emblaunched, E. I. 36. *Whitened.*  
     C.  
 Embodyde, E. I. 33. *Thick, stout.*  
     C.  
 Embowre, G. 134. *Lodge.* C.  
 Emburled, E. II. 54. *Armed.* C.  
 Emmate, *Æ.* 34. *Lessen, decrease.* C.  
     Emmers,

Emmers, p. 287. 7.  
 Emmertleynge, M. 72. *Glittering*.  
 C.  
 Enalfe, G. 159. *Embrace*. C.  
 Encaled, Æ. 918. *Frozen, cold*. C.  
 Enchafed, M. 69. *Heated, enraged*.  
 C.  
 Engyne, Æ. 381. *Torture*.  
 Enheedyng, p. 283. 105.  
 Enlowed, Æ. 606. *Flamed, fired*.

C.

Enrone, Æ. 661.  
 Enfeme, Æ. 971. *To make seams in*.  
 q?  
 Enseeming, Æ. 746. as *Seeming*.  
 Enshoting, T. 174. *Shooting, dart-*  
*ing*. C.  
 Enstrote, H. 2. 513.  
 Enswote, Æ. 1175. *Sweeten*. q?  
 Enswolters, Æ. 629. *Swallows,*  
*sucks in*. C.  
 Enfyрке, p. 25. 10. *Encircle*.  
 Ent, E. III. 57. *A purse or bag*. C.  
 Entendement, Æ. 261. *Understand-*  
*ing*.  
 Enthoghteing, Æ. 704.  
 Entremed, p. 276. 4.  
 Entrykeynge, Æ. 304. as *Tricking*.  
 Entyn, P. G. 10. *Even*. C.  
 Estande, H. 2. 281. for *Ystande*;  
 Stand.  
 Estells, E. II. 16. A corruption of  
*Esfoile*. Fr. A star. C.  
 Estroughted, Æ. 918.  
 Ethe, E. III. 59. *Ease*. C.

Ethie, p. 280. 49. *Easy*.  
 Evalle, E. III. 38. *Equal*. C.  
 Evespeckt, T. 56. *Marked with*  
*evening dew*. C.  
 Ewbrice, Æ. 1085. *Adultery*. C.  
 Ewbrycious, p. 281. 60. *Lascivi-*  
*ous*.  
 Eyne-gears, p. 279. 13.

F.

Fage, Ep. 30. *Tale, jest*. C.  
 Faifully, T. 147. *Faithfully*. C.  
 Faitour, Ch. 66. *A beggar, or va-*  
*gabond*. C.  
 Faldstole, Æ. 61. *A folding stool,*  
*or seat*. See Du Cange in  
 v. *Faldistorium*.  
 Fayre, Æ. 1204. 1224. *Clear, in-*  
*nocent*.  
 Feere, Æ. 965. *Fire*.  
 Feerie, E. II. 45. *Flaming*. C.  
 Fele, T. 27. *Feeble*. C.  
 Fellen, E. I. 10. *Fell* pa. 2. *fig.*  
 q?  
 Fetelie, G. 24. *Nobly*. C.  
 Fetive, Ent. 7. as *Festive*.  
 Fetivelie, Le. 42. *Elegantly*. C.  
 Fetiveness, Æ. 400. as *Festiveness*.  
 Feygnes, E. III. 78. A corruption  
 of *seints*. C.  
 Fhuir, G. 58. *Fury*. C.  
 Fie, T. 113. *Defy*. C.  
 Flaiten, H. 1. 84.

Flanched,

- Flanchéd, H. 2. 252.  
 Flemed, T. 56. *Frighted*. C.  
 Flemie, p. 278. *ult*.  
 Flizze, G. 197. *Fly*. C.  
 Floe, H. 2. 54. *Arrow*.  
 Flott, Ch. 33. *Fly*. C.  
 Foile, E. III. 78. *Baffle*. C.  
 Fons, Fonnes, E. II. 14. *Devices*.  
     C.  
 Forgard, Æ. 565. *Loſe*. C.  
 Forletten, El. 19. *Forsaken*. C.  
 Forloyne, Æ. 722. *Retreat*. C.  
 Forreying, T. 114. *Destroying*. C.  
 Forſlagen, Æ. 1076. *Slain*. C.  
 Forſlege, Æ. 1106. *Slay*. C.  
 Forſtraughte, p. 281. 58. *Dis-  
     traſted*.  
 Forſtraughteyng, G. 34. *Disfrac-  
     ting*. C.  
 Forſwat, Ch. 30. *Sun-burnt*. C.  
 Forweltring, Æ. 618. *Blasſing*. C.  
 Forwyned, E. III. 36. *Dried*. C.  
 Fremde, Æ. 430. *Strange*. C.  
 Fremded, Æ. 555. *Frighted*. C.  
 Freme, Æ. 267.  
 Fructile, Æ. 185. *Fruitful*.  
     G.  
 Gaberdine, T. 88. *A piece of ar-  
     mour*. C.  
 Gallard, Ch. 39. *Frighted*. C.  
 Gare, Ep. 7. *Cauſe*. C.  
 Gaſtneſs, Æ. 412. *Ghaſtlineſs*. q?  
 Gayne, Æ. 821. To gayne ſo  
     gayne a pryze. Gayne has  
     probably been repeated by  
     miſtake.  
 Geare, Æ. 299. *Apparel, accoutre-  
     ment*.  
 Geaſon, Ent. 7. *Rare*. C. — G.  
     120. *Extraordinary, ſtrange*.  
     C.  
 Geer, H. 2. 284. as Gier.  
 Geete, Æ. 736. as Gite.  
 Gemote, G. 94. *Assemble*. C.  
 Gemoted, E. II. 38. *United, aſſem-  
     bled*. C.  
 Gerd, M. 7. *Broke, rent*. C.  
 Gies, G. 207. *Guides*. C.  
 Gier, H. 1. 527. *A turn, or ſwiſt*.  
 Giſ, E. II. 39. *If*. C.  
 Gites, Æ. 2. *Robes, mantels*. C.  
 Glair, H. 2. 580.  
 Gledeynge, M. 22. *Livid*. C.  
 Glomb, G. 175. *Frown*. C.  
 Glommed, Ch. 22. *Clouded, de-  
     jected*. C.  
 Glytted, H. 2. 282.  
 Gorne, E. I. 36. *Garden*. C.  
 Gottes, Æ. 740. *Drops*.  
 Gouler, p. 282. 76.  
 Graiebarbes, Le. 25. *Greybeards*.  
     C.  
 Grange, E. I. 34. *Liberty of paſ-  
     ture*. C.  
 Gratche, Æ. 115. *Apparel*. C.  
 Grave, p. 288. 2. *Chief magiſtrate*.  
     mayer.  
 Gravots,



- Gravots, E. I. 24. *Groves*. C.  
 Gree, E. I. 44. *Grow*. C.  
 Groffile, Æ. 547.  
 Groffish, Æ. 257.  
 Groffyinglie, Ep. 33. *Foolishly*. C.  
 Gron, G. 90. *a fen, moor*. C.  
 Gronfer, E. II. 45. *A meteor*, from  
*gron* a fen, and *fer*, a corrup-  
 tion of fire. C.  
 Gronfyles, G. 200. *Meteors*. C.  
 Grore, H. 2. 27.  
 Groted, Æ. 337. *Swollen*. C.  
 Gule-depeincted, E. II. 13. *Red-  
 painted*. C.  
 Gule-steyncet, G. 62. *Red-stained*.  
 C.  
 Gytteles, Æ. 438. *Mantels*. C.
- H.
- Haile, E. III. 60. *Happy*. C.  
 Hailie, Æ. 148. 410. as *Haile*.  
 Halceld, M. 37. *Defeated*. C.  
 Hallie, T. 144. *Holy*. C.  
 Hallie, Æ. 33. *Wholly*.  
 Halline, Ch. 82. *Joy*. C.  
 Hancelled, G. 49. *Cut off, destroy-  
 ed*. C.  
 Han, Æ. 734. *Hath*. q?  
 Hanne, Æ. 409. *Had*. particip.  
 q? — Æ. 685. *Had*. pa. t.  
 sing. q?  
 Hantoned, Æ. 1094.  
 Harried, M. 82. *Toff*. C.  
 Hatched, p. 25. 1.
- Haveth, E. I. 17. *Have*. 1st pers.  
 q?  
 Heafods, E. II. 7. *Heads*. C.  
 Heavenwere, G. 146. *Heaven-  
 ward*. C.  
 Hecked, Æ. 394. *Wrapped close-  
 ly, covered*. C.  
 Heckled, M. 3. *Wrapped*. C.  
 Heie, E. II. 15. *They*. C.  
 Heideeygues, E. III. 77. *A coun-  
 try dance, still practised in the  
 North*. C.  
 Hele, n. G. 127. *Help*. C.  
 Hele, v. E. III. 16. *To help*. C.  
 Hem, T. 24. A contraction of  
*them*. C.  
 Hente, T. 175. *Grasp, hold*. C.  
 Hentyll, Æ. 1161.  
 Herselle, Æ. 279. *Herself*.  
 Heste, Æ. 1182.  
 Hilted, Hiltren, T. 47. 65. *Hid-  
 den*. C.  
 Hiltring, Ch. 13. *Hiding*. C.  
 Hoastrie, E. I. 26. *Inn, or publick  
 house*. C.  
 Holtred, Æ. 293.  
 Hommeur, Æ. 1190.  
 Hondepoint, Æ. 273.  
 Hopelen, Æ. 399.  
 Horrowe, M. 2. *Unseemly, disa-  
 greeable*. C.  
 Horse-millanar, Ch. 56. See C's  
 note.  
 Houton, M. 92. *Hollow*. C.  
 Hulfred, M. 6. *Hidden, secret*. C.  
 Huscarles,

- Hufcarles, *Æ.* 922. 1194. *House-servants.*  
 Hyger, *Æ.* 627. The flowing of the tide in the Severn was antiently called the *Hygra*.  
 Gul. Malmesb. de Pontif. Ang. L. iv.

- Hylle-fyre, *Æ.* 682. *A beacon.*  
 Hylte, T. 168. *Hide, secreted.* C.  
 —*Æ.* 1059. *Hide.* C.

## I,

- Jape, Ch. 74. *A short surplice, &c.* C.  
 Jette, G. 195. *Hoisted, raised.* C.  
 Ifete, G. 2. *Devour, destroy.* C.  
 Ihantend, E. I. 40. *Accustomed.* C.  
 Jintle, H. 2. 82. for *Gentle.*  
 Impestering, E. I. 29. *Annoying.* C.  
 Iuhild, El. 14. *Infuse.* C.  
 Iuhad, Le. 37. *Broken.* C.  
 Jubb, E. III. 71. *A bottle.* C.  
 Iwreene, p. 286. 9.

## K.

- Ken, E. II. 6. *See, discover, know.* C.  
 Kennes, Ep. 28. *Knows.* C.  
 Keppend, Le. 44.  
 Kiste, Ch. 25. *Coffin.* C.

- Kivercled, E. III. 63. *The hidden or secret part.* C.  
 Knopped, M. 14. *Fastened, chained, congealed.* C.

## L,

- Ladden, H. 1. 206.  
 Leathel, E. I. 42. *Deadly.* C.  
 Leche'manne, *Æ.* 31. *Physician.*  
 Leckedst, H. 2. 342.  
 Lecturn, Le. 46. *Subject.* C.  
 Lecturnies, *Æ.* 109. *Lecturns.* C.  
 Leden, El. 30. *Decreasing.* C.  
 Ledanne, *Æ.* 1143.  
 Leege, G. 173. *Homage, obeyance.* C.  
 Leegefolcke, G. 43. *Subjects.* C.  
 Lege, Ep. 3. *Law.* C.  
 Leggen, M. 92. *Lessen, alloy.* C.  
 Leggende, M. 33. *Alloyed.* C.  
 Lemanne, *Æ.* 132. *Mistress.*  
 Lemes, *Æ.* 42. *Lights, rays.* C.  
 Lemed, El. 7. *Glistened.* C.—  
*Æ.* 606. *Lighted.* C.  
 Lere, *Æ.* 568. H. 2. 607. *seems to be put for Leather.*  
 Lessel, El. 25. *A bush or badge.* C.  
 Lete, G. 60. *Still.* C.  
 Lethal, El. 21. *Deadly, or death-boding.* C.  
 Lethlen, *Æ.* 272. *Still, dead.* C.  
 Letten, *Æ.* 928. *Church-yard.* C.  
 Levynde, Fl. 18. *Blasted.* C.

Levyne,

- Levynne, M. 104. *Lightning*. C.  
 Levyn-mylted, Æ. 462. *Lightning-meltd*. q?  
 Lief, Æ. 217.  
 Liff, E. I. 7. *Leaf*.  
 Ligheth, Æ. 627.  
 Likand, H. 2. 187. *Liking*.  
 Limed, E. II. 7. } *Glassy, reflect-*  
 Limmed, M. 90. } *ing*. C.  
 Linge, Æ. 376. *Stay*. C.  
 Liffed, T. 97. *Bounded*. C.  
 Lithic, Ep. 10. *Humble*. C.  
 Loafte, Æ. 456. *Loft*.  
 Logges, E. I. 55. *Cottages*. C.  
 Lordinge, T. 57. *Standing on their*  
*hind legs*. C.  
 Loverd's, E. III. 29. *Lord's*. C.  
 Low, G. 50. *Flame of fire*. C.  
 Lowes, T. 137. *Flames*. C.  
 Lowings, Ch. 35. *Flames*. C.  
 Lymmed, M. 33. *Polished*. C.  
 Lynch, El. 37. *Bank*. C.  
 Lyoncel, E. II. 44. *Young lion*. C.  
 Lyped, El. 34.  
 Lyffe, T. 2. *Sport, or play*. C.  
 Lyffed, Æ. 53. *Bounded*. C.  
 Meeded, Æ. 39. *Reward*.  
 Memuine, H. 2. 120.  
 Meniced, p. 285. 146. *Menaced*.  
 q?  
 Mere, G. 58. *Lake*. C.  
 Merk-plante, T. 176. *Night-shade*.  
 C.  
 Merke, T. 163. *Dark, gloomy*. C.  
 Miefel, Æ. 551. *Myself*.  
 Milkynette, El. 22. *A small bag-*  
*pipe*. C.  
 Mist, Ch. 49. *Poor, needy*. C.  
 Mitches, El. 20. *Ruins*. C.  
 Mittee, E. II. 28. *Mighty*. C.  
 Mockler, p. 283. 105. *More*.  
 Moke, Ep. 5. *Much*. C.  
 Mokie, El. 29. *Black*. C.  
 Mole, Ch. 4. *Soft*. C.  
 Mollock, G. 90. *Wet, moist*. C.  
 Morglaien, M. 20. *The name of a*  
*sword in some old Romances*.  
 Morthe, Æ. 307.  
 Morthyng, El. 4. *Murdering*. C.  
 Mote, E. I. 22. *Might*. C.  
 Motte, H. 2. 194. *Word, or motto*.  
 Myckle, Le. 16. *Much*. C.  
 Myndbruch, Æ. 401.  
 Mynster, G. 75. *Monastery*. C.  
 Mysterk, M. 33. *Mythic*. C.

## M.

- Mancas, G. 136. *Marks*. C.  
 Manchyn, H. 2. 232. *A sleeve*. Fr.  
 Maynt, Meynte, E. II. 66. *Mary,*  
*great numbers*. C.  
 Mee, Mees, E. I. 31. *Meadow*. C.

## N.

- Ne, P. G. 6. *Not*. C.  
 Ne, p. 281. 58. *Night*.

## Nedere,

Nedere, Ep. 11. *Adder*. C.

Necte, p. 280. 41. *Night*.

Nesh, T. 16. *Weak, tender*. C.

Nete, Æ. 399. *Night*.

Nete, T. 19. *Nothing*. C.

Nilling, Le. 16. *Unwilling*. C.

Nome-depeinted, E. II. 17. *Rebus'd shields*; a herald term, when the charge of the shield implies the name of the bearer. C.

Notte-browne, p. 280. 49. *Nut-brown*.

## O.

Obake, E. I. 41. *Abide*. C.

Offrendes, Æ. 51. *Presents, offerings*. C.

Olyphautes, H. 2. 629. *Elephants*.

Onknowlachynge, E. II. 26. *Not knowing*. C.

Onlight, Æ. 678.

Onlist, Le. 45. *Boundless*. C.

Orrests, G. 100. *Oversets*. C.

Ouchd, T. 80. See C's note.

Ouphante, Æ. 888. 929. *Oxphen; Elves*.

Ourt, H. 2. 588.

Ouzle, Æ. 104. *Black-bird*. C.

Owndes, G. 91. *Waves*. C.

## P.

Pall, Ch. 31. *Contraction from appall, to fright*. C.

Paramente, Æ. 52. *Robes of scarlet*. C.—M. 36. *A princely robe*. C.

Paves, Pavyes, Æ. 433. *Shields*.

Peede, Ch. 5. *Pied*. C.

Penste, Ch. 46. *Painted*. C.

Penne, Æ. 728. *Mountain*.

Percase, Le. 21. *Perchance*. C.

Pere, E. I. 41. *Appear*. C.

Perpled, p. 283. 99. *Purple*. q?

Perfant, Æ. 561. *Piercing*.

Pete, Æ. 1001.

Phceres, Æ. 46. *Fellowis, equals*. C.

Phéon, H. 2. 282. in Heraldry; *the barbed head of a dart*.

Pheryons, p. 285. 147.

Picte, E. III. 91. *Picture*. C.

Pighte, T. 38. *Pitbed, or bent down*. C.

Poyntel, Le. 44. *A pen*. C.

Prevdy, Æ. 23. *Hardy, valourous*. C.

Proto-slene, H. 2. 38. *First-slain*.

Prowe, H. 1. 108.

Pynant, Le. 4. *Pining, meagre*.

Pyghte, M. 73. *Settled*. C.

Pyghteth, Ep. 15. *Plucks, or tortures*. C.

Quaced,

## Q.

Quaced, T. 94. *Vanquished*. C.Quaintified, T. 4. *Curiously de-  
vised*. C.Quansd, Æ. 241. *Stilled, Quenched*.  
C.Queede, Æ. 284. 428. *The evil  
one; the Devil*.

## R.

Receivure, G. 151. *Receipt*. C.Recer, H. r. 87. for *Racer*.Recendize, Æ. 544. { for *Re-  
creandice*;  
Recrandize, Æ. 1193. { *Coward-  
ice*.Recreand, Æ. 508. *Coward*. C.Reddour, Æ. 30. *Violence*. C.Rede, Le. 18. *Wisdom*. C.Reded, G. 79. *Counselled*. C.Redeing, Æ. 227. *Advice*.Regrate, Le. 7. *Esteem*. C.—M.  
70. *Esteem, favour*. C.Rele, n. Æ. 530. *Wave*. C.Reles, v. E. II. 63. *Waves*. C.Rennome, T. 28. *Honour, glory*.  
C.Reyne, Reine, E. II. 25. *Run*. C.Reyning, E. II. 39. *Running*. C.Reytes, Æ. 900. *Water-flags*. C.Ribaude, Ep. 9. *Rake, lewd person*.  
C.Ribbande-geere, p. 280. 44. *Or-  
naments of ribbands*.Rodded, Ch. 3. *Reddened*. C.Rode, E. I. 59. *Complexion*. C.Rodeing, Æ. 324. *Riding*.Roder, Æ. 1065. *Rider, travel-  
ler*.Roghling, T. 69. *Rolling*. C.Roin, Æ. 325. *Ruin*.Roiend, Æ. 578. *Ruin'd*.Roiner, Æ. 325. *Ruiner*.Rou, G. 10. *Horrid, grim*. C.Rowncy, Le. 32. *Cart-horse*. C.Rynde, Æ. 1192. *Ruin'd*.

## S.

Sabalus, E. I. 22. *The Devil*. C.

Sabbatanners, Æ. 275.

Scalle, Æ. 703. *Shall*. C.Scante, Æ. 1133. *Scarce*. C.Scantillie, Æ. 1010. *Scarcely, spar-  
ingly*. C.Scarpes, Æ. 52. *Scarfs*. C.Scethe, T. 96. *Hurt or damage*. C.Scille, E. III. 33. *Gather*. C.Scillye, G. 207. *Closely*. C.Scolles, Æ. 239. *Sholes*.Scond, H. 1. 20. for *Abseond*.Seck, H. 1. 461. for *Suck*.Seeled, Ent. 11. *Closed*. C.Seere, Æ. 1164. *Search*. C.Selyness, E. 1. 55. *Happiness*. C.

Semblate, p. 281. 67.

Seme, E. III. 32. *Seed*. C.Semecope, Ch. 87. *A short under-  
cloke*. C.

Semm+

- Semmiykeed, *Æ.* 298.      Sparre, *H.* 1. 26. *A wooden bar.*  
 Semlykeene, *Æ.* 9. *Countenance.*      Spedde, *H.* 2. 535.  
     *C.—G.* 56. *Beauty, counte-*      Spencer, *T.* 11. *Dispenser.* *C.*  
     *nance.* *C.*      Spere, *Æ.* 69.  
 Sendaument, *p.* 284. 126.      Spyryng, *Æ.* 707. *Towering.*  
 Sete, *Æ.* 1069. *Seat.*      Staie, *H.* 1. 198.  
 Shappe, *T.* 36. *Fate.* *C.*      Stark, *T.* 73. *Stalks.*  
 Shap-scurged, *Æ.* 603. *Fate-*      Steeres, *p.* 25. 6. *Stairs.*  
     *scourged.* *C.*      Stente, *T.* 134. *Stained.* *C.*  
 Shemring, *E.* 11. 14. *Glimmering.*      Steynced, *Æ.* 189.  
     *C.*      Storthe, *p.* 287. 10.  
 Shente, *T.* 157. *Broke, destroyed.*      Storven, *Æ.* 608. *Dead.* *C.*  
     *C.*      Straughte, *Æ.* 59. *Stretched.* *C.*  
 Shepen, *p.* 283. 97.      Stret, *Æ.* 158. *Stretch.* *C.*  
 Shepster, *E.* 1. 6. *Shepherd.* *C.*      Strev, *Æ.* 358. *Strive.*  
 Shoone-pykes, *p.* 280. 44. *Shoes*      Stringe, *G.* 10. *Strong.* *C.*  
     *with piked toes.* The length      Suffycyl, *Æ.* 62. 981.  
     of the pikes was restrained to      Swarthe, *Æ.* 265.  
     two inches, by 3 *Edw.* 4. c.      Swartheing, *Æ.* 295.  
     5.      Swarthlefs, *H.* 2. 573.  
 Shrove, *H.* 2. 442.      Swift-kervd, *E.* 11. 20. *Short-lived.*  
     *C.*      Swoltering, *Æ.* 444.  
 Sletre, *Æ.* 539. *Slaughter.*      Swotie, *E.* 11. 9. *Sweet.* *C.*  
 Slughornes, *E.* 11. 9. *A musical in-*      Swythe, Swythen, Swythyu;  
     *strument not unlike a hautboy.*      *Quickly.* *C.*  
     *C.—T.* 31. *A kind of clarion.*      Syke, *E.* 11. 6. *Such, so.* *C.*  
     *C.*  
 Smethe, *T.* 101. *Smoke.* *C.*  
 Smething, *E.* 1. 1. *Smoking.* *C.*  
 Smore, *H.* 1. 412.  
 Smothe, *Ch.* 35. *Steam or vapour.*  
     *C.*  
 Snett, *T.* 45. *Bent.* *C.*      Takelle, *T.* 72. *Arrow.* *C.*  
 Sothen, *Æ.* 227. *Sooth.* q?      Teint, *H.* 1. 462. for *Tent.*  
 Souten, *H.* 1. 252. for *Sought.* pa.      Tendc, *T.* 113. *Attend, or wait.*  
     *1. sing.* q?      *C.*

Tene,

Tene, *Æ.* 366. *Sorrow.*  
 Tentyflie, *E.* III. 48. *Carefully.*  
 C.  
 Tere, *Æ.* 46. *Healtb.* C.  
 Thighte, p. 283. 104.  
 Thoughten, *Æ.* 172. 1136. for  
*Thought.* pa. t. sing. q?  
 Thyssen; *E.* II. 87. *Theſe*, or *thoſe*.  
 q?  
 Tochelod, *Æ.* 205.  
 Tore, *Æ.* 1020. *Torch.* C.  
 Trechit, *H.* 2. 93. for *Treget*;  
 Deceit.  
 Treynted, *Æ.* 454.  
 Twyghte, *E.* II. 78. *Plucked,*  
*pulled.* C.  
 Twytte, *E.* I. 2. *Pluck*, or *pull.*  
 C.  
 Tyngge, Tyngue; *Tongue.*

## U,

Val, *T.* 138. *Helm.* C.  
 Vernage, *H.* 2. 11. *Vernaccia,*  
*Ital.* a ſort of rich wine.  
 Ugſomenes, *Æ.* 507. *Terror.* C.  
 Ugſomme, *E.* II. 55. *Terribly.*  
 C.—*Æ.* 303. *Terrible.* C.  
 Unaknell'd, *H.* 1. 288. *Without*  
*any knell rung for them.* q?  
 Unburled, *Æ.* 1186. *Unarmed.*  
 C.  
 Uncted, *M.* 30. *Anoin:ea.* C.  
 Undelievre, *G.* 27. *Unactive.* C.

Unenhantend, *Æ.* 636. *Unaccus-*  
*tomed.* C.  
 Unespyrte, *G.* 27. *Unſpirited.* C.  
 Unhailie, *Ch.* 85. *Unhappy.* C.  
 Unliart, *P. G.* 4. *Unforgiving.* C.  
 Unliit, *E.* III. 86. *Unbounded.* C.  
 Unlored, *Ep.* 25. *Unlearned.* C.  
 Unlydgefull, *Æ.* 537.  
 Unplayte, *G.* 86.—Unplyte, *Æ.*  
 1238. *Explain.* C.  
 Unquaced, *E.* III. 90. *Unhurt.*  
 C.  
 Unſpyrtes, *Æ.* 1212. *Un-ſouls.*  
 C.  
 Untentyff, *G.* 79. *Uncareful, neg-*  
*lected.* C.  
 Unthylle, *T.* 30. *Uſeleſs.* C.  
 Unwere, *E.* III. 87. *Tempeſt.* C.  
 Volunde, *Æ.* 73. *Memory, under-*  
*ſtanding.* C.—*G.* 140. *Will.*  
 C.

Upritte, *Æ.* 928. *Riſen.* C.  
 Upryne, *H.* 2. 729.  
 Upſwalynge, *Æ.* 258. *Swelling.*  
 C.

## W.

Walfome, *H.* 2. 92. *Wlathome*;  
*loathſome.*  
 Wanhope, *G.* 34. *Deſpair.* C.  
 Wayld, *Æ.* 11. *Choice, ſeleſted.*  
 Waylinge, *E.* II. 68. *Decreafing.*  
 C.

## X

Wayne

- Wayne, E. III. 31. *Car.* C. Ycorne, *Æ.* 374.  
 Ween, *Æ.* 835. *Grief.* C. Ycorven, T. 170. *To mould.* C.  
 Welked, E. III. 50. *Witbered.* C. Ycraſed, T. 132. *Broken.* C.  
 Welkyn, *Æ.* 1055. *Heaven.* C. Yenne; *Then.*  
 Wiſeegger, E. III. 8. *A philoſo-* Yer, E. II. 29. *Their.*  
*pher.* C. Yer, *Æ.* 152. *Your.*  
 Wiſſen, *Æ.* 685. *Wiſh.* Ygrove, H. 2. 444.  
 Wite, G. 176. *Reward.* C. Yinder, *Æ.* 692. *Yonder.*  
 Withe, E. III. 36. A contraction Yis; *This.*  
 of *Witber.* C. Ylach'd, H. 2. 446.  
 Wofome, Le. 5. See *Walfome.* Ynhyme, Ent. 5. *Interr.* C.  
 Wraytes. See *Reytes.* Ynutile, *Æ.* 198. *Uſeleſs.*  
 Wrynn, T. 117. *Declare.* C. Yreaden, H. 2. 217.  
 Wurche, *Æ.* 500. *Work.* C. Yroughte, H. 2. 328. *for Ywroughte.*  
 Wychencreſ, *Æ.* 420. *Witchcraft.* Yſped, M. 102. *Diſpatched.* C.  
 Wyere, E. II. 79. *Grief, trouble.* Yſpende, T. 179. *Conſider.* C.  
 C. Yltorven, E. I. 52. *Dead.* C.  
 Wympled, G. 207. *Maniled, co-* Ytſel, E. I. 18. *Itſelf.*  
*vered.* C. Ywreen, E. II. 30. *Covered.* C.  
 Wynnynge, *Æ.* 219. Ywrinde, M. 100. *Hid, covered.*  
 C.

## Y.

- Yan, *Æ.* 72. *Than.*  
 Yaped, Ep. 30. *Laughable.* C.  
 Yatte, T. 9. *That.* C.  
 Yblente, *Æ.* 40. *Blinded.* C.  
 Ybroched, G. 97. *Horned.* C.

## Z.

- Zabalus, *Æ.* 428. as *Sabaler;*  
 the Devil.



## E R R A T A.

- P. 17. antep. for *battle*, r. *baffle*.  
 67. ver. 8. *Butt eeste*, r. *Butte este*.  
 96. 285. *Blackea*, r. *Blacke a*.  
 97. 309. after *these*, inf. *thie*.  
 138. 893. *acorme*, r. *acorne*.  
 148. 992. *hynd-lettes*, r. *hyndlettes*.  
 169. 1210. *fee*, r. *see*.

The following are not ERRATA of the Printer, but such evident mistakes of the Transcriber as an Editor, perhaps, ought to have corrected, though, in the present case, it has been judged fitter barely to point them out in this manner to the Reader.

- P. 45. 6. for *Canterlone*, r. *Canterloue*, or *Canteloue*.  
 72. ver. 49. *yttis*, r. *yttself*.  
 75. 1. *cherifaunei 'tys*, r. *cherifaunce it ys*.  
 80. 73. *toe*, r. *doe*.  
 100. 345. r. to be *dyghte*.  
 101. 367. *feares*, r. *teares*.  
 108. 442. *Storven*, r. *Stroven*.  
 110. 486. *be wreene*, r. *bewreen*.  
 130. 770. *lythe*, r. *fyke*.  
 135. 839. *cherifaunied*, r. *cherifaunced*.  
 149. 1008. *Hallie*, r. *Hailie*.  
 157. 1084. *Bie thanks*, r. *Mie thanks*.  
 167. 1197. *flythe*, r. *fyuythe*.  
 210. 5. *O sea! our teeming donore*, r. *O sea-oerteeming Dover!*  
 215. 104. r. *horfe of Toffelyn*; or rather *Joffelyn*.  
 224. 300. *men in women's*, r. *women in men's*.  
 255. 353. *After la goure*, r. *Astrelagoure*.  
 265. 548. *ayctualle*, r. *vyctimes*.

## F I N I S.





